

How to Train Your Dragon a Girl's Way

by Nubi-wolf-girl

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Summary: Hiccup and Astrid gender swapping. This is the adventure of Halla and Toothless trying to break free of there horrible lives and find something to live for. The beginning sticks to the movie somewhat. Pairing undecided, possible love triangle between Halla (Hiccup), Toothless, Ash (Astrid), and New Characters added

1. Village Outcast

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><p>Halla point of view

Welcome to my hometown Berk, it's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery. My village: in a word, sturdy. It's been here for

seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see most places have mice or mosquitoes, but we haveâ€¦

"Dragons," I shouted to myself as I open the door to come face to face with a dragon. Slamming the door back shut I breathed in deeply as I press myself against the door in panic. I felt the door start to get very hot, flecks of embers slipping past the crack, telling me just how close I was to being burned alive. 'Great another door I have to replace' I thought, slowly moving away from the door to let it cool down before peeking outside to make sure the coast was clear.

'Most people would leave, but nope not us, we're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues.' I thought rushing out of my house towards the village swerving out of Vikings way and falling objects, some of which just so happened to be falling Viking.

I was slammed into the floor by an explosion; a man appeared over me screaming his battle cry before looking at me with a gummy smile shouting "good morning." I could only try to smile in reply, but pretty sure it came out as a wince. As he ran past me I scurried to get up, watching as more Vikings yell their battle cries and attempt to save their livestock from various dragons.

I weave in and out of Viking ways as I hear them telling me to go back inside and to get out of the way, some even questioning why I am outside. I keep running ignoring their comments only to get pulled back by someoneâ€¦good thing to or I would have been taken out by a flying dragon.

It was Stoick the Vast, Chief of the Tribe. He is a very large man, with wild crazy red hair and a massive beard held together in numerous braids. Legend says when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes yes I do.

"What are you doing out? What is she doing out?" Stoick yelled to the neighboring Vikings bringing me up to his eye level by the back of my dress. "Get inside," he yells as he lowers me down giving me a small shove towards a building. I nod to him before taking off again before he drags me back to the house himself. I finally reached the forge and was greeted by Gobber, smiling as he pounds at a weapon.

Gobber was a typical size Viking, with an interesting attitude and had an interchangeable left prosthetic hand and wooden peg leg as his right foot. "How nice of ye to join the party. I thought you have been carried off that is if ye were allowed out."

"What who me?" I said as I placed my apron on, fumbling a bit with the knot, while I try to calm my breathing. "Nah c'mon I am totally allowed to be out here. Besides the dragon wouldn't know what to do with all this," I said gesture to all of myself as I struggle to pick up giant hammer dragging it to the wall where I grunted and stumbled as I placed it back on the wall.

"Well they need toothpicks don't they?" He says jokingly as I opened the door to the shop and weapons start to pile up. I grabbed the bundle of weapons and placed them on the burning coal.

I have been working for Gobber since I was littleâ€|well littler. Stoick has always been worried about me getting hurt. Which is why I'm not allowed to participate in dangerous activity, which according to him is everything. So battling dragons although a Viking tradition was out of the questions, handling a weapon also out of the question, except for the small dagger I'm forced to carry, but that I barely know how to handle. Hell if Gobber wasn't a close friend to my father and if he didn't trust him as much as he did then there is no doubt in my mind that he would have locked me in my room for all eternity. But I wanted to be outside, to fight and kill a dragon. I wanted to be a true Viking like Stoick, not the chief's frail screw up of a daughter that is pretty much useless, because around here killing a dragon was everything.

I looked outside and saw the other teenagers putting out fires. There was Fishlegs who was a big boy with blonde hair he was kind of skittish, but for the most part harmless. The irritating Snotlout, that just so happened to be my cousin, was standing next to Fishlegs his black hair sticking out of his helmet as he walked. The twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut that were constantly fight over everything were once again fighting, their blonde braided hairs shaking violently with each exchange of words and of course the most perfect Viking on the entire island, Ash. Ash with his blonde hair tied into a tight braid that was resting on his right shoulder bangs covering his right eye and framing his face perfectly. I craned myself out of the window sticking my neck to get a better look at the teens. 'Their job is so much cooler than mine' I thought as Gobber pulled me back to work by the back of my shirt.

"Oh, c'mon, let me out, please. I need to make my mark." I begged as I was struggling to escape Gobber's grasp in mid air.

"Oh ye make plenty of marks, all in the wrong places. Besides every villager in town knows the golden rule keep you inside," he replies finally setting me down and poking my in the chest with his prostatic arm.

"Please, two minutes. I'll kill a dragon, my life will get infinitely better, I might even get a date," I pleaded, but Gobber shakes his head.

"Rules are rules. Besides you can't lift a hammer, you can't swing and axe, you can't even throw one of these," Gobber holds up a bola (rope with heavy round stones on the end). Just as a Viking snatches the bola out of his hand and uses it to takes down a Gronkle mid-flight. 'And who's fault is it that I don't know how to uses any weaponsâ€|hmm thinking thinking or that right my overbearing father Stoick.' I thought before answer Gobber.

"But this will throw it for me," I answered walking to the automatic bola thrower I had been working on. I placed a hand on it and the piece suddenly sprung open, launching the bola and hitting a Viking standing outside the forge, knocking him to the ground with a groan.

"See this right here is what I'm talking about," said Gobber getting irritated as he walks over to me. Nobody really likes my inventions, but Gobber always lets me make them even though he knows they cause trouble. I may not be strong, but I am smart.

"With some mild calibrations-" Gobber shook his head "If you ever want to get out there to kill a dragon, you got to stop being all of this." He said gesturing to me.

"You just gestured to all of me" I exclaimed, trying not to take offense, but it was so hard when all you ever hear is that you're a screw up.

"Yes stop being all of you. You are never going to be able to fight dragons, end of story."

"Ohhh well you're playing a dangerous game, keeping this much raw Viking-ness contained. There will be consequences," I warned, shaking me finger in the air in exasperation standing on my tippy toes as I shouted consequences.

"I'll take my chances. Sword, sharpened, now" he orders, ending the conversation all together.

I carried the dull blade to the grinder and started to sharpen it. 'One day I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything.' I thought 'it will prove that I'm not useless and can take the position of chief.'

A Nadder was sure to get me a least noticed. Gronkles were tough, taking down one of those would definitely get me a boyfriend. A Zippleback, exotic, two heads: double the status. And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare, only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire, but the ultimate prize was the dragon no one's ever seen. We call it the Night Fury. It never steals food, never shows itself, and never misses. No one had ever killed a Night Fury. 'But one day I will and I'll be the first. Then everyone will have to respect me and treat me like I'm some body.' I thought, finishing up with the sword.

"Man the forge Halla. They need me out there," Gobber said changing his left hand from a hammer to an axe. He stopped at the door. "Stay. Put. There." He glanced around him clearly rethinking his statement "You know what I mean." And with a loud YAARGG! He disappeared from sight mixing in with all the chaos erupting outside.

I paused for a moment looking at my invention and than at the door. 'I couldn't' I thought, pausing for a moment. I smiled to myself before taking this chance to gather my invention and running outside to test it out. I could hear the Vikings outside the forge yelling at me to come back inside, but it wasn't like they actually cared for my safety, which would explain the lack of following.

I avoided Stoick at all cost, running to a spot on the edge of a cliff that was free of dragons, noises, or Vikings. I set up my invention as fast as I could and examined the night sky. I had already heard the Night Furies screech so he is definitely out here somewhere. I heard the screech again "Come on. Give me something to shoot at. Give me something to shoot at." I mumbled checking the skies behind my invention squinting to getting a better view of the sky.

Suddenly, something fired a shot of blue purple fireball at the nearby watchtower right below me. I took aim only to see a bleak outline of a figure and fired. The force of my machine was so

powerful that it flung my little body to the ground, but I scurried to sit up to see if the bola actually hit its mark. I heard a loud screech as I could only see what I believed to be Night Fury's frame fall out of the sky towards the other end of the island. "I hit it," I said in disbelief. The words taking a while to finally register in my head. "Yes! I hit it! Did anybody see that?" I turned hoping that somebody anybody saw what I had just done. However before I could celebrate I finally took notice to the Monstrous Nightmare towering over me. His foot landing on my now broken invention, I could only inwardly sigh of course the only thing that could witness my miracle shot would be a dragon. Nobody saw my one in a million shot "Except for you." I mutter slightly disappointed before realizing I was in danger.

Without a second thought I took off, running for my pathetic life and screaming along the way. I ran through the village stumbling, as I went. I dared not look back because there was no doubt that the dragon was still following me. I ducked behind a thick wood pole just in time, as the Nightmare decided now was the perfect time to breathe fire. I could feel the fire on my back becoming incredibly hot and tried to make myself even smaller behind the pole. 'Help somebody help' I thought, worried.

I let out a small cry as I felt the dragons fire get to close to my skin. Until suddenly the uncomfortable heat was gone I peeked over my shoulder only to find that the dragon was gone. As I turned back around to check my other sides when I came face to face with the dragon's sharp pointed teeth, his mouth ready to snap my head off. I closed my eyes waiting for the deathblow, but none came. I opened one of my eyes only to see Stoick had once again come to my rescue and was now fighting the dragon. The dragon was ready to blast him with a fire attack, but all that came out was short stream of embers and than nothing. 'Is it just me or did the dragon have a sheepish expression.' I thought, watching the fight carefully.

"You're all out of juice," Stoick said as he charged at the Nightmare that was desperately trying to fly away from Stoick assault. He then turned to me and I knew I was in trouble. When the pillar behind me fell over and landed on the dock, the fire that it was holding starting to spread across the dock, burning more of the village, yah I knew that I was definitely in trouble.

"Sorryâ€¦ Dad," I mumbled as the Vikings gathered around my new mess and the last of the dragons fled north, some lucky enough to have stolen our livestock. I could feel his eyes burrowing themselves into my back. The heat from his eyes matching the flames that nearly kissed my skin only to feel the heat intensify as the villagers scream finally died down.

"Okay, but I hit a Night Fury." I said, trying to make things better. Stoick grabbed me and began to drag me away by my forearm.

"Come on Dad. It's not like the last few time," I protested, trying to squirm out of his grip knowing that it was no use. "I mean I actually hit it. You were all busy and I well I had a good shotâ€¦ it went down just off Raven's Point. Let's get a search party out there before it-"

"Stop!" Stoick interrupted shouting. I cringed as the volume of his voice knowing how mad he was. He must have noticed my cringe because

his eyes softened, but only for a moment before he took a deep breath as if to calming himself "Justâ€| stop. You know you are not allowed outside during a dragon raid let alone off by yourself trying to fight dragons. I'm trying to keep you safe and what do you do you...you run straight into trouble. You know that every time you step outside disaster falls. When you're mother died-" another deep sigh "I have too much to think about without worrying about my daughter getting taken or worse killed by a dragon. Can't you see I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

"Well between you and me the village could do with a little less feeding, don'tcha think?" I joked trying to lighten the mood even though it seems hopeless to try and repair this mess.

"This isn't a joke Halla. Why can't you follow the simplest orders and trust that I know what's best for you." 'Because if you had your way, I would never see the light of day ever again' I though biting down on my lip to make sure that thought never comes out.

"I can't stop myself! I see a dragon and I have to just kill it, ya' know? It's what I'm meant to do Dad," I said, trying to defend myself, but even to me it sounded pretty stupid so I can only imagine what it sounded like to him.

Stoick sighed which was really starting to annoy me, didn't he think this was frustrating for me to. "Your are many things Halla, but a dragon killer is not one of them. Now get back to house." He lets out a long sigh before he orders Gobber to take me home and this time "Make sure she stays there."

Gobber gave me a shove and a light whack in the head because he clearly told me to stay in the forge. Stoick acts as if I can't hear his "I have her mess to clean up" as I walk past him.

We walk past my father only to have to walk past the other teenagers as they laugh at me. The twins just laugh at me and I think Tuffnut was trying to come up with an insult, but was laughing to hard that I couldn't understand it. His twin was able to understand him though because she was now on the floor double over laughing. That's when Snoutlout took a step forward "I have never seen someone mess up that badlyâ€|it help."

"Thank you, I try." I said walking past my annoying cousin wondering how I could ever be related to him.

"Hey it could have been worse you could end up dead, or on fire like your mother," said Snoutlout tears coming out of his eyes as he thought himself so clever.

I stopped for a moment listening to Snoutlout laugh. Before I knew what I was doing I tackled Snoutlout to the ground, punching him in the face. It felt good to take my frustration out on someone and frankly I could see why Vikings like it so much.

Just as I raised my hand back to deliver another punch I felt someone lifting me off of Snoutlout. I'm proud to say before being completely lifted off of my dear cousin I was able to send a swift kick to the ribs. "That's enough," said Gobber in his stern voice.

That's when I stiffened. Gobber's voice was coming from behind me...so who was holding my arm and my waist? My spine straightened. As I studied the group, I figured out just who was missing and almost didn't want to turn my head. Sure enough though Ash was the one holding me. I lowered my head. I could feel my face grow red and my eyes were starting to tear up, but from frustration or embarrassment I don't know.

I like every other girl have a small crush on Ash, but unlike them I don't follow him around like a love sick puppyâ€¦I mean out of all of the girls he could have he would never go for me even if I am the chief daughter, so I gave that dream up a long time ago.

"You can let me go now," I mumbled feeling my voice crack. 'No I can't cry people leave when you cry,' I thought, taking a deep breath and shutting my eyes keeping the tears in. I raised my head and smiled at Ash telling him again that he can let me go that I was okay. I tried to make sure my smile seem real, but I could feel my eyes stinging. 'As long as I don't cry I'll be fine.' I thought. I got no reply from Ash, but a scowl. Just as I was about to say something I heard a groan. I turned to watch my cousin struggle to stand up. When he was finally up I could tell that he was embarrassed or angry by just how red his face.

"YOU" he shouts pulling his arm back getting ready to punch me. I tried to raise my arm to block my face only to find one still in Ash's hand and the other pinned by my side. Again I closed my eyes waiting for pain, but it never came. Instead I felt myself being yanked back. I opened my eyes to see that Ash had finally let go of me blocking Snoutlout's hit, while Gobber had pulled me back.

"That's enough trouble from ya lass," said Gobber. I nodded again giving another one of my pitiful smiles to him. "Thank ye Ash" was the last thing Gobber said before pulling me away towards my house.

Maybe if I had looked up I would have seen everyone's shocked expressions, or the black eye that Snoutlout was sporting, or maybe I would have seen the look that Ash was giving me.

By the time we reached my house just as the sun was starting to rise. "I really did hit a Night Fury." I mumbled, feeling extremely irritated.

"Sure ya did." Gobber mumbled, this was the first thing he said to me after hitting Snoutlout.

"He never let's me do anything. He never listens to me...ever and when he finally does it's with this disappointed scowl." I exclaim throwing my arms in the air doing a dramatic spin.

"He's just looking out for you." Was the only excuse that Gobber could give me and I was sick of it, that what everybody tells me and the teens never let me forget.

"I mean I get it I really do. A Monstrous Nightmare killed my mother when I was little and I'm all he has left of her, but I'm not necessarily going to end up like her. No matter what Snoutlout thinks" I mumble the last part. "And now all the other kids just mock

me and lets not forget how useless and shameful I am to the tribe. And look at me! I'm a scrawny little toothpick that even the dragons aren't concerned withâ€|I'm a talking fish bone!" I finish shouting, putting my head down.

"Now yer thinkin' about it all wrong," Gobber tries to explain, "It's not so much what you look like; it's what's inside that he can't stand."

'So much for trying to comfort me' I thought staring at Gobber for a moment. "Thank you for summing that up." I say, literally oozing sarcasm.

"The point is stop trying to being some thing your not. Ya father just doesn't want to see you get hurt is all. There are plenty of other things you can do for Berk that don't involve dragons like bread making." This time I scowled at him.

"I just wanna be one of you guys," I say as I climbed the stairs to my house and close the door behind me. I waited by the door as I heard Gobber sigh 'It seems that all I can make people do' I thought, as I listened to his fleeting footsteps. Once I was sure the coast was clear I ran to the back door to go find my Night Fury and prove to my fatherâ€|no to everybody that I can be useful.

2. Halla Strong or Weak?

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><p>Gobber's point of view<p>

After leaving Halla at home, I went back to the village only to hear that Stoick had called a meeting. The Vikings had begun to gather in the large main hall of the village. The main hall decorated with tapestries of vicious slayers, dragons, mini victories, and painting of old battle. From the ceiling dangled a solid golden dragon screaming in agony as a sword ran through its belly. Stoick stood in front of a large circular table with a fire pit in the middle, a map laid out in front of him. He was leading the meeting, discussing to

the others what our next plan would be about the dragons. 'He's going to set up another trip to the nest' I thought, sitting at one of the further tables with a cup of mead having no interest of being in between so many sweaty Vikings.

"Either we finish them or they'll finish us!" He yells, making sure every viking could hear him. "It's the only way we'll be rid of them. If we find the nest and destroy it the dragons will leave. They'll find another home." He plunged his knife into the map right where he thought the nest to be. "One more search before the ice sets in," he continues straightening himself to impose his large build. 'I knew it' I thought, rolling my eyes.

"But those ships never come back," someone shouted.

"We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard. Now's who's with me?" He says as he looks around the room. His great Vikings were looking around nervously and uttering weak excuses. "Alright. Those who stay will have to look after Halla." Knowing what this task meant, the room burst with agreements and battle cries some even raising their weapons in anticipation.

"I'm with you Stoick," yelled Spitelout, Stoick's second in command, also Snotlout's father, "Only because you hate his daughter," I thought 'especially after punching your brute of a son.' I sigh knowing that all these Vikings would rather get killed by a dragon than to stay and look after his troublesome daughter, but Stoick pretended to ignore that fact as he nods his head and shouts "That's more like it."

The room began to empty and soon there was only him and I. "Alright, I'll pack my undies," I say, standing up ready to pack up for his dangerous mission, my hand a large wooden mug now only half full of mead.

"No, I need you to stay here and train some new recruits." I sat down again knowing where this is going and Stoick joined me. Sometimes it was hard being the chief's best friend.

"Oh perfect. And while I'm busy Halla can cover the store. Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time to herself what could possible got wrong?" I say, chugging some of my mead, to rid the thoughts of everything that could go wrong with Halla alone in the forge.

"What am I going to do with her Gobber?" Stoick asked, looking lost dragging his hand over his face.

"Put her in training with the others." I say, knowing that this was the only way to help Halla and knowing that Stoick was going to object.

"No, I'm serious." He says giving me a bewildered stare, wondering why I would say something so preposterous.

"So am I." I say looking him straight in the eye.

"She'd get killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage." He says panicking as he threw one of his arms in the air. I could only imagine the images running through his head.

"Maybe that's because you haven't taught her what to do. You've been so busy shielding her from the world, she knows nothing about how to handle it and besides, ya don't know that."

"I do know that." He snaps.

"No ya don't." I snapped back.

"Yes, actually I do." He says his head getting closer, his voice getting louder.

"No ya don't! The girl can handle herself if she needs to she took care of Snoutlout easy enough"

This got Stoick attention "what happened to Snoutlout?" I shake my head "Its not important just know she can handle herself." I say not wanting to get off track from Halla and dragon training.

"Listen, you know what she's like. Ever since she could crawl she's been different," Stoick sighed in frustration. "She doesn't listen and has the attention span of a sparrow. I'd try to take her fishing and she'd go hunting for trolls."

"Trolls exist! They steal yer socks. But only the left ones. What's with that?" I shout interrupting him as I swirl my drink around truly wondering why trolls do what they do.

"I mean when her mother died-"

"Oh, here we go," I muttered to himself, not meaning for Stoick to actually hear.

"What" asked Stoick truly surprised by my reaction to this topic.

"Is it really your wife death that your concerned about or about the reaction that Halla had to her mother death."

There was a long pause in the conversation the atmosphere suddenly turning heavy. I knew Stoick didn't like to talk about his deceased wife, but this was something he needed to know hear. "Halla should have never been outside, she should never had followed her mother outside." Stoick said, trying to sound indifferent. I knew that the images of that night were flooding back, before he could get to stuck in the past I spoke.

"It's not her fault, she wanted to know what the commotion was outside-" I say trying to defend the lass, but I was interrupted by Stoick.

"I know thatâ€¦" he snaps sighing "she saw her mother being tossed up into the air by a Monstrous Nightmare, watched as her mother was set on fire and dropped right in front of her you know what she was like after that." His face became sober, but his fists were clenched.

"I remember, " I say looking down at my mug trying my best to not think of Halla during that time. The crying girl with dead eyes, I shivered just thinking about it. 'I remember better than you do.' I thought a bit bitter 'after all while you were off looking for her

mother killer I was the one taking care of her' I thought, taking a deep chug of mead, my cup almost empty.

"I lost her mother to a devil I won't loose Halla to one to. I had to watch my little girl watch her mother burning body, I watched as she tried to put the fire out with her blanket. I mean for Thor's sake she came out to a battle field with a blanket."

I just sat there trying to block the memory of the gloomy girl that would smile to the world while she was awake while screaming in agony in her sleep from nightmare. To distract myself I tried to fish out my fake tooth that had fallen into the mug.

"I know what it takes to be a Viking Gobber. You have to crush mountains, level forest, tame seas! Halla is not that girl." He says shaking his head.

"You can't stop her Stoick. You can only prepare her. The truth is the two of us won't always be around to protect her. She's going to get out there again, she probably out there now." I say looking over at Stoick, to see if anything I said had stuck. He seemed to be lost in thought, clearly thinking about what was best for his daughter's future. 'Besides that girl may not be able to crush mountains, level forests, tame seas, but she is strong, stronger than you'll ever know Stoick' I thought as I get up off my seat, patted my best friends shoulder, and walking out of the meeting hall to give him time to think. 'His decision will change everything,' I thought, walking back to the forge.

3. Should I kill the dragon?

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

I looked at my leather bound journal, looking at the makeshift map I made before hesitantly looking up. 'Please let this be it, please

please' I thought, peaking with one eye, but sadly there was nothing, but a bunch of trees and bushes. I groaned, "You can not be serious" I thought looking back down at my journal as I added another X to my hand-drawn map of Raven point. The map was covered in Xs and as I stared at the page I got so frustrated that I just scribbled all over the page before slamming my book close and placing it in my vest pocket.

"Oh the Gods hate me," I mumble to myself as I kick a rock out of my way. "Some people lose a knife or their mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon!" I shout, hitting a branch that was in my way only to see it coming back at me. I ducked just missing the offending branch. I smile to myself "Ha" I say, only to be tripped by a large root sticking out of the grounds, falling straight onto my face.

"Ow" I said picking my self up and touching my knee only to feel something wet. I looked at my fingers and found them bloody. "Great just what I need. Dad is going to go crazy when he finds out that I've hurt myself." I say, shaking the blood off my fingers and glaring at the attacking tree that seemed out to get me.

I turned forward only to widen my eyes at the sight. The tree was broken in two the trunk snapped in half. The trunk had jagged edges and looked like something powerful just plowed right into it. "No it couldn't be this easy, right? I mean the god hate meâ€|don't they?" I thought wondering if I really could be lucky.

I looked at the other half of the broken tree and slowly walked around it. Everything seemed to be quieting down, but my heart was ringing in my ear. 'Stop it don't get your hopes up.' I thought, slowing down my pace as I climb down the hill and than slowly climbing back up the other end of the hill. As I got closer I could hear some thing whining, they sounded so horrible like an animal in pain. Soon I saw something big and black, at first I thought it was a rock, but then I saw that it had wings and a tail.

I quickly flattened myself against the hill, my heart pounding even harder the echo in my ears the only thing I can hear, as my breath started to become ragged. I took a deep breath, trying to calm down my heart and peaked over the top of the hill. It wasn't moving and it seems to still be tangled in the bola's ropes. The whining sound was coming from the motionless dragon. 'It seems safe' I thought, peeking a little higher.

I raised myself from behind my hiding spot and took a deep breath and climbed over the hill, only to hide behind a big rock for a moment to gather my thoughts. 'Ok, just relax. I can do thisâ€|It's a dragon, its just a dragon...a dragon that can breathe fire and maul me to death. It could kill me just like-' I shook my head 'this is not the time to be thinking about stuff like that' I thought and with one final breath I took out my dagger from my belt. 'Why I even carry this dagger when I don't even know how to use it is beyond me, but I guess this would be a good time to have it' I thought, trying to keep my hands from shaking. The dagger seemed foreign to me and it didn't seem right in my hands. I slowly made my way over to the Nighth Fury that still seemed unaware of my presence. 'Its dead' I thought, slowly moving forward.

"Whoa. I did it. Ohh I did it. This fixes everything!" I exclaimed

dropping the dagger to my side as I brought my arms up in the air. "I have brought down this mighty beast!" I exclaimed walking over to the Night Fury and striking a pose as I placed my foot on one of his paws, only to have the dragon nudge me off. The force of the nudge made me stumble to the rock that I was previously hiding behind. I stuck the dagger in front of me straightening out my arms to stop them from shaking. I slowly walked over to the dragon that slowly started to move. I had to move around the dragons shoulder and condensed wings to look at its face.

Sure enough its eyes were open. 'It's eyes are so pretty' I thought, looking into the Night Fury's emerald cat like eyes. The pupils were narrowed, but the only thing I could see was fear, not a hint of anger at all. It didn't make any attempt to attack me or even fight against its trapâ€¦it had just given up, but it started to make those pain filled noises again.

I shook my head and I looked away from its face. I raised my dagger to my chest and widened my stance. "I'm gonna' kill you dragon," I said trying to gain as much confidence in my voice as possible. "I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father." I say taking a deep breath "I am a Vikingâ€¦ **I'm a Viking**!" I shout with more force than needed and for a moment I wasn't sure whether I was trying to convince the dragon or me that I was in fact a Viking.

I took a deep breath again and closed my eyes raising the knife over my head. I opened one of eyes and heard another whine. "Why doesn't it fight backâ€¦dragon are suppose to go down fight. They aren't suppose to give up. They aren't suppose to be helpless and vulnerable they aren't suppose to be thisâ€¦this human." I thought shaking my head "No they are killers, devils of the sky. They killed mom. They destroy the village. They need to be stopped. They aren't human, they're devils."

The dragon looks at me with its eyes open as if trying to find something in me. I looked at his eyes and saw fear. 'No fear is a human emotion, they aren't capable of feeling.' I thought still staring into its eyes 'Whyâ€¦why don't you fight back?' I close my eyes again and raise the dagger a little higher "I'm going to do itâ€¦I have to, if I kill this dragon than dad can stop treating me like a baby. I can be a true Viking and then people will stop ignoring me, they'll have to pay attention to me. I can finally be somebodyâ€¦people will have to start respecting me they'll have to finally treat me like I'm somebody and not a useless piece of space."

I took another breath, but I just had to open my eyes one last time. I had to show myself that this was a dragon and not a human. I looked at the dragon once more, and it seemed to stare at me for a moment before resting its head as if it had finally made its peace and was ready to pass. It wasn't even going to try and live. "How could I a scrawny useless Viking break such a beast?" I thought, I shook my head, my eyes closed, the dagger rising a little higher. The dragon must have taken this as the end because it made one last whine.

"Uhhh" I shouted, 'I can do thisâ€¦just think of everything they did to you. They killed mom they made dad the Stoick that he is. Because of my sheltered life nobody like me, they call me useless, but that will all change after this is over.' I take a deep breathe 'I watched

as my mother was ripped from my arms and thrown in the air only to be set on fire. I had to hear the sickening crack of her body coming back down to earth. I have to be the smiling girl that doesn't cry because then mom would be sad in heaven and dad wouldn't know what to do with meâ€|but those eyes they are so human. Its not right to blame this dragon for another dragons kills. It didn't kill my mother it hasn't done anything to me, but yet I crushed it.'

I let out a deep angry sigh and squatted down to my knees ruffling my hair with my hands the dagger still in hand. 'I can't do it,' I thought, ruffling my hair some more in frustration. After a moment of breathing I placed my head to my knees wrapping my arms around my knees, the dagger's blade placed against my thigh.

I reached out and tugged at the rope. It barely gave any leeway, it was so tight around the dragon that I couldn't fit two fingers underneath it. "I did this," I said out loud trying to keep the hiccup out of my voice. "For whatâ€| to be a Vikingâ€|to suddenly gain people respect people that don't care for me and hate my guts. I did this," I mumbled letting go of the rope. 'I know what I have to do.' I thought, pulling on the rope again and started cutting the rope.

As the ropes got looser and looser the dragon starts to whine again "I'm sorry so sorry that you had to suffer because of my ignorance, but its okay now I promise I won't hurt you." I said, slicing the last two ropes.

The moment the Night Fury was free I didn't have any time to think before it lunged at me. It shoved me to the ground up against the rock that I had hid behind, its paw on my neck and chest. I tried to grab as much air as I could before the dragon crushed me. I struggled under its hold trying to get it off of me, but it was too heavy so I gave up and decided to look into its eyes. 'If I'm going to die by a dragon I'm going to face it head on.' I thought, fearing just how bad this could go.

I watched, as the dragon seemed to be contemplating something its emotions flickering from anger to confusion and what I think was curiosity. It showed no fear any more, but why should it I'm the one that could be killed now. Its eyes still looked so human even though it was angry and I knew that I should be afraid, but I wasn't. 'Something is wrong with me for sure, but now I get to be with mom and I'm no longer a burden to the village and dad.' I thought, giving another one of my sad smiles. 'Smile when you feel like crying, so that no one will see you sad so that no one will worry about you, so no one will leave you. No tears only smilesâ€|for mom.' I thought, take a short breath due to the weight on my chest accepting my fate.

The dragon looked at me for a moment more, his wings expanded behind him; he stared to show off his teeth in a menacing way a loud growl following after. 'This is it, I'm finally going to see mom.' I waited for the intense heat, for the fire to burst out and kill me, but it never came. Instead the dragon leaped off my chest and slammed its paws down into the ground before unleashing a powerful screech right into my ear. It hurt like hell and all I could hear was a loud ringing. After a few minute he stopped screeching he took off into the forest flying, but something wasn't rightâ€|its flying was off. It was flapping its winging, but it was crashing into a rock cliff

and some other trees. It seemed uneven in its flying. It was roaring as it left deeper into the forest. 'I must have hurt it more than I thought.' Eventually though it disappeared.

My ears were hurting and I had a huge headache, but I was thankful to be alive. I was thankful that I was still breathing. I slowly got up from the ground. Grabbing my dagger that had been easily knocked out of my hand when the dragon attacked. I was trying to take some deep breathes to calm my nerves, but I was taking too many short breaths as I stood up that I felt light headed along with my headache which made me a bit woozy. My knees were wobbly at best, but with the help of the rock I was able to stand. I tried to stand tall, but my chest and back hurt too much from the impact of the dragons attack. I stepped away from the rock planning on making it back to the village. However I got to about three steps when my legs finally gave out and darkness started to creep in.

4. Why?

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><p>Dragon's point of view<p>

'Another stupid raid on this Vikings homeâ€|how boring.' I thought, flying above the village 'You would think the after so many raids that they would just leave, but no they had to be Vikings and they just had to be as stubborn as dragons.'

I circle the town once more waiting for the right moment to strike. I stay hidden in the night, no one, not even some of the dragons knew where I was. I circle the village watching dragons and Vikings fight for food, for survival, and can't help to think that this is all wrong.

'We either die at a Viking's hands or we die from the Queen's. What a fulfilling life we have.' I thought dramatically. 'Steal food for the Queen and die a horrible death either way. There has to be more in

life than just thisâ€|this stupid cycle." I loop through the air staying out of sight watching as my brothers and sister fight the humans. No side seems ready to back down, but as time went on it seemed the humans were starting to gain the upper hand.

I don't want to be a puppet for the Queen; I refuse to steal food from the humans just to please herâ€|she won't kill me I'm the only thing standing in the humans' way of killing her food collectors. Even so I'm still under her control, still fighting for her even though I don't want to.

'What kind of life is this? Don't we deserve more than thisâ€|we're dragons, if we ban together the Queen can be overthrown and we can be free why doesn't any one see that. Maybe they do, but fear what change will do. After all the Queen has always been in charge. It can't be any worse than it already is? Can it?' I thought, listening to the screams of my brothers and sisters 'Looks like its show time.'

I swooped low into the village just enough to still be concealed by the night sky while giving off my infamous screech. I throw my blue purplish fire ball at one of the watch towers that was still left standing and felt unsatisfied as my bother cheered in triumph when it fell and the humans cried out in panic. 'Is this all there really is. Fighting and servitude.'

I circled back around looking for another target. When I saw another watchtower yet to be destroyed. I swooped low and shot another one of my unique fireballs at it. Yet I still felt unsatisfied.

I rode up into the sky looking at the village of Berk. 'This is all life will be unless the cycle is broken doesn't any one else see that.' I thought angrily as I did a few loops in the air, watching the village of Berk slowly burn to the ground. The people either putting out fires or fighting the dragons, neither winning nor losing just simply being. 'This is all life is ever going to be' I thought closing me eyes as I let the wind carry me for a while, trying to shake off the depression that was slipping into my mind.

That's when I felt it, something wrapping itself around me, something that I couldn't shake off, and was tangled in. 'Its impossible no one can see me at night. Its impossible for a Viking to be able to shoot this far up' I thought, panicked, but yet I was trapped. I realized in horror that my wings were wrapped to. 'I couldn't fly' I thought, panicking as soon I found myself plummeting to the earth. The wind was howling at me to pull up to stop this steep descend, but I couldn't. I roared in frustration, fear, and anger. I watched as the earth came closer and closer into my view. I closed my eyes and braced my self for the pain that was no doubt about to come. And than everything went dark.

When I woke up everything hurt, my whole body was screaming in pain, but at least I was alive. I could only turn my head a little to the side to see the tree that had broken my fall. I tried to break free of my binding only to have my whole body protesting to the movement. I tried to lift my head only to see the world blurring together before losing the strength to keep it up. 'Sleepâ€|sleep was what I needed,' with a whine I allowed the darkness to take me again.

I heard roars up above and could see that the other dragons were

heading north again. The raid must be over which means it's close to sunrise. I tried to break free one last time, this time my body only feeling sore instead of broken. I tried to turn my neck up to shot a fireball to show where I was, but the rope constricted my movement. I gave a roar, hoping that one of the dragons would hear me, but no such luck.

'Great here I was worried about dying at the hands of the Queen or a Viking now I get to die from neitherâ€¦I get to die the pitiful death of starvation oh joy. Why wasn't I paying more attention to the battleground? Why was I so careless? How could I the mighty Night Fury as the humans call me be reduced to this?' All these question and more rummaged through my head as I struggled to escape, my frustration starting to grow.

I was too tired to fight any more and before I knew it my fear had consumed me, I was no longer angry or frustrated I was scared 'this was how I was going to dieâ€¦alone and forgotten. No one would miss me, no one would come looking for me.' I thought letting out a louder whine its not like any one was around to hear me so what was the point of pretending not to be afraid. I don't know how long I whined for or when I fell asleep, but I knew it wasn't that long.

At first I thought the sounds of footsteps was just my imagination. I was sure the small squeak was an illusion. I thought that the soft words of excitement were all in my head. I thought I was delirious until there was a pressure on my sore back paw. With what little energy I had left I pushed the pressure off. Now I knew someone was here with me. I watched as something peeked over my shoulder to see me. It was a human hatchling she was young. She had shoulder length red brownish hair with a side bang, her green eyes filled with curiosity and fear, freckles on her cheeks and over the bridge of her nose. She wore a long sleeved green dress with a brown furry vest, brown boot with fur outline, and a brown belt that was slanted on her skinny somewhat tall frame. 'So I do get to die at the hands of a Viking, even if it is one so young.' I watched as she only stared at my eyes. 'What is she waiting for? Why is she just looking at me?'

I watched as she shook her head and raised her dagger to her chest and widened her stance. 'Yes this one will kill me and at least I can die a dragons death.' I listened to her ragged breathing as her feet shuffled, sinking more into the ground. "I'm gonna' kill you dragon, I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father." Why is she telling me this I knew she is going to kill me "I am a Vikingâ€¦**I'm a Viking**!" 'Why does she sound so unsure of that statement?' I think watching as she again took a deep breath and raised her knife over her head. I waited for the blow to come, waited for her to bring her arms down and impale me with her dagger, but again she hesitated. I whined in annoyance 'was she trying to torture me or somethingâ€¦did she enjoy watching her prey suffer before killing it, is that why she has yet to strike.'

I looked at her and tried to see what was holding her back. She is a Viking a human she should hate us on sight and kill us on sight. 'No one would hesitate to claim the life of a Night Fury, would they? Would some one really give up the chance to kill something as rare as me for nothing? No it wasn't possible, this human is just giving me false hope.' I thought, feeling slight mad at myself for thinking such thought.

She shook her head and this time before closing her eyes I saw determination flash through her eyes.' This was itâ€¦this was going to be the killing blow.' I had made my peace and was more than happy that this boring cycle of life was over. I only pray that my deceased family will forgive me for not fighting to the end, 'please forgive me for giving up so quickly.' I thought giving one last whine telling the human to hurry up and laid my head to the floor ready to see my pack once more.

I heard a deep angry sigh and turned my head as much as I could to see the human had squatted down in a fetal position. It made the human appear even smaller than she really was,' but why was she feeling despair she was not the one that is about to die.' I thought, but then I felt the rope tug and whined when it just tightened around my rib cage. "I did this" I heard the human say. 'She did this' I thought, my eyes widening at the information 'as small as she is she was able to take me down so easilyâ€¦impossible.' Suddenly I got more frustrated 'If she really did do this then why not finish thisâ€¦finish what she started?' I thought, but she continued on with her little rant "For whatâ€¦to be a Vikingâ€¦to suddenly gain people respect, people that don't care about me and hate my guts. I did this."

Suddenly I felt the ropes loosen bit by bit. 'No she couldn't be letting me go! She wouldn't give up the chance to slay a Night Fury could sheâ€¦this has to be a trick of some type.' I thought panicked. I waited for pain of any type to appear, but I felt nothing. I could only feel the blood circulating through out my whole body with no restraints. I started to whimper in confusion 'Why was she doing thisâ€¦this was humanâ€¦she was suppose to be thirsting for dragon bloodâ€¦she was suppose to be a stone cold killer.' She must have taken my whine as one of pain because she said "I'm sorry, so sorry that you had to suffer because of my ignorance, but its okay now I promise I won't hurt you." Her ignoranceâ€¦what has she learned in this encounter I was watching her the whole time, what could have enlightened her so much as to make her let me go.

With the last of the ropes cut I lunged at her. I shoved her to the ground pinning her with my paw on her chest my claws barley touching her throat. I watched as she gasped for breath, as she struggled to get away until she still and looked at me once more. 'This human nearly killed me TWICE, but yet she hasn't finished me off she let me go on her own free will why?' I was stuck between anger and confusion. Should I kill her or no? I scrunched my eyes together trying to figure out a solution to my problem.

I was even more confused when the human started to smile. It was not a happy smile, but one filled with sadness and depression. I could smell the salt and see her eyes water, but she refused to shed them, if anything this made her smile more. 'Why does this human smile when she is obviously in pain? Can her life be that horrible?' I slightly scold myself I should not care about why this human does such ridiculous things, but for some reason I do. Her smile was painful even to me and in that moment I knew I could not kill her. She was like me in a way just waiting for death to take us, away from our sad pathetic lives. 'If I had to live this awful life than so does she.' I thought 'However that does not need that she need to be let off so easily.'

I looked at her for a moment finally knowing what I was going to do

with this human. I expanded my wings as far back as I could go and opened my mouth revealing my teeth trying to look as intimidating as I could. Yet still she did not flinch, she did not quiver, she seemed to accept her punishment, which she obviously thought it was death.

I rose up slamming my paws into the earth feeling satisfied when it quivered beneath me and unleashed a powerful screech right into the human's ear. I roared for as long and as hard as I could. Once I knew that she would be suffering for a while, I leapt away trying to fly out of the forest, only to find something wrong.

My wings were flapping, but I was only a few feet off the ground, I was unstable. I crashed into a rock cliff and a few trees. I roared in frustration 'Why was I not flying right? Why was I still in the forest and not in the air.' I roared with anger until my wings gave up on me and I crashed into the earth again. 'What is wrong with me' I thought shaking myself off. I brought my wings in front of my to inspect them, there were no tears in the wing itself and it wasn't broken so why was I not flying right. I slammed my tail into the ground to show my frustration only to find something odd about the weight. I brought my tail in front of my to find one of my tail fins gone completely. It wasn't torn or damaged, but completely gone the red blood oozing since there was no skin. Slowly everything started to sink in, 'I could never fly again ever.' I thought, the intensity of the statement shook me to the core. Quickly I looked at my new surroundings and found that I was stuck in a large canyon, there was a pond a few trees scattered in this space. I tried to climb out, but I was too sore and the walls were too steep that without flying I was trapped. That's when I realized that human did not free me, oh no, she might as well have killed me when she had the chance because now I was grounded and trapped.

5. Onesided conversations

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><p>Halla's point of view

I opened my eyes, trying to remember why I was on the floor and my ear ringing. I went to touch my ear the ringing still present. That's when I leapt up into sitting position. "The dragon didn't kill me it didn't end me, but why?" I mumbled, looking around the forest, but there was nothing but a crushed tree and pieces of a cut bola.

That's when I noticed just how dark, I looked up and saw that the sun was already setting and I was in the middle of the forest. 'Great just great, Stoick is gonna know that I snuck out and yell at me even more.' I sigh my already present headache getting worse 'Well I better get to the village as soon as possible before he sends a search party for me.' I thought, picking up my dagger and dusting off my clothes.

My knee still hurt from my fall, but it was okay well at least until Stoick notices I got injured and blows another fit. "Why couldn't my dress be longer or my boots higher" I mutter as I ran as fast as I could to the village.

I finally reached the village just as the last rays of sun were leaving the sky. 'I'm so late' I thought weaving my way through some of the Vikings that were just heading home. I passed by the dining hall and had to stop myself from slowing down.

'I haven't eaten all day, but if I'm any more late Stoick is going to lock me in my room forever.' So I passed the dining hall racing as fast as I could to get home, until I felt something tug me back with enough force to make me stumble into it. Before I knew however had grabbed me and I were falling. I felt something hard against my back and winced when the soreness from being lunged at by a dragon came back.

'Just who the hell is stupid enough to grab me when I'm running at full speed don't they know what time it is and that I'm not suppose to be out right now.' I thought, trying to stand up only to find an arm around my waist. 'Why does this feel like dÃ©jÃ vu?' I thought, not wanting to look up. But when I heard a concealed groan I did involuntarily, I was lying on top of Ash.

"Ash" I exclaimed shocked, why was he stopping me or did he want to tease me some more for hitting his friend. I waited for an answer seeing as how his arm wouldn't let me go anywhere. He shook his head a bit, blinking his eyes, "Ash can you let go" I say, he stares hard for a moment when all of a sudden he pushe me off of him and I landed on the floor again. 'Geez this is getting old' I thought, standing up and brushing myself off.

"Where have you been?" he asked, dusting himself off to.

"Don't know what you're talking about" I say, slightly bothered that he would push me off so hard.

"Don't give me that! You snuck out of the village after your father told you to stay inside. You were gone for hours, you know how close your father was to sending out a search party!" I so did not need to be yelled at right now. I nearly died and I haven't eaten all day it was so not a good time to mess with me.

"I just went for a walk that's all" I answered hoping that would get him off my case "besides my father was probably too busy cleaning up after me to notice me gone." I snapped crossing my arms over my chest.

He looked at me shocked, his beautiful blue eyes widening 'Nope stop—he will never like you so stop those crazy thoughts from going any further before you get hurt. Besides he may be cute and charming and strong STOP—but he thinks he can do whatever he wants like some type of big shot.'

"Come on" he says grabbing my arm "I'm taking you home and I'm not letting go until I see you in your house the door shut behind you." That's when I saw his eyes drift to my hand. He let go of my shoulder and held on to my hand. My face was suddenly feeling hot and my skin felt clammy.

"What are you doing?" I ask, trying to tug my hand out of his grip, but no dice.

"Your knuckles are split and look bruised," he says finally, releasing my hand. I look at it and sure enough the skin was getting darker and two knuckles were split open

"It doesn't hurt" I say flexing my hand "Snotlout must have a harder head than I thought, but then again he is stupidly hard headed" I mumble still looking at my hand before dropping it to my side.

I see a smirk playing on Ash's face before watching him look down. 'Oh no please don't see it please don't see it.' I beg to the gods.

"What happened to your knee?" He asks, the smirk now replaced with a scowl. 'Oh come on I said please' I thought, glaring at the sky picturing different gods standing around planning my demise.

"It's nothing." Which really it wasn't I could have been killed by a dragon and that really would have put a damper on my day.

"It's not nothing, it was obviously bleeding! What happened?"

"I tripped alright are you happy. Why do you care?" I shout, again his eyes widened. He seemed to be looking for a good enough answer. 'Why does he care? I'm not any of his concern we aren't friends there is no way he likes me—'

He sighs and just says "come on let's get you home."

That's when I finally realized why he cares, it was the only logical explanation and I grew angry when I finally figured it out. "I don't need an escort," I shout "and I definitely don't need another babysitter," I snapped, running away before he had a chance to reply.

I finally made it to my house I quickly climbed the stairs to the porch taking a deep breathe preparing to climb the stairs to my room as quickly and quietly as I can. I opened the door and dashed to the staircase. Just when I was about half way up the stairs I saw my dad sitting around the fire pit stroking the fire, hoping to reach the

top before he noticed me.

"Halla" I stopped in my tracks 'uhh so close' I thought, backtracking down the stairs.

"I have to talk to you dad."

"I need to speak with you to, dear." He held his hands together fiddling with them as I walked closer to him. I walked over to him pushing my bangs out of my face and squared my shoulder if I was going to say this I was going to say this is confidence.

"I've decided I don't want to fight dragons," I said, as fast as I could.

"I think it's time you learned to fight dragons." I couldn't have heard him right.

"What?" we both asked each other.

"Uh, you go first." He insisted, seeming nervous.

"No, you go first." I replied. I just had to know what could make the Great Stoick the Vast this nervous to give up the right to speak first.

"Alright," he started, hesitating 'This can't be good' I thought waiting for him to continue.

"You got your wish." 'I got my wish,' I thought slowly repeating the words in my head 'what wish.' After my mind finally figured out what wish he was talking about I could practically feel anxiety crashing over me.

He cleared his throat causing my attention to go back to him. "Dragon Training. You start in the morning."

"Oh man, I should have gone first. Uh, because I was thinking, we have a surplus of dragon fighting Vikings, do we have enough bread-making Vikings or small home repair Viking?" I was rambling I knew that, but what else could I do, but hope that one of these lame excuses could change his mind.

"You'll need this," He says handing me a one handed axe. The minute he lets go of it I nearly fell over from it's weight. 'You can't be serious' now now of all times. Now that I know I don't want to be a dragon killer is when he starts listening to me 'this can't be real.' I thought, the weight of the axe in my arm reminding me that this was every well real

"I don't want to fight dragons," I said struggling to hold the axe.

"Ha-ha, yes you do," he laughs.

"Rephrase. Dad, I can't kill dragons." Hoping that for once he would actually listen to me, that he would actually listen to what I want to do now, not what I've been asking to do before.

"But you will kill dragons," he said loudly, like he was sure that I

would one day kill a dragon and be somebody important to this village. 'Where was this pride and confidence for me coming from' is he drunk' I thought trying to figure out what I could have done in another life to have this one be so fucked up.

"No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't." I have to keep trying before I humiliate our family more than I already have.

"It's time Halla," he says, getting serious.

"Can you not hear me?" I shouted really getting annoyed.

"This is serious Halla," he continued pulling the axe up and thrusting it onto my shoulder. "It's time you learned how to fight dragons and be a real Viking. When you carry this axe you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us, you talk like us, and you think like us. No more of this."

"You just gestured to all of me," I replied, finally annoyed.

"Deal?"

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided," I argued. 'Please listen to me before this ruins us' I pleaded in my mind.

"Deal?" he asked again, much louder.

I flinched at his tone. "Deal," I muttered, lowering the axe and sighing. There was no point in arguing with him, he never listens.

"Good." He picked up a pack. "Train hard. Stay safe. I'll be back, probably." He walked to the door picking up his helmet and placing it on his head before heading out. Not even looking back.

"And I'll be here, maybe," I answered as he left. I started wondering if he actually expected me to dramatically change myself into a dragon killer just for him and his stupid deal—yes that sound exactly like something he would want. I sighed dropping the axe on the floor "I don't want to be a Viking dad, I don't want to be like any of you. I just want to be me." I mumbled walking upstairs for some much needed rest. Smiling as I felt the tears wanting to come.

6. Always go for the kill

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* * *

><p>Halla's point of view:

"Welcome to dragon training" said Gobber throwing open the steel gate to the arena and led the teenagers in. Ash, Snoutlout, Tuffnut, Ruffnut, and Fishlegs all walked into the arena heads held high as they looked around excitedly, turning around taking everything in about this day, after all this was an important turning point in their life. Everyone could feel the change that was going to take place after this.

"This is it, no turning back," Ash said out loud, the teens following his lead. However his tone showed just how confident he was in his skills.

"I hope I get some serious burns," said Tuffnut, still observing the arena.

"I'm hoping for some mauling," added Ruffnut, "like on my shoulder or lower back."

"Yeah," sighed Ash. "It's only fun if you get a scar." He says looking at the dragon doors. He was brushing his blonde bangs out of his eyes only to have them fall back into the same place they were before.

"No kidding, right?" I said, clearly not wanting to be here. I came in last still struggling to hold my axe right without it burying itself into my skin. "Pain. Love it," I said making sure that everyone could hear my sarcasm.

"Oh great," said Tuffnut. "Who let her in?"

"Does Chief Stoick know she's here?" Ruffnut asked, clearly not enjoying my presence.

"He knows. Now let's get started!" yelled Gobber, trying to take attention away from me seeing as how there is going to be a lot of attention on me until this training was over.

"The recruit who does the best will win the honor of killing their first dragon in front of the entire village." He said, motioning his hook prosthetic as if he was snapping a dragon's neck.

"Halla already killed a Night Fury soâ€¦ does that disqualify her orâ€¦" asked Snotlout, laughing as the other joined in. The feeling of wanting to hit him came back full force, but I restrained myself due to the huge pressure coming from my shoulder. "Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?" They all laughed even harder and I just wanted to forget the deal I had made with Stoick and go home. I

watched as everyone started to laugh except for Ash. He wasn't happy or sad, but a scowl was present on his face.

"Don't worry," said Gobber reassuringly, putting a hand on my shoulder as he led me into the center of the arena to stand with the other Viking teens. "You're small and weak. The dragons will see that in you and that'll make you less of a target. They'll go after the more Viking-like teens instead." Gobber said as he gently pushed me in line with the other teens after patting my shoulder again and started to walk towards the dragon doors. I tried to readjust my axe on my shoulder so that maybe I could actually use it. I tried to stand as tall and proud as I could to try and measure up to the real Viking kids standing next to me.

"Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight. The Deadly Nadder." He pointed to a large door that was moving, it sounded like someone was violently knocking.

"Speed 8, armor 16-" whisperes Fishlegs as he cuddled his weapons.

"The Hideous Zippleback," Gobber continued pointing at an even larger door that was bigger than the Deadly Nadder and appeared even sturdier than the dragon next to it.

"-11 stealth-times 2-"

"The Monstrous Nightmare." This dragon's door was thick metal and the largest of the dragon's doors. The Nightmare wasn't beating against its door like the others, but rather scratching its door pushing at it. I could picture it circling its cage its sharp claws scratching the door to find some sort of weakness. That's when the images of what a Monstrous Nightmare could really do started to play in my head. I had to close my eyes and remember to breath to banish those thoughts before I lost what little nerve I had to be here.

"-Fire-power 15-" 'Is this all this guy does' I thought, not looking at him while he mumbles to himself, after all everyone on the island knew that Fishleg was a bit of know it all when it came to dragons.

"The Terrible Terror." This dragon's door was large and had fewer safeties than the other dragons, but it had a smaller door at the left hand corner.

"-Attack 8, venom 12-"

"Would you stop that?" yelled Gobber, clearly already annoyed with his students. "And the Gronkle." He put his hand on the lever to open the door.

"Jaw strength 8," Fishlegs whispered to me. 'Okay and that is suppose to help me how,' I thought, as I give the boy next to me a strange look.

"Whoa, whoa, wait!" yelled Snotlout, not understanding Gobber's way of teaching. "Aren't you going to teach us first?"

I widened my stance and was trying to prepare for the dragon. Being

Gobber's apprentice I know how he works he always says "I believe in learning on the job."

After telling the rest of the students his philosophy in teaching his hand pushed down the lever.

The minute the door opened the Gronkle burst into the arena. Each teen seemed to scatter as the Gronkle looked around the arena flapping its wings as fast as a hummingbird.

"Today is about survival. If you get blasted, you're dead," said Gobber as the Gronkle crashed into the wall, swallowed some rocks that were on the floor and began to fly around the arena.

"Quick! What's the first thing you're going to need?"

"A doctor?" I suggested trying to keep an eye on the Gronkle

"Plus 5 speed?" guessed Fishlegs cradling his hammer again.

"A shield!" answered Ash confidently shifting his weight back and forth on his feet as if getting ready to run if need be.

"Shield! Go!" 'Of course Ash would be right' I thought trying to find the closest shield to me. Each teenager seemed to be scavenging for a shield.

"The most important piece of equipment is your shield! If you must make a choice between a sword or a shield, take the shield." He says coming over to me seeing as how I was struggling to grab and hold my shield while carrying my axe. Gobber lifted the shield off the ground and helped straightening me up before pushing me back into the arena with everyone else.

Tuffnut and Ruffnut ran for the shields only to grab the same shield that had fire and skulls painted on it. "Take your hands off my shield!" Tuffnut yelled tugging it towards himself.

"There's like a million shields!" his sister argues tugging it in her directions.

"Take that one; it has flowers on it. Girls like flowers." He replied gesturing to a different shield that was next to Ruffnut. 'Really they can't even stop fighting with each other when there is a dragon on the loose' I thought as I wanted to face palm myself at just how stupid these teens could be at times. Ruffnut managed to pull the shield from her brother's grasp and hit him on the head with it. "Ahh!" with that he said when he went down, but only for a second.

"Oops, now this one has blood on it." Tuffnut got up and again grabbed the shield as they continued to fight. Since they were both occupied with fighting over a shield they didn't see the Gronkle coming right at them.

"Look o-" before I could finish off my warning the Gronkle flew by and shot the shield they both pulled on, sending them spinning to the ground.

"Tuffnut! Ruffnut! You're out!" announced Gobber.

"What?" they asked, still not sure what had hit them.

"Those shields are good for another thing: noise. Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim." Soon the rest of us that were still in started to hit our shields with our weapons.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronkle have?" questioned Gobber

"Five" guessed Snotlout

"No, six!" corrected Fishlegs raising his shield arm trying to grab people's attention to the right answer.

"Correct, six! That's one for each of you." The Gronkle turned itself towards Fishlegs and shot the shield right off his arm. Fishlegs looked at his arm for a minute until he let out a cry and took off running waving his arms in the air. "Fishlegsâ€¦out!"

There were fewer targets for the Gronkle to shot at which meant I was more likely to get hit now. After doing the math and not liking my odd I decided to take cover behind the weapon rack that was close to the wall.

"Halla, get in there!" Gobber shouted at me, already knowing that I was hiding without having to look for me.

I let out a deep breath and tried to build up as much confidence as I could to walk out into the arena. After a moment of "I can do this, I can do this" I walked out from my hiding spot only for the Gronkle to try and take a shot at me. 'Forget this, this is survival trainingâ€¦my survival depends on me hiding' I thought, as I ducked back behind the wooden boards.

I watched as Ash rolled across the arena and stood in front of Snotlout. Since the Gronkle was more interested in the moving object I took this as a good time to try and at least get out there.

"So I'm moving into my parent's basement. You should come by sometime to work out, you look like you work out." Snotlout complimented trying to impress Ash with his possessions. Ash was too busy focusing on the dragon that was closing in on them to hear him and he rolled away from Snotlout as the dragon took aim at them and shot Snotlout.

"Snotlout! Yer done!"

Ash somehow ended up next to me now ducking behind his shield. I mimicked his movements seeing as how he seemed to know what he was doing. I wanted to say something to him, but I knew better than to become side tracked when a dragon is around so I kept my mouth shut watching the dragon and Ash. I could see Ash look at me from the corner of his eyes before he rolled away from me. I turned to face the Gronkle and realized I didn't have time to mimic Ash's move.

The Gronkle blast hit my shield and the force knocked my shield out of my hand as my axe went flying as well. However because the shield was not broken I guess I was still in, but now I didn't have anything to block an attack from the Gronkle. I watched as my shield started

to roll away and started to chase after it.

"One shot left," Gobber announced. I kept running after my shield only to look over my shoulder and notice that the Gronkle had chosen to follow my rather than Ash. 'You lie Gobber' I thought as I ditched my shield and just tried to outrun the dragon.

The Gronkle followed and before I knew it the Gronkle had me pinned between itself and the rock wall. I was cornered. The Gronkle opened his mouth and I could actually see the fireball that was going to end my life. The heat coming from his mouth was getting hotter and hotter. I tried to squeeze myself out of this situation, but found myself stuck.

"Halla!" Gobber shouted. He ran over to the Gronkle, stuck his hook hand into the dragon's mouth and pulled the Gronkle's head up so that its fireball wouldn't hit me. Instead it blasted the stonewall just above my head. The minute the Gronkle's weight was taken off of me I sank to the floor my arms instinctively coming up to cover my face. When I didn't feel a fireball singe my face I peeked through my arms to see Gobber leading the Gronkle back to its cage talking to the dragon. "That six. Go back to bed you overgrown sausage! You'll get another chance don't you worry." He flung the dragon in its cage and closed the door, pushing the lever down to lock the cage.

He turned to face all of us. Each of us including Ash was out of breath from our first dragon lesson. Gobber helped me to stand up and placed a hand on my shoulder. I couldn't focus on anything, but the singed wall and think that that was meant for me. That could have been me. I brought up my finger to outline the hole that was missing. 'You would think by now I would be used to near death experiences by a dragon.' I thought, feeling the heat still coming off the wall.

"Remember a dragon will always go for the kill." He says turning serious as he turns to each student and then settling his gaze on me. After watching to see if the words had settled he walks out of the arena, followed by the rest of the teens. I picked up my axe and looked back at the damaged wall. 'If they always go for the kill than why am I still alive' I thought, walking out of the arena still struggling with my axe.

7. Blood Berries

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* * *

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

"Remember a dragon will alwaysâ€|always go for the kill." The words that Gobber had said earlier were still ringing in my head. "So why didn't you?" I asked out loud as I was crouched to the ground, picking up the pieces of the bolas that had held the Night Fury about a day ago. I looked up scanning the area where the Night Fury had flown off. I jumped over a log and walked around a bit trying to figure out what exactly it was that I was looking for.

"Well this was a waste of time." I sighed. "That Night Fury would have taken off as soon as he couldâ€|but its flying was off I could have really hurt it." Again I sighed looking down.

When something caught my eyeâ€|it was black and somehow seemed familiar. I crouched down into the floor and saw that they were black scalesâ€|'could they be from the Night Fury? I mean it's too big to be from a normal reptile.' Picking one up to further examine it. It was amazing. It was so smooth and when it caught the light it seemed to shimmer a dark purple before flicking back to black. I wondered 'do all dragon's have scales as pretty as this.'

I looked up a little to see more scales on the floor, they seemed to be leading to a bunch of rock, but upon further observation there was a small opening. I walked up to the newly found entrance to see more black scales scattered around. I crouched down to see that it was the same scale. 'So it has to be around here somewhere?' I thought.

I was brought out of my thoughts when I heard a frustrated growl and saw a huge black figure fly right in front of me. I ducked back into the entrance crashing into the walls before slowly creeping through the opening peeking my head out. I watched as I saw a huge black figure scaling the wall trying his best to climb out. 'I never even knew that this canyon was here,' I thought, watching as it kept trying to climb the walls, not yet noticing me. I watched as it fell and flew across the small lake inside this hidden cove.

I had to bite my lips to keep from gasping and lowered myself onto a lower platform of rocks, trying to make sure my clumsiness doesn't suddenly appear and I slide off the cliff and right into the dragon's line of vision.

I quickly took out my journal and began to sketch the never before seen dragon. I observed as he flapped his wings trying to fly out of the cove only to fall back onto the ground. I watched as it tried to fly again only to land and breathe a blue purple fire in a fit of frustration.

"Why don't you just fly away?" I asked out loud. That's when I noticed his tail fin was missing on one side so I smudged it off the page on my drawing. He tried to fly one last time, and for a moment I

thought he would actually flying away this time, only to see him land on his side again. He whined just like when I found him trapped in the bola. He laid his wings down in defeat, his eyes narrowed.

His head suddenly perked up when he saw some fish in the lake. He took a few steps towards the pond and waited watching the fish in the water. After a little bit he ducked his head in the water trying to catch one, but they must have been too quick for him because when he surfaced he didn't have anything in his mouth.

"He must be hungry," I thought, looking down at my drawing feeling guilty. When suddenly my pencil fell out of my hand and rolled off the rock. 'So much for my clumsiness not getting me in trouble' I thought trying to quickly grab the damn writing utensil, but it was too quick for me.

I inwardly groaned as the dragon looked up when he heard the pencil hit the ground. He looked at the ground before looking up and his eyes landing on me. We both stared at each other for a moment.

'What is wrong with you? Why don't you leave' is it because you can't' I thought, tilting my head to the side. I assume that because he wasn't growling at me, he must have remembered me. I watched as a short moment after I turned my head he mimicked my movement.

I could see the suspicion and curiosity in his eyes as he turned his head probably having a few questions of his own about me. 'I couldn't just leave him here hungry can I?' I have to head back to the village soon, but I can't leave him hungry.

"Wait right there I'm gonna find you something to eat" I shouted, climbing out of the cove. What should I get a dragon? I mean I can't go to the village and grab anything, and I suck at hunting, but I do know where some berries are. 'Dragons eat meat not plants' I thought 'but it will have to do.'

I walked north for a while, before walking into a familiar clearing. 'Mom used to take me here to get berries she would always say that the berries here are the best.' I thought walking a little deeper into a cluster of trees. Soon it got so dense that I had to squeeze into the thick branches. 'They should be around here some where.' I thought, finally making it into another smaller clearing. "Found them." I mutter smiling in relief that I hadn't lost my way.

Inside this clearly were a couple of thick bushes growing against some large trees. These bushes have big bright red berries attached to it, but it also had large thorns that not only encircled the berries, but also the ground and trees close to it. "Just what I need blood berries" I tried to avoid as many thorns as I could on the ground taking off my vest pushing some thorny vines aside so I could kneel down. "Now here comes the hard part, picking them without cutting myself." I tried to pick as many berries as I could from the top avoiding the thorns, but there weren't that many. Soon I was picking deeper and deeper in to the bush, my hands being cut by the numerous thorns.

After my vest was filled with blood berries and my hands thoroughly cut and bleeding I made my way back to the cove. It was getting dark so I had to make this quick and race back to the village. I was careful to make sure I didn't drop any of the berries before I reached

the hidden canyon.

Finally I arrived and carefully stepped onto the lower rock platform as before. The Night Fury was by the lake ducking its head in still trying to fish for its dinner. I wrapped one arm around my bundle of berries and used my other to climb down the steep walls of the cove wincing when dirt entered my cut hands.

The dragon turned around hearing my whine of pain. It didn't move and once I finally made it to the bottom of the wall I didn't either. We both just stared at each other and I couldn't help, but smile. 'All we seemed to be able to do with each other is stare—are we that odd to each other.' I thought, the smile must have confused the dragon because it tilted its head again.

"Sorry its just that nether of us know how to act with one another its kind of funny" I said, trying to keep from chuckling. I walked to the side keeping my eye on the dragon as I walked away from it. After I was sure I was at a safe distance to make it feel comfortable I placed my vest on the floor. The berries rolling all over the place, I rounded them up and placed them on the ground.

After I was done I placed my vest back on me and walked back to the base of the wall I had climbed. "The berries are called Blood berries they are suppose to be really good when it comes to healing the sick or the hurt." I said out loud, I raised my hand to scratch the back of my neck a habit I have when I'm nervousness only to see the blood on it and dropped it to me side. "Its also called Blood berries because you always bleed no matter what when you try to pick them. I know its not meat, but its all I can do for today." The dragon made no reply and I wasn't really expecting one. When it didn't move I sighed and started to climb the rock wall trying not to think about my cuts. After I was back at the entrance of the cove I waved goodbye and raced towards the village. I had to stop at home first and try to fix my hands before dinner.

Before I knew it, it was already dark with large grey thunderclouds overhead. I was able to reach my house just before it got completely dark. I arrived home and went to the bathroom. I looked towards the shelves trying to find some salve for my hands and some bandages. Luckily due to my overprotective father we have tons of salves, ointments, and other first aid supplies.

I placed the salve on my hands making sure to get the large cuts on my fingers and my split knuckled before bandaging them. It took a while because I had never really tried to use first aid on myself by myself before. After finding my work sufficient I went into my room and found some thin black gloves. 'This should cover my bandages,' I thought leaving my house to go down into the dining hall.

By the time I arrived at the dining hall it had already started to rain so by the time I finally reached the dining hall I was already soaking wet. As I walked inside I saw Gobber and the other teens discussing dragon training. 'Great just what I need to hear how I screwed up—again.' I thought, rolling my eyes.

"All right, where did Ash go wrong in the ring today?" asked Gobber standing behind the said teen.

"I mistimed my somersault dive, it was sloppy. It threw off my

reverse tumble."

"Yeah, we noticed," said Ruffnut sarcastically.

"No, no. You were great. That was so 'Ash'" said Snotlout. 'Could he be anymore of a kiss ass I wondered' picking at my food.

"He's right," said Gobber, referring to Ash. "You have to be tough on yourselves."

I walked into the middle of the dinning hall towards the teens and Gobber. I saw that there was already a plate ready for me most likely made by Gobber. So I picked up the plate watching as Snotlout turned to face me his chest pushed out. It was hard to take him seriously with a black eye that I had given him. As I walked away I leaned into the table to grab a cup just as Snotlout moved over as if to block me from sitting down. 'Please like I'm going to try and sit down next to you, I thought, walking to the empty table across from the other teens. Gobber notices me sit down and asks, "Where did Halla go wrong?" I just shot Gobber a look 'I really didn't want to here this.'

"Uh, she showed up," said Ruffnut.

"She didn't get eaten," said Tuffnut. 'Yup I some how was able to screw that up about three times now if you count today's encounter with the Night Fury.' I thought, picking at my food

"She's never where she should be," said Ash looking over at me. I could almost feel his glare piercing right through me. 'What did I do to piss him off it wasn't like I was in his way' I thought, glancing at him.

"Thank you Ash. You need to live and breathe this stuff. The Dragon Manuel," Gobber whipped out an old book and dropped it in front of the other, "everything we know about every dragon we know of." Gobber than notices the thunder "huh no attacks tonight. Hurry up."

"Wait, you mean read?" Tuffnut asked, dropping the knife he was playing with on the table.

"While we're still alive?" Ruffnut added.

"Why read words when we could just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about," said Snotlout, slamming his fist into the table.

"Oh!" started Fishlegs, excited "I've read it like seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And-and there's this other one that buries itself for like a-

"Yeah, that sounds great. Now, there was a chance I was gonna read thatâ€¦" Tuffnut interrupted.

"â€¦But now?" Ruffnut finished, rolling her eyes.

Snotlout shots up. "You guys read- I'll go kill stuff."

Everyone, but Ash rose and headed for the door. I sat there wondering what I should do before walking over to Ash who was casually swirling

his cup in his hand.

"So-so I guess we'll share?" I asked nervously.

"Read it." He said as he pushed the book towards me and started for the door.

"Hey" I shouted, fed up with his attitude "what's your problem?"

He didn't turn around, but I could see that his shoulders tensed. "You really want to know," he asks still not turning around "you were terrible in training today. Gobber may take it easy on you hell the whole village may take it easy on you because you're Stoick's precious little girl, but that doesn't mean I have to." He slowly turns around his face in a scowl "You shouldn't even be in dragon training."

I grounded my teeth in frustration "that's funny I don't remember asking people to take it easy on me and I especially don't remember asking to be Stoick's precious useless little girl" I snapped, my hands curling into fists at my side.

Ash didn't say anything he just watched me probably wanting to see if I had it in me to hit him. I maybe mad, but I'm not stupid. Hitting Snotlout was stupid, but I was running on pure instinct, hitting Ash would not end well for me.

"You don't need to" is all he said, before turning around and walking away.

'I can't believe I ever liked that guy' I am so over him' I thought, my teeth clenched in anger, completely overjoyed that I only had a small crush on him. Slightly happy that instead of getting a warm nervous feeling when I think about him I felt angry and frustrated. 'At least I don't have to worry about him being my babysitter anymore' I thought "but wait' if he wasn't looking at for me because of Stoick than why did he bother to stop and care' finding these thought more confusing then helpful I decided to distract myself by reading the Dragon Manuel.

Eventually by this time nobody, but me was in the dining hall. So I brought over two candles and placed them on the table so I could read the all-knowing dragon book.

"Dragon Classification: Strike class- fear class- mystery class," I read out loud. Turning to the first page, which had a picture of a large round dragon with many rows of teeth and a long spiky tail. "The Thunder Drum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide-pools. When startled the Thunder Drum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous, kill on sight." I turned the page.

On this page was a picture of a dragon that had its wings expanded the ends pointed its body nearly as long as its wingspan. It also showed it cutting some trees just by flying through them. "Timber Jack: This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown trees. Extremely dangerous, kill on sight." Next page.

This had a picture of a long dragon with a huge head and a big mouth.

It also showed a picture of what it could do to a person even though the picture seemed to be a childish drawing. "Scaldron: Sprays scalding water at its victims. Extremely dangerous-" A boom of thunder scarred me out of my seat looking around the empty room, before I relaxed and turned back to the book reading the next page out loud.

"Change Wing: Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight." I kept flipping the pages, recognizing some of the dragons, since some were common in raids and used in dragon training. I flipped past those to see other dragons "The Shrill, The Bone Knapper, the Whisper of Death" Burns its victims, parries its victims, chokes its victims, turns its victims inside out" okay, that's just plain gross" extremely dangerous, extremely dangerous, kill on sight, kill on sight, kill on sight" well I'm doomed." I muttered, flipping through more pages.

After quickly flipping through the other pages I came to the end, which was blank. "Night Fury. Speed: Unknown. Size: Unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself NEVER engage this dragon." Yah a little late on the warning there "Your only chance: hide and pray it doesn't find you."

I pulled out my journal from my jacket and opened to my sketch of the Night Fury placing it on top of the Dragon Manual. This creature was so dangerous, so lethal that a Viking would warn another Viking to hide from it rather than to fight it. 'But he isn't that bad he's like a big dog really.'

I didn't kill it on sight, but that could just be because I'm a useless Viking, but he didn't go for the kill either. So does that mean that we are both mess up in a way or does that mean that Vikings are just wrong about this dragon. I couldn't see the Vikings being wrong about a dragon, but I also couldn't see that dragon being dangerous. I closed my journal sticking it back in my vest and closing the Dragon Manual I knew what I had to do. I needed to know more about this Night Fury" and I was going to get that information one way or another.

8. No Hostility

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><p>Dragon's point of view<p>

It was already mid day and I could not for the life of me get out of this cove. I tried to climb, I tried to fly, but I just couldn't get out. I refused to give up though I already did that once I was not going to dishonor my family again. I was going to get out of here one way or another.

I leaped into the air one more time flapping my wings trying to fly just a little bit more to reach the rim and climb out. When I felt myself falling I tried to sink my claws into the stone and climb out, but the wall was too steep and all I did was leave a scratch on the wall. I let out a frustrated growl when I knew I was going to fall and expanded my wings to glide to the other end of the lake.

I tried to fly out one more time flapping my wings once more trying to raise myself higher in the air only to fall back on the ground this time on my side. I bite back my whine. Although dragons heal quickly hitting that tree did more damage than I thought now that I wasn't concerned with dying.

"One more time" I say to myself expanding my wings and leaping into the air. For a moment I thought I would actually make it, I was higher than I had been all day. However just like all the other times I came crashing back down. I shot a fireball into the ground angry at my failure. Before bowing my head thinking about just how pathetic I must look. Like a new hatchling trying to learn how to fly only to fail miserably.

I heard a splash coming from the water next to me and lift up my head to see fish in the pond. 'Well I might last longer in here than' I thought. I walk over to the pond watching the fish swim around before dunking my head in the cool water and snapping my teeth at the two fish. However the fish were faster and were able to escape my powerful jaw.

I was going to let out a whine of sadness when I heard something fall to the ground. I quickly look up to see something sitting on the top of a rockâ€|it was that human girl from before. 'The one that did this to me' I thought angrily, but as I watched her just staring at me I found myself more curious than angry. I could only look at her wondering why she was here.

I observed her as she turned her head in question and I mimicked her movement to show that I was just as equally confused as she is about this situation. I was getting annoyed when all we did was stare at each other when she suddenly yelled out. "Wait right there I'm gonna find you something to eat." I watched as she jumped to her feet and left the cove.

I had two problems with that statement. One she just watched me struggling to get out of this cove and must have realized that I'm stuck so where am I suppose to goâ€|that idiot. Second why would she feed meâ€|I am not her responsibility, she should have just run off

and forgotten about me or killed me.

'But than why is part of me happy that she didn't?' I thought, curling myself to the floor lowering my head to my paws. 'Hmm I wonder what she'll bring me,' I thought as I decided I would try to catch some fish.

At last I heard the shuffling of rocks and a small whine and intake of breath I knew that the human had return and although the human said she would be back I still held doubt that she would, but I was happy that she kept her word.

'Do not get attached to this humanâ€¦remember that she did this to you, she is the reason that you need help in the first place,' but as I watched this girl climb down the wall something in her arms I couldn't feel any hostility towards her.

I didn't move when she reached the bottom of the wall and neither did she. As I watched her I saw her smiling again, but it wasn't like the same one when I pinned her down. This one showed happiness not depression and it seemed to actually be warm and meaningful.

She smiled larger and said "All we seemed to be able to do with each other is stareâ€¦are we that odd to each other." Her voice was light and she seemed to want to laugh, but all I could do was tilt my head at her. She thought this was funnyâ€¦I could kill her at any moment, but yet she wasn't afraid.

"Sorry its just that nether of us know how to act with one another its kind of funny" she explains further the laughter still in her voice. I watched as she started walking to my left still keeping her eyes on me. 'So she's not scared of me, but she is still cautious of me' that made me feel somewhat better about this situation. After a while she moved up, but she was far enough a way that I didn't feel threatened.

I watched as she placed the bundle in her arms on the ground and was a little disappointed when I saw that it wasn't meat, but red berries. She placed them on the ground in a pile. After she was done she placed the fur vest back on her and walked back to the base of the wall she had climbed. "The berries are called Blood berries they are suppose to be really good when it comes to healing the sick or the hurt." She said out loud looking sheepish as she raised her hand to scratch her head, but she stopped. That's when I looked at her hand and noticed that it had numerous amounts of cuts on it. I looked at the other hand that was at her side it was also bleeding.

"Its also called Blood berries because you always bleed no matter what when you try to pick them. I know its not meat, but its all I can do for today." I made no reply, but its not like it matters she wouldn't understand me anyways. When I didn't move she sighed and started to climb the rock wall. I watched as she winced as the dirt came in contact with her open wounds. After she was all the way up near the entrance she waved goodbye and disappeared.

I could only stare after her. She would wave at a dragon and treat me like â€¦like â€¦human after I scared her and I knew I scared her when I pinned her down I could see it in her eyes. So what is wrong with that human?

I sat in the same spot that she had found me in swishing my tail back and fourth wondering why this situation isn't a typical situation. She should have killed me and that was that, or had she let me go I was suppose to kill her. That was life that was the cycle so why didn't we act the way we were suppose to. Why does she care what happens to me? Was she looking for me or did she find me by accident?

After a moment I walked over to the berries she had picked for me. The berries she had bleed for me. Yes she took my tail fin, but it was an accident and she seemed sincerely sorry and genuine about what she had done.

Yes I was sad that I could never fly againâ€¦I was depressed that I could never fly against the night sky or do loops in air feeling the cool air swoosh around me as I become one with the sky. The very thought depressed me, but this human has also taught me something. It takes very little to disturb the common cycle of life, I mean one little girl shot me out of the sky, but has shown me that not all humans are killers like other dragons say. I may not be able to fly, but I don't have to follow the queens ordered anymoreâ€¦that lifted my spirit a bit.

I hovered over the berries, they seemed red and juicy and she claimed that they would help me. I leaned in closer and could smell her blood on these berries and saw a few drops of blood on the ground.

'That human went through all this pain to get me these,' I thought lifting one into my mouth. Hesitantly I swallowed. I waited a little bit to see if they were poisonous, but nothing happened so I ate another swallowing some before I was curious as to how they taste. So I grabbed a few berries with my tongue and chewed them.

The berries were sweet and juicy. However they had such a weird flavor, but they weren't so bad it was no meat or even fish, but they weren't bad. I started to chew the rest of the berries savoring the flavor and purred in happiness. 'It seems the human wasn't so bad' I thought, finishing the berries watching as the skies became dark and cloudy.

'Great its going to rain soon' I thought looking for a place to take cover, I could take cover under the tree, but it was mostly bare so that wouldn't work. I saw a small space between the rocks, but it was not small for me.

"If I can't find my own shelter, than its time to make some." I growled walking up to the wall that was closer to the tree on the other end of cove that had a perfect view of the human's entrance to this secret area. 'That way I could see her when she comes.' I thought widening my stance, before I gather a big enough fireball and shot it at the wall.

After a few fireballs, I was able to make a cave tall enough that I can stand on my hind legs, wide enough so I can almost spread my wings open, and it was deep enough that I could stretch out tail and all without fear of getting wet. The cave was huge for only a few fireballs and I finished it just in time.

I could smell the rain, it was almost here and when it came it was going to be bad. So I ducked into my cave shooting fire at the ground

before stomping on it and curling up into a ball. I heard the thunder and a few seconds after the rain followed charging down. 'I hope that human got home before the storm started' I thought, watching the rain fall a bit before lowering my head and going to sleep lulled by the sound of rain.

9. You don't belong here

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story******

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

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****I want to warn anyone reading this story that due to school starting I may not be writing as much as I used to, but give me time and I will update I don't plan on ditching this story ever. I will update when I can.****

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

In the morning during dragon training I decided to ask Gobber my questions about the Night Furyâ€|it probably wasn't the best time to ask seeing as how I was asking while during the actual lesson.

"Hey," I shouted from inside the arena "I noticed that the book had nothing on Night Furies. Is there, like, another book? Or a sequel? Maybe even a Night Fury pamphlet?" I asked my axe and shield hanging limply at my side.

Gobber was outside the arena, while the arena had been set up like a maze will high wall and big enough passageway for the unleashed Deadly Nadder to climb and walk through.

"Whoa!" I said as I felt rather than saw a fireball being hurled at me. The fireball missed me, but it burnt the top part of my axe leaving me with only a stick of wood. I decided that the axe was no longer use to me, so I dropped it. I looked behind me and saw the Deadly Nadder was coming straight for me. So I did what any girl in my situation would doâ€|I ran for it.

"Focus Halla! Yer not even trying!" yelled Gobber throwing his hands up in frustration.

"Today, is all about ATTACK! Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter!" 'Because that is such an easy task to do' I thought as I watched the Deadly Nadder easily

jumped up on top of the maze, hopping from one wall to the next.

After a few jumps it whipped out its tail, spikes appearing, and launched them at Fishlegs, who blocked them with his shield. "I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods!" he yelled as he ran into the maze walls trying to steady him again. 'Join the club' I thought, trying to stay out of the way.

"Look for its blind spot. Every dragon has one. Find it, hide in it, and strike," Goober continued, obviously not listening to his complaining students. He actually seemed rather bored. 'I guess watching us run around like mice isn't that entertaining for him.'

Ruffnut and Tuffnut turned a corner and were face to face with the Deadly Nadder. Ruffnut in front and Tuffnut behind trying to stand in the middle of the Deadly Nadder. The dragon seemed to be squinting still trying to see the twins. It even lowered its head to try and see them better. They might have been safe from the dragon if they could just stop arguing for a second.

"Yuck! Do you ever bathe?" asked Ruffnut, shoving her brother away to try and get away from his smell.

"If you don't like it then get your own blind spot!" he answered, shoving Ruffnut.

"How about I give you one!" she threatened, until they were both shoving each other that the horns on their helmets became tangled.

The dragon made some type of rumbling noise gaining the arguing twins attention. They both looked at the dragon to see that it was opening its mouth and about to breathe fire at them. Tuffnut pulled his sister with him since they were still connected by the helmets and ran taking cover from the dragon's fire.

'At least it gave them a warning before firing' I thought listening to Gobbers witty little side comments. "Blind spot: yes. Deaf spotâ€| not so much," he said his tone some where between annoyance and amusement.

I got closer to Gobber so that he was just hovering over me and began questioning him again. "So how does one sneak up on a Night Fury?"

"No one's ever met one and lived to tell the tale. Now GET IN THERE!" Gobber replied, pointing into the maze.

"I know, I know. Butâ€|hypothetically-" I backed up a bit trying to get a better view of Gobber from down in the arena. While I was talking someone bumped into me. I looked over and see Ash and Snotlout crouched behind the wall. Ash signaled for me to stay hidden. I crouched myself next to the wall trying to figure out how close the dragon was to us.

He poked his head around the corner, but pulled back when he saw the Deadly Nadder was sniffing the ground. Ash peered out one more time taking a deep breath getting ready to attack the dragon head on. He

rolled across to the other wall, immediately followed by Snotlout. I watched, as Ash seemed to be waiting for me to follow.

I took a deep breath and tried to copy them, but the shield was too heavy for me to roll to the other side and I landed on my back with a thump. The Deadly Nadder turned to me when it heard my shield hit the ground. I gave a nervous smile and made a run for it, I didn't even notice how heavy the shield was I just ran.

The Deadly Nadder jumped onto the walls again looking for anyone. It didn't take the dragon long to spot Ash and Snotlout ahead. It started leaping getting closer to the pair.

"Watch out, dude, I'll take care of this," Snotlout says knocking Ash out of the way. He rounds the corner and throws his hammer at the Deadly Nadder. He was obviously trying to impress Ash which if he focused more on what he was actually doing than trying to impress the boy he might have actually hit the dragon. The hammer didn't even come close to reaching the Deadly Nadder. 'Are you kidding me that was pathetic even the dragon is laughing at him' wait a minute the dragon is laughing? I wonder can a Night Fury laugh to?' I watched as Ash just glared at him

"The sun was in my eyes, Ash!" Ash rolls his eyes at the excuse and takes off down another hallway. "What do you want me to do, block out the sun? I can do that, I just don't have time." Snotlout kept trying to defend his pathetic actions while trying to keep up with Ash, who ran past me a dragon on his tail. The Deadly Nadder was so focused on catching Ash that it had started to knock over the maze walls to get to him

Everyone was pushing to get out of the collapsing maze including me well that was until I was standing in front of Gobber. "Has anyone seen one napping?" I asked, not even bothering to pay attention to the commotion or the shoving around me. Maybe if I wasn't asking Gobber questions about Night Furies I would have noticed Ash running by me the Deadly Nadder not far behind.

Ash was starting to run faster trying to make it out of the maze while trying to avoid the Deadly Nadder and falling walls. Eventually he ran to where I was which surprisingly the walls didn't seem to be falling. He tried to leap to safety as another wall nearly crushed him. Maybe if I had been pay attention I could have moved out of his way, but no instead he had to fall on top of me.

The first thing I noticed is that again I am on the ground I mean really can I not go one day with out something falling on me, or pinning me, is that really to much to ask for. Second that there was a weight that was pinning me down by my hips. Third and probably most important was that something was nestled in my neck. The worst part was that I could only assume that what I was feeling was Ash's lips on the base of my throat. I quickly grew red and started to struggle underneath him.

"Halla!" he growled angrily still close to my neck that I could actually feel the vibration of my name. I could feel his breathe on me and it sent a shiver down my spine, but all I wanted was for him to get off of me. 'And here I was trying to stay out of peoples way' I thought, bitterly.

"Awww, love on the battlefield," Tuffnut teased.

"He could do better," said Ruffnut, crossing her arms.

Ash lifted himself off the ground with his arms that just so happened to be beside my head. He was able to lift himself off the ground, but was still straddling me when he stopped. He hovered over me for a second his glare intensifying as some of his hair that fell out of his braid touched my face. After growling at me from above me he decided to get off of me and try to remove his axe from my shield. "Let me-why don't you?" I was trying to get Ash's attention, if he stopped tugging at my arm I could take off the shield all together instead of him pulling out my arm. I could tell that my face was red and my skin seemed ultra sensitive at the moment.

Ash turned around and saw the Nadder still charging for us. He was still trying to pull his axe out of my shield, but despite how strong he was it was stuck. He couldn't get a good stance to pull the shield out. So with the Deadly Nadder closing in he placed his foot on my chest resting just over my heart, pushing down as he yanked his axe that was still attached to my shield off my arm. He threw the two pieces of equipment at the dragon it smashing into the dragon's head.

The Deadly Nadder was hit full force by the attack that the axe and the shield shattered. The poor dragon started to limp away, clearly hurt from Ash's attack. 'He didn't have to hit the dragon so hard,' I thought watching it try to walk or even stand straight.

Ash was panting beside me still standing while I was still on the ground trying not go into the fetal position because of how bad my chest hurt. "Is this some kind of joke to you? Our parent's war is about to become ours! All you do is get in the god damn way." He shouts hate evident in his eyes.

I wince as he yells at me and try to stand only to wrap one of my arms around my stomach another resting on the area he stepped on. He saw this and his face immediately changes. He actually seems concerned as he reaches out to help me. "Hey, um, sorry about that I-"

I slap his hand away "your not going to take it easy on me remember." I snap finally standing up my arm still wrapped around my stomach. I looked him in the eyes glaring. He seemed genuinely shocked that his apology was rejected. "You may not have to take it easy on me and hell you don't have to help me because this is after all a competition, but out there in our so called parent's war its not, Vikings have each others backs or at least they are suppose to"

The teens were now standing behind Ash, all of their expressions one of shock, probably because I had never really stood up for myself before. Gobber was too busy putting the Deadly Nadder to say anything and when it seemed Ash wouldn't say anything either I humphed and walked out of the arena.

'Ash is right, I don't belong here.'

10. What's This?

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* * *

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

I have never been so mad before in my life. I was mad because I was so embarrassed when Ash was that close to me that I couldn't even think straight and then the jerk does something like thatâ€|acting like a big shot ehh.

I was standing in my bathroom looking at the full-length mirror my dress on the floor as I exam the top of my chest. It was already starting to bruise. 'A village has to work together to succeed, it doesn't matter if you like the person or not, people need to stand together. However that isn't the fact when it comes to me.' I growled, gently touching the bruise wincing. 'The dragon didn't even bruise me' I thought, walking out of the bathroom into my room to change clothes since I had a nice footprint in the middle of my dress.

I walked to my closet and could only scowl at my clothes. Every pieces of clothing I had was the same green dress. I moved my clothes around trying to find something I could wear. 'Come on I have to own something other than dresses right.' Oh how wrong I was. All the clothes I had were different shades of greens, but the same length and style. 'Okay now I have to wear something other than these dresses.' I thought suddenly very annoyed at everything. After savaging my room for any other types of clothes I found nothing. 'Is this Stoick's way of keeping me his little girl forever because that's just creepy.' I thought, charging me out of my room 'Stoick has to have some real clothesâ€|maybe I can even find some of mom's old clothes to wear'. I hesitated when I finally reached Stoick's room. 'I haven't been in his room since mom died.' I thought, placing my hand on the wood door. I slowly placed my hand on the knob and pushed it open.

Stoick's room was large and empty. It had furniture, skin rugs, and weapons covering any open space on the walls. In all honesty it was crowed with items, but it was empty and cold. 'Probably because Stoick is never home to use his room.' I wasn't an idiot I knew that

no clothes of Stoic could fit me even those that he wore as a child, but if I knew Stoick 'Which I do,' he would have never gotten rid of mom's clothes. The problem was finding them. I walked over to a huge door that was his closet. After a few tugs I was able to open the door. The closet was filled with fur capes and huge pieces of clothes that could only fit Stoick. I pushed through the clothes trying to find what I was looking for, but instead of finding anything I became stuck in between the pelts and heavy clothing. After looking around the closet for a while I found nothing that was useful to me.

"Stoick wouldn't get rid of mom's thingsâ€¦would he" I mumbled trying to untangle myself from Stoick's clothes. I tugged on one of the pelts freeing myself from its wrath only to trip over a large boot. I hit the back of the wall with a thump. 'Aww that hurt' I thought, rubbing my head as I tried to stand up. I steadied myself using the wall for support, only for it to fall on me. 'Ahh why do I keep falling' I thought, lifting myself off the ground. Only to see stairs 'what the' I thought lifting myself up. 'A hidden door behind Stoick's closet, has this always been here.' I could tell there was no light up there so I ran to my room and got two candles, before venturing up the newly found staircase.

'Have we always had an attic?' I thought reaching the top of the staircase to see the top of the attic covered in boxes. After setting down one candle in the middle of the room to give some light off I took the other candle wandering around the room looking at the label of the boxes. "Old weaponsâ€¦booksâ€¦dishesâ€¦blanketsâ€¦pelts, really do we need anymore dead skin in this houseâ€¦old clothes" I said out loud getting a little excited at finally found my objective. I placed the candle down and opened the box only to sigh. 'Wrong clothes, they were my baby clothes.' I lifted the candle looking at the other boxes around it. Finally my eyes landed on a box labeled Valhallarama's Clothes. The box was on the very top of the stack. I placed the candle down once more and reached for the box standing on the tips of my toes. When my hands finally reached the box I leapt up and grabbed it. Once the box was steadily in my hand I placed it on the ground and opened the box.

Sure enough inside were my mother's clothes. Some of these clothes I remember my mother wearing. I lifted up one of the shirts that were in boxes it was a blue shirt that had beadings around the top. 'I remember this shirt' I thought 'mom let me wear this shirt once when we were playing dress up. I told her that I wanted to be just like her and she told me that she wanted me to just be me.' I cuddled the shirt to my chest and sighed. I may be tired of wearing my clothes, but there was no way I could wear my mom's clothes it just way toâ€¦weird like I'm invading her property. I started to dig through the box trying to remember some of the pieces mom used to wear. It was odd I could see mom's clothes and an outline of her figure, but her voice and face were starting to blur whenever I thought about her. 'At least until the nightmares start' I thought placing the clothes back in the box. I tried to place the box, back where I found it only to knock the stack over completely.

'Of course this would happen to me' I thought straightening the boxes that didn't open and spill its context all over the floor. One of the boxes that spilled was full of my stuff animals. 'Hey I remember this guy' I thought, picking up a patched up rabbit. It was for the most part a light blue color except for the few patches of brown and red

scattered around its body and ears, one of the eyes were missing and the tail was gone. 'I was wondering where this went.' I placed the rest of the stuff animals back in the box leaving my patched up rabbit out. Another box was filled with drawings 'Drawing mom and I made together' I thought, lifting one up. It was a colorful finger painting with the classic stick figures. I could tell that the lady in the blue was mom; she had the same color hair I did and had me in one hand and my rabbit in another. Another was a man colored in red and orange, he was big and carried an axe, he was on my mothers side it didn't take a genius to tell it was Stoick. I knew which one was me, I was the little girl in a green dress standing next to mom and another man that I assume was Gobber since his hand was a hammer. The picture was nice I mean the colors weren't awful and the picture was simple, but it showed all of us happy. However there was another women in the picture that I did not know. She was standing behind me in purple; she had the same color hair as mom, but was according to the painting bigger than mom. 'Who is that' I thought bringing the picture closer to the candle. No matter how long I stared at it trying to remember I had no idea who that women was. 'I'll find out later' I thought, placing the picture next to my bunny.

However the next box was what really confused me. It was wrapped up like a present in colorful paper and it wasn't just one box it was five. 'What the heck are these' I thought lifting one of the boxes shaking it something was rattling around in it and it definitely was old the wrapping paper was brittle, the color faded. I decided that it would be better to open these latter in my bedroom. After two trips up and down that staircase all the boxes were in my room on my bed.

I wanted to open them to see what was inside, but I had bigger things to do than worry about what was inside these boxes like going to visit the Night Fury. So I placed another dress on me and left to grab a shield. 'Just in case, it hasn't attacked yet, but it is still a dragon.' After that I ran outside grabbing a fish from the food shack and ran off into the forest.

The fish was slimy and a little gross to hold seeing as how the head was still attached so it just kept staring at me. I tried not to look down at it, but when you have your fingers hooked into some things gill you tend to look down.

I finally reached the secret cove and walked in. I saw that there was a small ledge that crept against the wall and took it all the way down instead of climbing down the wall like yesterday. The ledge was a decent size, but I still had to focus. I finally reached the bottom to come find a little space between two rocks that lead out into the grass area. I jumped from the ledge into this small space and tossed the fish in.

When nothing happened. I peeked my head out to see where the dragon was before walking in. I held my shield out in front of my trying to walk out from my hiding spot only for the shield to get stuck in between the two rocks. I pushed to try and wedge it out, but it was stuck. I placed my hands on both the rocks and chimney my way on top of the shield. I placed my foot on the rock standing on it jumping a bit to see if it would move. 'Nope it's officially stuck' I thought, 'another shield wasted.' I jumped off the shield onto the ground 'hey I could have gone under the shieldâ€¦but climbing is more fun.'

I picked up the fish and carefully entered the cove, looking for any sign of the Night Fury. 'Where could he be, did he finally fly away' I thought, still looking around for the dragon. As I was walking it felt like someone was watching me, which I assumed, was the Night Fury, but I couldn't see it. That's when I felt the eyes watching me coming from above me. I looked up and saw the Night Fury in a pounce position on top of the rock. The minute I spotted him, he jumped down right in front of me, which made me jump back. His eyes were narrowed, but he stayed at my level watching me, sniffing the air for a bit. I held out the fish nervously, but at the same time happy that I could finally stop carrying it around. He crept forward a bit stretching his neck so as not to get too close to me.

When he suddenly jumped back and growled, his pupils turning to those frightening slits like when he pinned me. I pulled the fish closer to me backing up a bit before moving my jacket aside, showing my dagger. The Night Fury's eyes went straight for my dagger growling. I slowly reached down for it, but he growled louder snarling a bit once I touched it.

I drew my hand back from the weapon. "It's okay—it's alright," I said, trying to calm the dragon down slowly reaching for my dagger its eyes watching my every movement. "I promised you already that I wasn't going to hurt you remember," I stated, pulling the dagger out and dropping it on the floor. This still didn't satisfy the dragon because he was still in attack position. He made a head motion as if telling me to throw it in the water. I lifted the knife with my boot and kicked it into the lake. The Night Fury watched as the knife fell into the water with a plop waiting a little longer until he was sure that it sank to the bottom.

He suddenly relaxed, his pupils turning from angry slits to curious orbs that seemed more like a kitten than a dragon. He stared at me as one of his ears twitched. 'What the—' seriously the dagger was the only thing that was putting him on edge really' I thought a little startled by his sudden change in demeanor. 'He looked so cute though when he's not angry.'

I held out the fish for him again thinking that now he would accept my gift. He crept up slowly 'probably to make sure that I don't have any more weapons' before he opened his mouth. "Huh, toothless. I could've sworn you had—" The Night Fury suddenly had sharp teeth appear out of nowhere leaping forward and snatching the fish from my hand. I pulled my hand back to make sure that I still had all my fingers. I watched as he threw the fish in the air and swallowed it whole. He licked his lips and looked at me. "Teeth." I muttered finishing my sentence.

He suddenly started sniffing in my directions walking towards me. I instinctively backed up and fell on my butt, crawling back as he continued advancing on me. I stopped when my back was up against a rock, 'I really need to be better aware of my surroundings maybe than I won't be trapped in dangerous situation—as much'. "No, no, no I don't have anymore." I said, not really sure if I should be afraid of being eaten or not after all I made it this far with him.

I suddenly heard something coming from him. It sounded like it was coming from his stomach. A moment later his throat made a hiccup sound and he dropped the bottom half of the fish into my lap. "Eww" I muttered. 'I thought the fish was slimy and gross before, but now uhhh this is

just wrong' I thought, picking it up off of my lap.

The dragon stood back on its hind legs only to sit down on his butt his tail whooshing behind him as he sat upright like a person. I sat up straighter against the rock. He looked at me and I looked at him, unsure of what to do, while still holding the upchuck fish in my hand. I drew my knees into my chest, unsure of what to do 'I got this fish for him so what am I suppose to do with the tail fin part, do dragons not eat this part or something'. He looked at the fish and then at me. I did the same. 'Did he want me to? No...Ew! He can't expect me to actually eat this can he' as I looked at the Night Fury's face I knew for sure that was what he wanted me to do 'Oh man this is gross!'

I sighed and reluctantly brought the fish to my mouth, trying not to smell it or else I'd lose my nerves completely. I took a small bite, trying to avoid touching it with my tongue as it passed my teeth. "Mmm â€¦" I tried to make it sound like I was enjoying it, when really I was trying not to up chuck it. I watched as he licked his lips, 'he was still hungry maybe I can get him to finish the rest.' His ears shot up at my Mmm and his head cocked to the side. I kept the fish in my mouth, determined not to swallow it as I tried to offer him the fish again.

Suddenly, he swallowed. 'Oh Odin this could not be happening' I thought, giving him a look that clearly says, "I cannot believe this." I swallowed hard, trying to keep it from coming back up as I shivered at the horrible taste that just went through my mouth.

I looked at him and smiled trying to cover up my horrible shiver. That's when the dragon squinted his eyes looking at me and started to part his lips in some sort of crooked smile. I was startled not believing that the dragon was still mimicking me. 'Looks like a dragon can do whatever we humans doâ€¦be afraid, laugh, and even smile. He's looks pretty funny when he tries to smile.'

I set the fish aside. I didn't care if he wanted me to finish it I refuse. I slowly stood up, reaching my hand out to touch his nose, trusting that he won't attack me. Once I got too close, he looked at my hand and than back at me until eventually he bared his teeth at me, his eyes turning to slits again, and flew off across the lake.

I watched him as he burned the ground, stepping on it, like a cat to make it more comfortable, before lying on the ground. He seemed ready to nap when he heard a bird chirp in the tree beside him. His ears shot up and he watched as the bird flew away. 'That look in his eyeâ€¦he wants to fly so badly, but he can't for some reason.'

Once I saw that his head was back down on the ground. I took this chance to sneak up on him and sat right next to him. Once he saw me, his ears fell down again and he gave a groan, clearly emotional. He shifted his body and wrapped his tail around his body so I couldn't see his face.

This was the first time I saw his tail close up so I slowly inched towards it. I could see the one side that was missing the tail fin, the skin seemed new like a scab. 'His tail fin was hurt.' He must have felt my sudden movement because he lifted his tail to look at me, so I casually if not a little stiffly stood up and walked away. The dragon stood up and decided to sleep in a tree, so I retreated to

the other end of the cove. I watched, as the dragon seemed to shift in his sleep and after a few minutes growled in frustration.

I laughed, which he must have heard because he glared at me. "You can't go to sleep because I'm here you don't trust me yet to sleep right in front of me" I said, stating it like a fact when really it was only theory. I stood up and dusted myself off "I'll leave so that you can get some sleep" I said, climbing the rock and waving goodbye exiting the cove. To say I was disappointed was an understatement. I really thought that maybe we could finally trust each other, but trust takes time especially when the first meeting you have with them is filled with pain, fear and possible death.

The sun was starting to set and I didn't want to go home just yet. So I walked deeper into the forest deciding to explore before it got to dark. I must have gone deeper than I intended because suddenly the trees started to become scarce and a huge rock wall was in front of me. I looked at my black gloves that were covering my hands and removed them. 'I guess I should be thankful that no one cares enough to ask why I was suddenly wearing gloves.' The white bandages were still present underneath the gloves. I unrolled them and saw that some of the cuts were already starting to close maybe in a few days they would be completely gone if I continued to use the salve. I looked at the rock wall and said, "ah fuck it." I tightened my bandages and started to climb the rock wall.

Nobody knew that I did this, that I would climb the rocks on different part of the island. I enjoyed climbing, but I never had a chance to do it when Stoick was in the village or when Gobber would have to watch me closely. Maybe now I would have time to actually climb. I reached for a small ledge pinching the rock ledge as I swung my arm to reach a deeper hold. I always enjoyed climbing rocks with my mother never going to high, just high enough where I could jump off into her arms or act like I was flying. 'This would be so much easier if I wasn't wearing a dress' I thought, trying to stretch the fabric of the lower dress, so I could spread my legs a little better to support myself.

Soon I was about five six feet off the ground and all I wanted to do was keep climbing, but it was getting darker and I was getting tired. I haven't done this in a while so I was out of shape. Besides I didn't have any rope to attach myself to nor did I have a belayer so that if I fall I wouldn't die. I turned myself around so that my back was facing the rock and jumped down. My knees hitting the ground, I smile panting to myself. I wonder if that was what the Night Fury missed the feel of that little wind in your face and freedom you get from free falling. 'I wonder if mom had that ahh moment before-' I shook my head I shouldn't be thinking about that after have for the most part a good day. I walked away from the wall remembering my way back to the cove.

As I was walking I couldn't help myself from picking some berries on the way for the dragon. I got some black berries and blue berries placing them in my vest before continuing to walk.

I finally reached the cove and felt my way for the entrance, sunlight disappearing fast. I quietly leaped down to the rock platform before climbing down. The dragon was fast asleep hanging on a tree like a bat with his tail the wings wrapped around his body. He didn't move when I finally reached the bottom instead I heard

purring. 'He is so much like a cat' I thought, biting my lip to keep from laughing at my newfound discovery 'the scariest dragon in history and he acts like a cat'.

With the little light left I found the half eaten fish I had left and grabbed it. I cautiously walked over to the dragon, berries in one hand and fish in another. Once I thought I was close enough I placed the berries on the ground the half eaten fish on top. I whipped the slim from the fish on my dress skirt, and placed my vest on before climbing out of the canyon and heading home.

11. Can I really Trust A Human?

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Dragon's point of view:<p>

It was about early afternoon in the day, and with nothing else to do in this canyon I decided to sunbath. My body wasn't sore any more; those berries and some rest seemed to be doing me good. So I decided that a nice nap in the sun would do me good. I stretch out my body on one of bigger ledges in this canyon and was about to doze off until I heard footsteps.

'She is back again' I thought, curling myself into a ball backing away from the ledge to stay hidden. 'I wonder if she has more berries' I took a sniff in the air and found a scent not of berries, but of fish. I purred in happiness, not having been able to fish without my flight. I watched as she entered from the stone wall with the fish in her hand. That's when I noticed that she looked different. Her hair was the same, and she was the same human, but she was different other than the fact that she had a shield on her arm. 'Does she not trust me? Does she still believe that I will attack her' I thought watching as she didn't even stop to look for me. Part of me was sad that she didn't trust me and the other part was angry if any one needed protection it was me. 'If she decided to tell the other humans where I am, I'm doneâ€|or if she decided not to visit anymore than I starve or risk becoming insane. Doesn't she know that at this moment she holds all the power when it comes to my life.' That thought made me angry, I was not some house pet I was a dragon a Night Fury.

I watched as she climbed down a small ledge balancing the shield and fish in hand before jumping down into the two spaced rock that I had said was to small to be a shelter for me. I watched as she placed the shield in front of her and threw the fish. 'Really that was her plan on luring me out one fishâ€|she is a horrible hunter' I thought, not moving from my rock. She must have noticed I was not going to come

out so she did. I was a bit surprised that instead of going underneath the shield she climbed the rocks and jumped over the shield. After she landed she picked up the fish and started to look for me.

I got into ready position if she thought she needed a shield to see me I might as well make her think that she needs it. I smiled to myself enjoying making the human girl squirm. She was looking back and forth she must have known I was watching, but her instincts are dull. I got ready arching my back and scrunching myself in. Suddenly she looked up. In that moment I jumped down barely missing her watching her stand back a bit. I sniffed the air and it smelled horrible, but I couldn't think of what the scent was. It smelled like other people 'dirtier people', a dragon, and something else. I narrowed my eyes in frustration.

That's when I saw that she held out the fish. I wanted the fish, but this other smell made me nervous so I walked a little closer to her extending my neck, until I sniffed her again and leapt back growling. Now I remember that smell. It's a metallic smell that all Vikings smell like, the smell of their weapon. She was carrying a weapon, and she smelled disgusting some thing was covering her original scent. I could feel my pupil's turn into slits watching as she brought the fish closer to her chest. She seemed confused by my change of attitude. 'Is this why she brought a shield to finish meâ€|luring me into a false security and than strike with her hidden weapon' I thought, snarling.

I watched as she pulled back her vest showing a dagger hanging on her hips. I lowered my self to the ground getting ready to attack. She was starting to go for her weapon when I growled a "Don't do it" at her. To my surprise she pulled her hand away.

"It's okayâ€|it's alright." she said, trying to calm me down. I watched as she slowly reached for the dagger my eyes never leaving her hand "I promised you already that I wasn't going to hurt you remember," she stated, pulling the dagger out and dropping it on the floor. 'It's not uncommon for a human to lie' I thought growling at the weapon on the floor. I titled my head towards the water hoping she would understand what I was trying to tell her. I watched as she lifted the knife with her boot and kicked it into the lake. I watched as it hit the water happy when I heard the plop and waited for a bit till I was sure she could not retrieve it.

I relaxed suddenly happy that the shield and the dagger were gone. I watched as she gave me a "are you for real" face I didn't understand. After a moment she held out the fish for me. I crept up to her, trying to see if she had any more weapons. She had the scent of metal, dragon, and human all around her and it was giving me a headache just how bad she smelled. Once I was sure that she didn't have any more weapons I opened my mouth. "Huh, toothless. I could've sworn you had-" As I felt my teeth retract from my gums I snatched the fish as fast as I could and swallowed it whole licking my lips when I was done. I looked as she pulled her hand back examining her black-gloved hands. 'I wonder if she is cold or if she is hiding her cuts from yesterday'. "Teeth." She muttered finishing her sentence.

I suddenly was starting to wonder why she smelled like dragons all the time. Yesterday she smelled like a Gronkle and as I got closer I

could smell the scent of a Deadly Nadder with another human scent. As I advanced closer trying to see what other smells she could have on her she moved back falling on her butt only to crawl backwards into a rock. "No, no, no I don't have anymore." She said she didn't have any more does that mean she hasn't eaten herself. Was she giving me all of her food? I suddenly felt guilty I couldn't let her starve.

So I upchucked the fish dropping it on her lap. I watched as she picked up the fish, happy that I get to feed the human for once even though it was her fish. I stood back lifting up on my hind legs and than sitting down right in front of the human. I watched as she sat up straighter still holding half of the fish, she seemed hesitant to take it. 'Is she worried that I'll starve is that why she's not eating it' I thought watching her bring her knees closer to her, she was watching me. So I gave her the okay to eat it. I looked at her and than the fish trying to show her that it was all right. She mimicked my movements and realization passed over her face. I watched as she raised the fish to her mouth and took a bite of it. I heard the "Mmm" I was happy that I could feed this human. She must still be hesitating to finish the fish because she hasn't swallowed the fish yet. She looked at me once more and I swallowed I didn't mind sharing my fish with her. I watched as she shivered from just how good the fish was.

I watched her smile. This human seems to smile a lot, but they are always filled with different emotions. Sadness, depression, happiness, and this one was sheepish. I wondered what it was like to smile. I observed her as I tried to mimic her smile. It seemed pretty simple, just pull your lips back to a certain point. I was wondering what I looked like to her because I felt ridiculous. I think I was doing it right, but seeing as how her smile seemed to get bigger when I did it I think I did all right.

I watched as she set the fish aside and slowly stand up. I watched as she lifted her hand out to me. She was trying to pet my nose. The fact that the human was trying to touch me made me feel happy 'She must trust me than.' I wasn't sure if I was planning on letting her touch me, for a minute I was thinking I would until I sniffed the air again. This scent wasn't hers it was another human, another Viking that according to the smell would kill me. I bared my teeth my eyes turning into slits again as I thought about a human like that touching me. I flew across the lake the smell sickening me.

It wasn't till after I landed that I saw the disappointment pass her face. Then I felt stupid 'I reject her because of her smell, because her touching me would be like another Viking touching me, but she doesn't smell the other scent she thinks I rejected her for her.' I felt guilty for a while until I thought 'its her fault for hanging around those disgusting brutes.'

I burned the grounds with my fire, trotting on it to make it more comfortable until I flopped down. 'Clearly not taking my nap early is starting to get to me,' I thought. I was about to lower my head when I heard a bird chirp from behind me. I watched as I saw her take off flying into the air. "Lucky bastard" I thought, watching her for a little while longer. Before placing my head back down on the ground. 'My day was starting out so well to, but now the human probably doesn't trust me anymore and I'm sad again.'

I heard the human trying to sneak up on me and could only open my

eyes when I felt her sitting next to me. For a moment I was happy that the human hadn't given up on me only to groan when I thought just how much I sound like a dog not wanting its master mad at it. I moved my body away from her bringing my tail around my body so that the human couldn't see how weak I was right now. However instead of leaving I could feel her edge closer to my tail. 'Does she still not know what she has done to me' I thought 'she's sad that she hurt me and she knows that she somehow is responsible for the fact that I can't fly, but does she know why?' I lifted my tail to see her arm just about to touch my tail before she dropped it to her side and stood up walking away a little stiffly as if finally noticing that she was annoying me.

I decided to climb the tree and sleep from there. I hooked my tail around the branch and swung myself down wrapping my wings around myself before trying to head off to sleep. I knew the human was still just a few yards away, but I don't think that it would stop me from sleeping. So when I twisted and turned I tried to figure out why I couldn't go to sleep. That's when I noticed that the scent of other dragons and Vikings were starting to spread around the canyon. I growled in frustration, as I could not fall asleep. When suddenly I heard laughter. I opened my wings to glare at her. "You can't go to sleep because I'm here you don't trust me just yet to sleep right in front of me" she said I could tell from her voice she was only assuming and if I could I would tell her she was wrong. She was the problem, but it was her smell not her.

I watched as she got up dusted herself off and said "I'll leave so that you can get some sleep" again she climbing the rock wall and said goodbye before exiting. After I was sure she was gone I dropped from the tree and jumped in the lake I needed to get this smell off of me. After that was done I started to shoot fireballs at random spots in the air trying to burn the smell away. Finally the smell began to disappear. After letting the wind take care of the rest I climbed back into the tree and began to fall asleep.

It was almost dark and I had probably just been a sleep for an hour or so when I heard the familiar sound of someone climbing down the canyon walls. 'I thought she said, she was going home' is she here to finally kill me, did she bring those other Vikings I smelled on her earlier' Questions swirled around in my head each and every one of them about the human betraying me. I waited for more footsteps for the overpowering smell of metal, but nothing instead I started to smell the human's original scent and that of berries. I shifted my wings a little to see what she was doing back here again. I watched as she emptied out her vest that was once again filled with berries and then place the left other fish on top. After she was done she looked towards me smiled and tried to climb as quietly as she could out of the canyon.

After her footsteps disappeared I walked down to the gift she had left me. 'All this human does is try to help me and I think the worst of her' I thought, standing in front of my food. 'This human has stolen the most precious thing to me, my flight' but yet I feel no hostility or anger towards her only appreciation and happiness' she has captured and nearly killed me, but yet she has freed me and cared of me' she had doomed me, but yet I wish to understand her' Can I really trust a human?' I questioned as I lowered my head to eat.

12. Auntie?

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

When I got home I was exhausted. All I wanted to do was crawl into bed and fall asleep, but when I got home and entered my room the wrapped presents were in the way. 'Uh I just want to sleepâ€|but there is no way that I'll be able to sleep until I know what's in these boxes.'

I quickly changed into my night clothes, which just happened to be a night gownâ€|shocking.

After changing I crawled on top of my bed being careful of the boxes and my rag doll bunny. The picture with the mystery women, sitting on my desk.

I placed one of the boxes in my lap that appeared to be the oldest. The paper was faded so I thick at one time it was a dark purple. Parts of the corners were torn that the box's corners were actually peaking through. The box was small bigger in height rather than length. Not having any more patients I ripped the paper off. The paper literally fell off with the simplest of touches. Although the paper was easy to tear off the box seemed to be completely secured. It took awhile to tear the box open, but after a few tugs it finally opened.

Inside the box was tissue paper and on top of it was a letter. My name printed on the front in a beautiful cursive writing. 'So these boxes are for meâ€|but who are they from' I thought, opening the letter carefully.

_Dear Halla, _

_Happy eighth birthday honey. I hope you are doing well and not causing to much trouble for your father and Gobber. I wish I could see you right now standing on you tippy toes as you try to blow out the candles on your cake or can you finally reach the table now? I miss you sweetie. I wish I could be there for you know, but unfortunately I am stuck in a trading country as my boat is being repaired. I hope you get everything you want for your birthdayâ€|if not I hope that this helps brighten your day. I love you and want you

to know that I will always love you just like your mother did. Happy Birthday kiddo._

Love Auntie

'Auntie â€¦I have an Aunt. When did this happen?' all sorts of questions were going through my head as I just tried to comprehend this letter. 'More importantly why did Stoic hide this from me.' I placed the letter on my night stand and started to look through the box. Inside was a book it kind of looked like my brown journal except it wasn't leather and it was purple. I opened the book and inside was printed "FOR HALLA'S EYES ONLY." After flipping through some of the pages I realized that it was a journal, but it also had designs inside of it. I flipped to the first page and it was still in the same writing as the letter.

Halla I remember when we would go down into the cove with your mother, you would try to climb the rock wall always wanting to go higher and higher. I traveled to a place where the people do actually climb mountains, they have these animals called monkeys that they watch and mimic. These people are amazing they climb just like monkeys, however before they become monkeys they are first beginners and have devises that make climbing safe. I have watched them and have tried to draw and describe their tools so that hopefully with Gobber's help you can make these.

Inside the book were pictures and directions on how to make a harness out of rope, how to make clips that are suppose to hook into the wall to secure you, but most importantly how to climb a wall with just myself, a rope, and some metal clips that thanks to this book I could probably make in Gobber's shop by myself. 'This book is amazing.' Not only did it have equipment, but it also had tips and drawings of maneuvers. However this book didn't just have drawings of rock climber it had drawings of animals and land with names that I could not pronounce. The book had so many random facts and so many interesting items I could not place the book down. I just had to read it all. It wasn't until I finally reached the end of the book that I noticed that that something was hanging off the back cover.

'These boxes are just filled with surprises aren't they?' It was a gold chain that had a monkey hanging on the chain with one hand wrapping around the chain and the other carrying a small green gemstone. 'Its beautiful' I thought, picking up the necklace before placing it over my head. I couldn't stop the smile that was spreading on my face as I kept reading my book.

After making sure that I had memorized the book cover to cover I placed it on my nightstand and picked up another present. This box was larger in length, but short in height. The paper was sky blue and seemed to be the newest of the boxes. I tore off the paper and like last time there was a letter attached.

Dear Halla,

_I am so sorry that it has been years since we have last meet. I can't believe you are turning 13 I remember when you were just a little girl following your mom and I like a shadow. I am sorry that I have not visited you. The world beyond Berk is amazing, addicting really. One day I will return to Berk and we can catch up on everything that I have missed in your life. Maybe if you want you can

come with me just like we had talked about when you were little. I'd be more than happy to take you with me. Just you and me â€|and my shipmates of course._

_ Halla I just know that you have grown up to be a wonderful young lady just like your mother would have wanted you to be. I also know that Stoic would probably baby you a lot, so I hope this makes you feel a little bit more grown up. Hope you like it._

Auntie

P.S. I will come back to Berk soon so just please wait a little bit longer, than you can yell at me all you'd like for being gone so long.

'How can I yell at someone I don't know?' I thought placing the letter on my bed. 'Why did she leave in the first place?' I thought, as I lifted the lid in the box and removed the tissue paper, that when I releazied that this box had clothes in it. 'Why couldn't I have opened this box earlier.' I thought lifting up an emerald green top.

The shirt was soft a material that felt familiar, but I couldn't place where. Either way it was nice to touch. It had long sleeves with gold coloring around the cuffs, bottom of the shirt, and the modest v-neck. Also there was a skirt that didn't even reach my knees, it was a dark chestnut brown that had a lighter color on the tips. 'The skirt is kind of short to be running around in Berk weather.' That was until I saw the black stockings that were meant to go under it. 'This outfit is amazing' and like any girl my age I wasted no time trying it on.

The out fit was amazing although it was meant for me last year it was still a bit to big. 'I suppose she figured I wouldn't be a talking fish bone' I thought, as I place my own belt around the skirt and my fur vest over the green top. It was amazing, I looked older less like a little kid. 'I wonder what the other teens would say when they catch me wearing this' I thought, fiddling with the gold chain that was still around my neck. I sighed and laid back down on my bed now playing with the monkey on the chain. 'Auntie obviously cares about me. I means she has gotten me gifts since I was eightâ€|so why didn't Stoic ever tell me about her or give me her gifts. Why was he trying to hide someone that cares about me?' I don't know how long I sat there trying to figure out all these questions. I just knew one thing all these mysteries were really starting to give me a headache, 'It seems my life is getting a lot more questions than answers now a days.'

I don't know when I fell asleep or for how long I was asleep, but I knew that everything was going to change not only for me, but for everybody.

13. The Dream

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enjoy**

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><p>Halla's Dream:<p>

'Where am I?' I thought looking around. I think I was still in Berk, but it wasn't the same. The sun was just setting. 'How can the sun be setting it was night time it should be raising.' I was on one of the shores of Berk, one that looks familiar to me. It took me a while, but i finally remember this place 'its our secret place' I thought 'its where mom and I would-"

"Momma momma, look what auntie got me" I watched as a younger version of me came running right through me literally like i was a ghost or something.

'Mom, moms here' I thought spinning around and sure enough behind me was mom. She was tall and muscular like most Viking women. Her hair was red like mine and in a braid that reached her waist. However unlike most dreams my mother's face wasn't blurry. She had green eyes just like mine and her smile was just as radiant as I thought it was.

I watched as my mother knelled down and pushed some hair out of younger me's face "and what did she get you" her smile still on her face her gentle eyes taking in younger me's excited face. I watched as the kid version of me pulled something from behind her back...it was purple ribbon. "She says its uhhh that its uhh-" "Silk honey its silk" I watched as the kid me turned around another huge smile on her face 'I used to smile that way.' I thought as I turned around to see what had caused such happiness to younger me. I saw a short women, well short for Vikings standard, come walking up in a purple dress that had a lot of ruffles, she also had a gold belt that was covered in small gold coins that jingled as she walked. She had long hair like mom, but it was a dark brown, and she had green eyes just like mom and I. "Auntie auntie tell momma how you got the silk, that they come from worms tell her tell her." The kid me was jumping up and down trying to rush 'auntie' over.

When she finally reached them I watched as young me clung on to auntie's weird gold belt flicking some of the coins. "Still loving that trading business of yours don't you," my mother said, her voice sounding clearer to me than any other dream. "Its amazing all the people I meet and the cultureâ€|sis its amazing what's outside of Berk. It's like a whole other world out there." My mother shook her head as she motioned the younger version of me over to her side. I watched as the younger version of me ran over to her side.

Mother sat on the sandy shore and young me sat in between her legs as she started to do her mineâ€|whatever hair making two ponytails and using the ribbon to hold them together. "There now don't you look

pretty." She says patting my hair. "Halla" auntie was now sitting next to mother and younger me who was looking up at auntie as she petted the ribbon. "What do you think about leaving Berk and exploring the world with me?" I watched, as a smile appeared on younger me's face and I jumped on the women who struggled on not falling over. "That would be awesome auntie, but can mommy come." The women looked at younger me and then at my mother "Would you sis," she asked. "Halla what about your father don't you want to him to come to" I watched as younger me looked down "Yah but he can't leave he has to take care of the village." Mother patted me on the head. "Why don't you go climb some rocks your auntie and I will spot you" "okay" and with no questions asked younger me ran off towards the wall.

I watched as my mother face went from smiling to scowling. Both of the women tense as they started walking towards the wall. "How dare you try to use Halla against me." I heard my mother say with venom. "Hey I just asked a simple question and she gave me an honest answer." Auntie said. "I'm staying Helga and that's that." "Don't you understand the risk you're putting not only yourself in, but Halla to. There are dragons here and you know what they will never go away. Do you want what happened to dad to happen to Halla." "That won't happen" my mother snapped her arms crossed. "Really its an occupational hazard for Vikingsâ€|dad went off to kill dragons and came back unable to move from the waist down, hell he killed himself because he felt so useless as a Viking. WE both know it was because its always Viking first father laterâ€|and Stoic-" "Stoic is nothing like dad " interrupted mom, waving at younger me as little me looked towards them from three feet off the wall. "Stoic is a father first and a Viking second he loves Halla" my mother said seemed to have so much faith in Stoic 'wish I had that much faith in him.' "What if Halla doesn't want to be a Viking will he love her than" auntie's voice was cold and honest and mother couldn't answer any of auntie's question, even though they should be easy to answer. "Stoic loves Halla that won't change ever that I know for sureâ€|and we aren't leaving Helga so stop trying to make us. You left and although I hate that you did. I accepted it now you have to accept my decision." "Even if the decision puts you in dangerâ€|what type of sister would I be." My mother shook her head "We will protect Halla no matter whatâ€|it's a shame you can't do the same." Auntie snorted, "So because I don't swing an axe or a sword I can't protect my niece, because I'm not a Viking." "You were once, you won the honor of dragon training. You were the best." "That's right past tense, and what did mom do when I refused to kill any more dragon refused to be a Viking anymoreâ€|I was disowned sis and I won't let Halla suffer through that either." With that auntie walked away and my mother ran towards me as I was falling.

She caught me, just like she always did. "Momma did you see me I got even higher this time." "Yes baby girl I saw you and I'm so proud." Mother's eyes were near tears now. I watched as little me raised her hands to mother's cheek. "Momma why are you crying and where auntie." "I'm not crying Halla and auntie had to go" "She didn't leave yet" little me asked panic clear on her face. Mother shook her head "auntie would never leave with out saying good bye she just left for a walk is all." "Oh okay" "its time we head home now Halla." "Ah can't I climb a little more" "No sweet heart it's getting late" little me pouted. It was a quit walk until my mother said "Now Halla you know that daddy and I love you right" "Of course you and daddy love me...Gobber does to." My mother looked down at younger me as if she was trying to figure out a puzzle "So why do you want to leave?"

"Momma I would love to travel and see the world like auntie. To see all the different things she gets to see and meet all sorts of people it sounds awesome, butâ€¦" "But what Halla." "But I love everyone here more than that. I want to be here for the village no matter what. I would only go traveling if we could all do it together." Mother just smiled "yah that would be nice." My mother grabbed younger me's hand and took me home. 'That's right at one point in my life I wanted to stay in this village forever and ever because this is where I thought I belonged...boy was I wrong. I don't belong here, no one needs me here.' That's when I remembered Ash's words 'when did things go all wrong?'

That's when suddenly everything started to swirl together until it became black. Than the beach shore disappeared and turned black and red. The quiet calm of the ocean disappearing to the chaotic scene of a dragon raid.

"NOOOOOO" I shouted, lifting myself up gasping for air. "It was all a dream Halla it was just a dream." I stood up trying to shake off the the dream/ nightmare I just avoided. I started to do control breathing 'No it was a memory, a very detailed memory.' After calming my speeding heart I walked over to my bed. 'Come to think of it I seemed to have forgotten a lot of things about my childhood. Except that night.'

"UHHH" I said leaning back on my bed and throwing my arm over my head. This is going to be a long day I just know it.

14. Can't stop smiling

****Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story****

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

It wasn't long after my scream that I heard banging coming from the downstairs.

That's when I heard Gobber's voice the banging on the door increasing. "HALLAâ€¦are you alrightâ€¦HALLA open this door this instance."

'Uh why is Gobber here' I thought, uncurling myself from the beetle position, climbing out of bed and going down stairs hurrying when the banging didn't seem to be stopping any time soon. I finally reached the door and peeked my head out. If I knew Gobber he would be looking for any signs of trouble and I didn't want him to worry about me. 'I don't want Gobber to worry about some silly little dream, not when I have other things to worry about.' I thought.

"Gobber what are you doing here" I asked, trying to keep my voice even, but failing. "I heard a scream are you alright?" Gobber's voice sounded worry and I could feel the guilt turning my stomach. "Uhh yah I just uhâ€¦had a nightmare is all." I didn't want Gobber remembering my episodes when I was a kid, but I knew from that far away look on his face that he was. "Is that why you weren't at dragon training." There was a pause. 'Dragon training' I thought before shouting "WHAT oh I totally forgot about dragon training oh my god it's already that late." I knew I was ranting and I watched as Gobber rolled his eyes. "Halla did you just wake up" I nodded still not believing that I had slept that late that I had missed dragon training. 'Oh my god the teens are going to kill me. Those dreams were just so vivid andâ€¦wait a minute my dreamâ€¦my auntâ€¦Stoic's hidden secret.' It wasn't long until my anger came back.

"That reminds meâ€¦what the hell help happened to my auntâ€¦aunt Helga?" My voice becoming defensive as I opened the door a little bit more. "Wait a minute what are you wearing." What does he mean what am I wearing, looking down I noticed that I was still wearing aunties gifts and suddenly with someone actually seeing me in my new clothes I felt insecure. "How do you know about Helga?" That's when there was another awkward pause as I pulled on my shirt.

These clothes weren't made here in Berk it doesn't take a genius to figure that out whether its from there design or material. "You went into your fathers room didn't you?" Gobber's voice was rising and I could feel my anger rising to. "So what if I did?" I shouted, finally stepping out of the house. "Explain to me why I found presents addressed to me from years ago. " I watched as Gobber seemed to wince as she questioned him about Helga 'what happened to Helga that could be that bad' "Halla, Helga is not the best person for you to see. Trust me she's-" "What my aunt that loves me?" I snapped, my finger curling into a fist. "Helga got disowned and isn't a good influence for you" "Why because she wasn't a Viking?" I shouted, I didn't care that this was Gobber that he cared for me more than any one, I was tired of people keeping secrets from me. I was tired of people trying to figure out how my life should be, and leaving me out of any decision making. "Look I am not discussing this with you, now go change and give me everything you found in your father's room and I wont tell him about this." "NO" I shouted, slamming the door in his face. "Halla open this door right now, Halla." "GO away" I shouted "and I am not giving you anything I have foundâ€¦I'll be at dragon training tomorrow, but just leave me alone Gobber." I was leaning against the wall and for some reason I felt like crying. "HALLA" "I SAID GO AWAY" 'I was tired of people trying to run my life for me, tired of them thinking that I can't do anything right. I just wanted to be myself and run my life my wayâ€¦why was that so hard' I felt myself sliding down the door until my butt hit the ground. There was a pause and I waited for Gobber to try and break down my door and take everything by force. Waiting for him to march upstairs and take my presents and than tell Stoic just what I have done. Than both of my supposed protectors will be angry with me. "Meet me in forge around dinner time I'll give you your answers there." I looked up and at the door giving out a shaky laugh. 'I can't seem to trust anyone now. I'm losing it, Gobber has been with me through everything and now I'm thinking of him as a bad guy. Just what the hell is wrong with me? Gobber would never betray me, he isn't Stoic.' That's when I remember my mother's words _'He loves Hallaâ€¦He is a father first and a Viking second.'_ 'Mom had faith in him, but he has changed so

much. I don't know if he even knows how to be anything other than a Viking. Does he even love me or does he just care about me out of obligation' I raised my hands to my head shaking away these thoughts. "I need air," I mumbled standing up and running out of the house slamming the door behind me.

I ran through the forest at top speed, jumping over fallen logs and racing in and out of trees. I knew where I was going; I knew where I needed to go. I was doubting the only person that I could truly trust, it wasn't right and I needed to clear my head. I kept running, but it wasn't until after a while I felt like I was being followed. However I pushed it aside 'who would be out here? Nobody, but hunters enter the forest and even they don't go this deep.' I thought, turning. It wasn't long until I reached the rock wall I had recently discovered.

I wasted no time climbing the wall. Getting higher and higher wanted nothing more than to reach the top. To feel my arms burn from the climb, to feel the air around me get denser as I get higher. The feel of the rocks underneath my gloved hand 'Glove, damn I forgot to take them off' I thought, hoping that it doesn't slow me down too bad. I didn't dwell on the thought though. I need to get my frustration out; I need to climb. I felt one of my hands slipping and soon found myself dangling, so I repositioned my feet to hold me steady as I paused looking for another rock. It was too high for me, but I knew I could reach it if I jump. I took a deep breath and stretched my arm and jumped for it clinging to it with my fingers. I was dangling again and I felt free, however I knew I would be slipping soon so I repositioned my feet. My feet were on a small ledge, but it looked like it would hold me. I reached for another rock that was more to the left than I could reach so I moved over a bit reaching for another rock. That was until the rock crumbled underneath my hand and my footing was lost.

For a while I felt myself falling. It was liberating, just falling. For a moment I had no worries, and nothing to feel angry about. It was nice, but I knew that if I didn't stop my free fall I would die and that's not acceptable, not when there were still things I needed to figure out. So I turned my body straight and pushed my arm into a rock, feeling my gloved finger nails scrape against the tough textured rock wall while searching for a rock to grasp. Finally a good hold presented itself and I clawed it bringing both arms around it, placing my feet on a better ledge. I breathed a sigh of relief a smile appearing on my face 'I did it' I thought, feeling like I could scream to the Heavens. That was until I heard "HALLAÂ€¦get the hell down from there." I tensed 'no one was supposed to be out hereÂ€¦no one was supposed to see me climbing either especially falling.' I didn't want to look down, and when I did I quickly looked up. 'Of course it would be Ash. Of course I would fall off when the boy that thinks I'm useless and good for nothing is around.' I thought taking in another deep breath, as I felt my cheeks getting red from embarrassment. "Don't even think about climbing back up that damn wall." I sighed 'so much for getting rid of my frustration' I thought climbing down a few feet before jumping off the wall, landing on my feet.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I snapped, already thinking about all the things he would say. I was getting ready for anything he could say to me. "Me you're the one trying to kill yourself." He snapped back 'and I was in such a good mood after that fall.' "I had

everything under control," I shouted back, crossing my arms 'besides that fall won't have killed me.' "Really so that ten foot drop was on purpose." "I survived didn't I?" 'Besides why the hell are you so concerned you were the one that told me I didn't belong here, what does it matter if I'm alive or died' I wanted so badly to shout that in his face, but I couldn't for some stupid reason I couldn't get the words out of my tongue tied mouth. That's when he looked down at my hand. I palmed my hands and felt my glove on my right hand was ripped and bleeding. "Tell that to your hand" I raised my hand and they widened in shock 'I didn't think the rocks could cut me that bad' I thought "Its fine." I said, hiding my hand behind my back. He stood there for a minute looking me over before shaking his head. "Give me your hand." He snapped extending his out. "It's fine," I said, making a move to walk away. Only to have Ash stand in front of me 'why is he being this annoying, first he tells me I'm a nobody always in the way and than he's trying to help me. He needs to pick a personality and stick to it.' I thought, clenching my teeth.

"Hand now" He shouted. "I am so sick of people ordering me around' I thought narrowing my eyes. He cleared his throat extending his hand out again "I said hand." "Why do you careâ€¦ just leave me alone." I tried to walk past him again, but he grabbed my hand. "Hey I said-" "Will you just shut up?" He snapped glaring at me. I glared back, but either way I let him see my hand. 'Can't people leave me alone when I want to be alone' I thought as Ash removed the ripped black glove only to see bandages covering my hands. "How do you manage to beat yourself up so much." He was shaking his head again. "Haven't you noticed I'm a screw up," I snapped 'I don't need a reminder besides I wad more than happy to get cut a little bit if it meant the Night Fury would feel better.' He uncovered the bandages to see small cuts on my hands. "What did you do?" he said, looking over my hands. "Nothing I just got stuck in a thorn bush." 'It's a good thing that Gobber is the only person that can tell I'm lying' the thought of Gobber suddenly made me nauseous 'I had to right to think of Gobber that way, he might as well be my uncle or hell my dad. Maybe I should tell Gobber about the Night Fury. I mean I trust Gobber more than anyone, butâ€¦' "it needs to be clean, but the wounds not that deep." Ash voices cuts through my thoughts. "Great can I have my hand back?" I snapped tugging my hand back "No this time I'm making sure you get home safely." I gnawed on my lip feeling my frustration starting to calm 'Besides I have to go feed the dragon before visiting Gobber's' so I nodded. I was shocked and a little nervous when Ash grabbed my uninjured hand 'What the hell is he doing' I thought, trying to tug my hand back, only to have him grip harder and than relax as if he was trying to calm me down. His little hand action did anything, but calm me down. It made me embarrassed, angry, and confused. I was embarrassed because thee Ash was holding my hand caring enough to walk me home and calm me down, I was angry because that same boy was treating me like a child, and finally I was confused because why should he care what happens to me. All I knew was that while he started walking off and I stumbled to keep up, all I could hear was my heartbeat. 'Please don't let him hear it.'

We walked through the forest at a slower pace this time instead of begin behind him I was standing next to him, and I was actually feeling a little better. However the silence was to awkward for me to hadle. "So why were you following me?" I asked watching as he seemed to freeze at my question his grip tightening a bit around my hand and his axe. Which only made me blush lightly because I had forgotten that we were holding hands. "I don't know what you mean" "Right so

you weren't running behind me fighting to keep up." I didn't really know it was him, but based on his reaction it was a safe bet to assume. He turned around and said, "I just came by to train and than I saw you running and I followed to-" "to yell at me for canceling training." I mean what else could he be coming after me for. After all I knew the teens were going to kill me. He just kept quiet and asked "Why are you in the forest to being with." I paused for a second I mean it was none of his business, but he was being civil so I should be to, after all I thought he would be madder about what happened yesterday. "Uhh I had a fight I guess you could say with Gobber." There was an awkward pause. "You know Gobber is just looking out for youâ€|he always is." I sighed "I knowâ€|I know he is just looking out for me, but its because of his and St-dad's looking out that I can't seem to do anything right." I was looking up at the sky, trying to figure out what could happen tonight at dinner when Gobber decided to tell me about aunt Helga. I heard Ash sigh so I looked at him, he seemed nervous about something. "I wanted to let you know thatâ€|I'm sorry for what happened yesterday I may have no I did cross a line and I wanted to let you know-" 'So the mighty Ash can handle a dragon, but not an apology' I thought, watching him squirm and listening to him rant. "Yah I'm sorry for what I said back there I was just angryâ€|which seems to be happening a lot." I said shrugging it off like it was no big deal giving him a crooked smile. "Its fine lets just forget it ever happened." Ash said, before starting to walk again tugging on my hand.

By the time we reached my house it was already a little after noon. "I guess I should clean up my hand." I said, walking towards the door expecting him to let go of my hand. Instead he followed me rather than letting go. "Yahâ€|right" He said finally letting go of my hand. "I guess I'll see you at dragon training tomorrow" he said already starting to back away. "Yahâ€|and Ash." I said stopping him at the last step. "Hm" "Thanks" and I walked into my house.

I leaned against the door for a few minutes just looking at my hand and placing it over my heart. I couldn't figure out if what happened today was a good thing or a bad thing. All I knew was that I couldn't stop the smile from appearing on my face.

15. Quick Little Nap

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story**

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

Sorry that this took so long for me to write

* * *

><p>Halla point of view

After cleaning my bleeding hand and this time placing brown gloves

over my hands I walked outside to the food shack to pick up a basket of fish. 'It's a good thing that Stoic refilled the food shack before leaving' I thought, picking up a basket of fish that was filled with cod. I strapped the basket over my shoulder and began walking through the forest again. Having to stop every now and again to catch my breath. 'I'm getting a lot of exercise today it seem.' With a quick catch of my breath I started walking again until I reached the cove.

I was tugging the basket behind me at this point. 'Uh finallyâ€|next time its dragon first rock climbing later.' I thought, reaching the entrance to the hidden cove. 'Now new problem, how do I get the fish down with out falling, because I am not falling twice today.' I thought as I paused at the entrance, until I dragged the basket over the edge and started to throw out some of the fish to make the basket lighter after I was sure that the basket was light enough to carry I strapped it on my back and started to climb the ledge from before again. My finger hurt and my forearms were tightening on me, but its not like I had much of a choice. "Just take it slow Hallaâ€|there is no rush." With that in mind I carefully climbed the edge. It took longer than most times, but I made it to the twin rocks where I had to climb not only over the shield, but the two rocks to. "Of course the basket wouldn't hit, why would my life be easy" I thought, huffing to the ground as I slowly stand up. I looked around the cove, noticing that the dragon was still hanging upside down by his tail on one of the tree branches. However his wings weren't covering his face, he was watching me. 'Well that's not creepy at all' I thought straightening myself up. "I brought you some food," I said pointing to the pile that I thrown over the ledge. The dragon did nothing, but wrap itself back up in its wings. "Well geez all that work and that's all I get," I said, sticking my tongue out. Still the dragon did nothing, but lay wrapped in its wings. I sighed and walked over to pond. I took off my boots and my stockings before placing my feet in the pond, surprisingly it wasn't that cold for it being nearly winter. I kicked my feet around in the water as I lay down in the grass. It felt really nice right here almost calming. "Huh I feel safe when one of the deadliest dragons ever to appear at Berk is only a few feet away from meâ€|how odd." I thought, stretching out my arms as I listen to my bone pops before sighing in content. As I laid there arms extended feet in the cool water listening only to the breeze that would occasionally find the canyon I realized why the dragon was so keen on sleeping today. "It is a nice day to take a quick nap." I thought, suddenly realizing that I did not sleep that well last night. After a few more intakes of breath I drifted off to sleep.

* * *

><p>I know its really short, but the rest will be longer i just got a little stuck<p>

16. Halla's Dream

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

thought '... '

speaking "... "

* * *

><p>Halla's Dream

"Ouchâ€|owâ€|ouchâ€|mommy the bush pricked me again" younger me whined. I was in the forest again in the same place that I had picked berries for the dragons for the first time. I watched as younger me glared at the bush that pricked her and as my mother came over giggling to herself as she asked to see my hand. My mother kissed the pricked finger and picked one berry before squishing the juice over my finger. "Does that feel better?" my mother asked, blowing on the cut. "Yah, it doesn't hurt anymore how did you do that mommy." Younger me was fascinated by this discovery pulling her finger away from mother and examining it closer to her face. "These berries Halla have amazing healing properties that allows our healer to make great medicine, however because of the greatness of these berries they are the most difficult to pick." My mother says, picking up some more berries. I watched, as she never pricked herself as she picked these berries. "How come they don't hurt you mommy." Younger me asked, watching closely as mother reached deeper into the bush. "I have been picking these berries a long time Halla, my skin is to tough for these berries to prick." My mother looked at younger me and smiled, younger me smiled back just as happy. "Then I'll pick these berries to until my hand doesn't bleedâ€|so I can be just like mommy." Younger me exclaimed. My mother just shook her head "No" younger me sat still titling her head to the side "No" my mother nodded "No." Younger me pouted, not understanding why our mother had said no to her "This world doesn't need another me, it needs you Halla. Each person in this world is meant to do great things whether they realize it or not. Each person is special and should try to find there own way to live in their lives, to not do so is a crime against the world. Halla it is okay to be different, it is okay to not follow in everyone else's vision for if we did that than nothing would change. The world would remain the same to repeat the same cycle over and over again. Do you understand Halla?" My mother spoke with such a calm voice, so understanding but yet stern. This is what my mother believed and this is what she tried to teach me, but I could tell by the look on younger me's face that she and at one point I did not understand. Her philosophy only seemed confuse younger me, "Does that mean that daddy is wrong? Daddy only follows the rules, so is daddy committing a crime?" My mother could only sigh "There is a time to follow tradition and a time when not to Halla sometimes" "-but if all they do is follow tradition because it's the right time aren't they still committing a crime." Younger me was near hysteria by this point "does that mean grandfather committed a crime and Gobber to does that mean that-" "Halla" "does that mean that everyone in the village is in trouble, but than-" "Halla" my mother shouted younger me shut her mouth and looked at mom. Before she sighed and placed her hand over my head "you are misunderstanding my point and working yourself into a frenzy." My mother leaned her head towards mine smiling "one day you'll understand what I'm talking aboutâ€|and when that happens you'll be unstoppable." My mother finished a smile of her face. I couldn't keep watching this anymore.

I am so angry, I'm angry with myself for not being able to remember

any of this. I'm angry because mom tried to teach me that being different was okay, but than Stoicâ€|'Stoic tries to make me like everyone else. Stoic tries to make me a Viking he wants a warrior not a talking fish boneâ€|Stoic will never stop trying to change meâ€|he will never understand what mom was talking about because he can't listen to anything that isn't tradition. So the question is did he believe all these ideas at one time or did he lie to mom through out everything.'

My head was swirling with questions and I couldn't help, but think about when everything changed. When did Stoic start acting like a Viking rather than a dad? When did I start to forget everything mom tried to teach me? When did I forget about my aunt? Did I forget all this because of that night? Was it all because of that stupid mistake, my stupid mistake? As I ponder my stupid life, just like before the colors started to swirl and the forest disappeared with my mother's smiling face. "Noâ€|I want to wake upâ€|wake up now Halla" As I shouted to myself to wake up as the new image were starting to appear. When I heard the roars of the dragon and

the feel of the flames I knew I wasn't going to wake up from this dream this time.

It was another dragon raid, but this one was going to be different. The buildings were getting burned down just like they always do, the screams of the Vikings in battle and the roar of the dragons were hanging in the air, the earth rumbled from the force of battle. As I looked around I saw younger me running down the streets between two burning buildings. This raid is one of the worse raids that had ever occurred in Berk, it was so bad that they called my mother out to fight. "Mommyâ€|mommy where are you?" younger me shouted her voice being lost by the roars and the battle cries. She was carrying a blue blanket that had patches all over it just like the bunny I had just found, she had no shoes on, and tears were streaming down her face as she screamed for mom. The other Vikings were to busy dealing with the dragons to notice a little girl on the battlefield. "MOMMY" younger me shouted as a fireball just nearly missed her. Younger me was now screaming at the top of her lungs, as she ran blindly through the burning town.

"HALLA." Younger me stopped running searching for mom, I watched as she whipped her head back and forth until she found the direction of the yell. "MOMMY" now it was a time of relief or happiness. I watched as my mom came running through the crowd, arrows strapped to her back, her bow clutched in her hand. Mom was pushing through the crowd dodging Vikings and fireballs as she ran towards me. Younger me started running even harder her arms extended towards mother. Mother was so close to younger me. That was until we heard a screech in the air. "Night Fury" one Viking shouted, for a moment everyone stopped moving as a blue flame crashed down into the earth. Mom kept running, but looked up in the air. It wasn't long until she reached me and knelt down next to me. "Hallaâ€|Halla my baby." She said, hugging me until she pulled away. "What are you doing outside? I told you to stay inside?" My mother was looking around back and forth. "Come on Halla we are going home." My mother said, clutching me hand tightly. We were running through the streets now. That was until I saw a shadow swing in close and my mother grip loosen. My mother had stopped running to fire an arrow at the Monstrous Nightmare that had just landed a few feet in front of us. "Halla stand back" my mother says, drawing back her bow. The dragon roared launching at us while

my mother fired her arrow. The dragon roared in anguish as my mother's arrow came in contact with its eye. The dragon stopped its pursuit as it swung its head roaring, fire erupting out of its mouth, before it charged again. My mother readied another arrow, when the dragon launched its tail at my mother. My mother dodged the tail scrunching to the floor, but the tail was just a distraction for the dragon lunged its mouth at mother. "MOMMY" younger me shouted, but her shout fell on death ears as the dragon snapped its jaws around my mother's torso, but my mother did not scream she was a Viking. However nothing could stop the blood from coming from her mouth or her crushed torso. I watched as younger me cried out running towards mother until the dragon leaped into the air my mother still in his mouth. The dragon's tail swung back and hit me with enough force to throw me a few feet. I remember and could see the blood trickling down my forehead my arms and legs scraped, but none of that mattered as younger me lifted her head watching as the dragon released my mother into the air. "Mommy" younger me whispered, she was struggling to stand up and in an instant the dragon opened its mouth and delivered the final blow. Red flames leaped out of the dragon's mouth and hungrily absorbed my mother body, and still my mother did not scream. Everything in this dream seemed to slow down as my mother fell from the skies. Younger's me was running towards the ball of fire that was about to crash into the earth. It wasn't long until mother's body hit the ground, but I never expected that her body would land in front of me. I never imagined that I would have to hear the crack of her broken body hitting the earth. I never imagined that I would watch my mother on fire. Younger me stared at my mother for what feels like eternity before looking around the ground for my fallen blanket. I found it a few feet away and ran to it, running back to my mother's side, trying to put out the fire. The blanket did nothing, but catch on fire and younger me tossed it to the side before it reached her hands. Soon younger me thoughts were echoing around me. 'Mommy you can't be goneâ€¦please come back mommyâ€¦I need you please don't leave meâ€¦. everyone needs you here with us, you can't leave...MOMMY PLEASEâ€¦stay with meâ€¦I need you.' Younger me was on her knees, her fist clenched, tears streaming down her dirt covered face, but nothing but whimpers and sobs came out. However younger me's thoughts were the only thing I could hear.

'Stop I don't want to watch any more I know what happened so why can't this dream just go away' I thought 'I will never forget that this happened so whyâ€¦why do I keep having to see itâ€¦its my fault I know thatâ€¦but does that mean I deserve to see this over and over again' I thought, watching as the sun starts to rise the dragons disappear and the Viking crowd around both my mother and I. I watched as Stoic marched over, by now my mother's body was still on fire, but not as intense. Stoic placed his pelt cape over my mother's body and the flame quickly diminished. Gobber was behind me, his arms around my shaking shoulders in a comforting hug. It wasn't until he tried to tug me away from my mother that I started thrashing. "NOâ€¦Gobber pleaseâ€¦MOMMY PLEASE WAKE UP MOMMY" soon Gobber picked me up and dragged me away. "MOMMY."

RAAAWWWWWWWWWW. I jumpedâ€¦my feet lifting themselves out of the pond my back almost painfully straight as I felt my shoulders and forearms constricted. My chest burned and I was gasping for air. My hands were clenched, but thanks to the gloves I didn't cause myself to bleed like other times. "Ruu" I looked to my left to see the Night Fury was cooing at me. Its eyes were wide with curiosity and worry. It touched my shoulder with its nose. Some how its coos and purrs were able to

be heard over my heartbeat that was pounding in my head. I looked around and it finally sunk in that I was in the cove. The dragon again tapped my shoulder again. I swallowed the lump that was in my voice "Iâ€|'m ok..ay" my voice was shaky and it was horsed. The dragon just looked at me with its cat like eyes almost as if it was peering into my soul. It looked like it was able to see everything that I just dreamed about. "R..ea..lly I'm okâ€|ay" my voice still shook, but it seemed normal again "Dâ€|id yâ€|ou eat." I peered over its shoulder and noticed that the basket and pile have been left untouched. I tucked my legs underneath myself and used all my will power to stand up. It didn't work out very well for my legs were still wobbly and I was swaying. As I fell forward the dragon placed its tail underneath my falling frame letting me use it as support. This had been as close to the dragon as I had ever been, and as I turned my head to the side I could see the missing tail fin at the end of the tail. 'That's right I'm not the only one in pain here. It seems I'm just a complete screw up in life.' I thought, straightening myself up, patting the tail as I finally found my footing. I took in a deep breath and smiled. "Come on why don't you eat something." Smiling I walked over to the pile of fish I had first threw out and motioned the dragon over. "Even when I'm around the dragon I still feel the need to smile." I thought, as the dragon slowly stalked over to me. It was still looking at me and I couldn't help, but wonder what the dragon thought of me.

17. Tied Together

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story**

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

****Sorry for the long wait hopefully I will have more time now to write...so enjoy :)****

*** * ***

><p>Dragon's Point of View<p>

It was almost mid-day when I heard a plopping sound hit the floor. For a moment I didn't want to open my wings, but the shuffling of rocks and the scent of fish started to fill the cove. Without opening my wings I knew that it was the little human girl climbing the ledge. Her weight seemed off and her steps seemed louder, but it wasn't enough to open my wings yet. 'I don't' want to wake up yet' I thought, but after a few minutes of shuffling and a huff with a thump I knew that she was now on the ground of the cove.

I heard her take some deep breaths. 'She sounds tired' so I decided to peek out of my wings now. She was still on the floor, until she stood up straight with a basket on her back. 'She brought me more foodâ€|but its codâ€|oh well.' After she straightens up she looks around the cove noticing me on the tree still sleeping. She points to

the pile of fish that was closer to the wall, which must have been what I heard falling in the cove. "I brought you some food," she said. I stare at her for a minute before deciding to ignore her and wrapped myself back up in my wings. I heard her sigh and hear the shuffling of feet. More shuffling and than a little plump thump a soft sigh soon follows and I could hear her steady kicks in the water, but after a moment it was completely quiet.

I reopened my wings and noticed that the human was asleep. I slowly dropped myself from the tree, stretching before I walked over to the girl. 'Stupid your going to get sick with your feet in the water so close to winter' I thought; walking past her to the food she dropped. 'More fishâ€¦I guess I shouldn't complain she is after all feeding me.' As I lowered my head to eat, the corner of my eyes caught movement. I lifted my head to see the human girl twitching. At first it was a settle movement just a flick of her hand than a twitch of her head. I walked over to stand over her for a moment.

The human wore a puzzled look on her face, as if she was trying to solve a problem in her dreams. Her eyes twitched, nose scrunching up for a moment before her face appeared angry. Than as fast as her movement started they stopped altogether. In one moment her face went blank and her chest stop moving, for a moment she seemed dead rather than sleeping. I watched as her skin paled and than she lips parted in a harsh in take of breath came out. "NOâ€¦wakeâ€¦up." Her voice was raspy and that's when her movements became rapid. She shook violently, thrashing around in her sleep. Panic taking over her face, her fist clenched as they are thrown on the ground again and again. Her teeth bite down on her lip, and she starts to make these pain filled noises. 'What is she dreaming about' I thought, taking a step back as the girl twists and turns on the floor. I didn't know what to do and I was growing worried for this human girl. 'Why should I care what happens to this human girl?' "Mom" she says twisting her head side to side as if looking for her. 'What happened to your mother human?' Soon dread started to overcome me, my own pain starting to resurface at the mention of a mother. "Momâ€¦Nightâ€¦Furyâ€¦" 'Me is she dreaming about me?' I thought, taking a step closer. The girl's eyes were clenched tight her breath coming out short puffs. "Momâ€¦stayâ€¦don't leaveâ€¦mom" her voice started to become louder and her thrashing was increasing. 'What do I doâ€¦what do I do?' I looked the girl over, trying to figure out how to stop her thrashing. I could feel panic growing inside me as her thrashing seemed to get more violent. "MOMMY" with her last shout, I did the only thing I knew how. I roared.

I roared for as long and as hard as I could, which seemed to do the trick. The girl jumped a couple of inches off the floor, her feet jumping out of the water. Her position seemed stiff and she seemed alert to everything. Her eyes were wide and she was gasping for air. Her hands were not only clench, but also shaking. Soon the shaking seemed to spread to her arms and than her shoulders. Her head was hanging low and for the longest time I thought she was crying, but I heard no sniffing and saw no tears. "Ruu" I cooed. She lifted up her head and I could see the misery deep in her green eyes. All she did was look at me and for some reason I could not see the human girl that has visited me for the past couple of days. I could not see the girl that has feed me, entertained me, cursed me, and save me. This thing in front of me was a doll hollow and cold. 'It scares me.' I nudged her with my nose, making some more cooing and purring noises.

For a while she seemed to be recovering herself. She was taking deep breaths and unclenching her hands, releasing her self from her stiff position. She was looking down again and I tapped her shoulder again. I need to know that she was still here. "Iâ€|'m ok..ay" her voice shook like a leaf, it was horsed and raspy just like when she was dreaming. 'Your not okay you stupid girl' As I watched her trying to compose herself, I watched as she tried to put a smile on her face. I just stared at her trying to figure out why she smiles when she is clearly in pain. 'Why does this human hide behind such a thing? What does she have to gain by hiding behind that face expression' I thought, tilting my head. 'What is it that shook this girl to her core?' The girl was still recovering from her shock, her breathing still a bit ragged. "Why did she mention a Night Fury?" Although I know dragons were involved in her dream I could not see any anger or mistrust in her eyes when she finally looked at me. "R..ea..lly I'm okâ€|ay" 'LIAR' I thought, not taking my eyes off of her. "Dâ€|id yâ€|ou eat." Now I was completely shocked. She wakes up from a nightmare something that has greatly disturbed her and she is concerned on whether or not I have eaten.

'What a strange human she isâ€|what a stranger Viking.' She seemed to peer over my shoulder and notice the basket and pile that has been left untouched. I watched as she struggled to lift herself off the ground. Her knees were shaky at best and she swayed side to side. I saw as she started to sway too much forward. Without thinking I raised my tail underneath her small frame. She was so light 'Does this girl even eat', and with the after affects of the nightmare she seemed even more fragile than ever. For a moment we just stayed like that. I could feel her shaking form as she tightened her grip on my tail and I could feel her shaky intake of deep breathes as she tilted her head to examine my tail fin. A glimpse of misery glazed over her eyes as she found her footing and stood in front of me. Her hands were still on my tail, she squeezed one last time before patting it and letting go. Her hands fell limply at her sides, and for a moment she just stood there eyes closed and breathing. Her face was titled towards the ground, but as she opened her eyes she smiled. However her eyes still seemed lost. "Come on why don't you eat something" smiling she walked over to the pile of fish that I was about to eat before I gotâ€|distracted. She sat down a foot from the pile of fish watching as I walked over to her.

For some reasons I was irritated. I hated that damn smile on her face. 'She is hurting inside and yet she smiles like nothing is wrong it's not rightâ€|it's not natural.' I thought, finally reaching the pile of discarded fish. I stopped in front of the pile sitting in front of it, as I turned my head to watch the girl. She was looking up in the sky, probably watching the different colors in the sky mix into one. The yellow, oranges, and the little hints of purple. Although it was still light out the outline of the moon was already out. I cooed again and although I tried to sound non-threatening the girl still jumped. She smiled again "what's wrong? Is there something wrong with the fish?" 'That's all she can sayâ€|is she just gonna pretend that nothing happened.' This time I growled my eyes narrowing with my irritation. I noticed that the girl looked fearful for a split second. 'She had the same look on her face when I had jumped at her after she freed me.' For a moment her body tensed and she scoot back until her back was firmly placed on the wall. "So I guess you don't like cod" her voice shook and I could smell the slight fear in the air, but she didn't stand and make a run for it. 'A joke really

at a time like this' I grunted at her and opened my mouth feeling my teeth extend from my gums before slowly eating the cod.

There was an uncomfortable silence in the air and I blamed it on the human girl. "Thanks." I tuned my head to face the girl swallowing the cod that was in my mouth. I tilted my head at her. "Thank you for waking me up" another one of those damn smiles "I really wanted to wake up, but sometimes I just can't." She was still pressed against the wall, but her knees were brought up to her chest as she places her chin on knees, her arms encircle her knees. Her position reminded me of when we first met when she was muttering to herself about letting me go. "Sometimes I can jolt myself awake, but other times Gobberâ€|Gobber is usually there to make all the bad things go awayâ€|Gobber was no is always there for me and now because I find out he was hiding something from me Iâ€|I don't know if I can trust himâ€|but is it right to question his trust just because he did one bad thing? Should I just forget about all the good things he has done for meâ€|" she was ranting, her lip were starting to tremble, but before I could see if she was crying she buried her head in her knees. "But if it only takes one bad thing to make a person unforgivable than I guess I wouldn't be here right now" She lift her head a bit just so I can see her eyes.

After staring at her for a while I realized what she was talking aboutâ€|well at least the last part I had no idea who Gobber is. However I knew that she was talking about us. 'She doesn't believe that I should have forgiven her for hurting meâ€|well for doing more than that. She doesn't believe that she should be forgiven for taking away my ability to flyâ€|I don't entirely understand it either. I should hate this girl with every fiber of my being, but I can't she is just as broken as I am.' I thought, watching as the girl's shoulder start to shake. I walked over to stand in front of her. Her head still tucked in her head. I cooed and she slowly lifted her head. Again we just stared at each other and I was relieved that she didn't try to smile off her sadness again. Instead something else passed across her face something I can't name.

She unwound one of her arms and lifted it in front of me. Unlike last time though she left her hand in mid air allowing me to decided whether I wanted to be pet or not. 'I wasn't a petâ€|I'm not some pathetic dog that needs a masterâ€|I am a dragonâ€|but I can no longer fly so I guess that makes me an over sized reptileâ€|but I still have my pride. However this girl isn't condemning her to a life of a slave or worse a pet. She is asking for my friendship for my forgiveness. As I learn to trust her she must learn to trust me. We are equalsâ€|both hurtâ€|both brokenâ€|both searching for something more. Maybe we are just fated to be together?' With these thoughts swirling in my head I placed my face in her hand, taking in a deep breath of her scent. It was like rain or maybe an early fog in the mountains. As I retreated my head I watched as she lifted her head completely. A real smile appearing on her face, one that I would enjoy seeing more of. "Halla" she said, her smile getting bigger "That's my nameâ€| Halla." I cooed again 'If only you could understand dragon speech I would present you with my own name.' I thought, suddenly looking down. "Night Fury" I lifted my head. The girlâ€|no Halla seemed to squirm under my gaze "Do dragons have names?" she waited for me to confirm or deny this, so I nodded my head "Night Fury is the only name I know you by is that what you want to be called?" 'She's giving me a choiceâ€|so she doesn't see me as a petâ€|I'm glad.'

I can feel a slight tug at my lips as if I was almost smiling, "Night Fury" and now my smile was gone as I growled as she called me by that title. Night Fury was the name a Viking gave us to describe us. It was a generalization of my kin and I did not like it. I am more than just a Night Fury. I am the only surviving Night Fury of my clan, I have a name, a name my own mother gave to me. 'My mother' before my thoughts could dwell on my past Halla's voice spoke out. "Okay I'll take that as a noâ€|how aboutâ€|hmmâ€|Toothless." I growled again opening my mouth to reveal that I do in fact have teeth. She only giggled. "I know you have teeth, it's a joke" I shook my head "Ah come on Toothless is suppose to be a funny name, it is suppose to be a nickname after all and nicknames are funny." I shook my head not liking the name or the meaning behind it. "Come on Toothless please." Halla was begging her hands clamped together. I could only stare at her, she seemed so happy giving me a nickname. Does this mean we are friends? After looking at her face for a while and seeing her so happy I gave in and nodded my head.

"YAhhh Toothless" she jumped from her sitting position and to my surprise wrapped her arms around my neck. I tensed at this movement because when dragons fight they always go for the neck, but I calmed when I realized this wasn't an attack and I could hear her mummings of thanks. 'Something so simple as giving me a nickname makes her so happy, but yet she buries her pain behind these simple pleasures, I wonder why she can't just show how she really feelsâ€|but than again I couldn't either. To show sadness is to show weakness and the Queen would never allow such a thing in her hive.'

Suddenly Halla's arm loosened and she steps back. She seemed to be contemplating something as she watched me. Slowly so I could see her movement she raised her hand to my face again. Like last time she stopped before getting to close giving me the option of being touched by her or not. Like last time I slowly leaned in to her touch, just watching her. When I finally reached her hand something in her eyes had changed. She was no longer sad, no longer a hollow doll, she was happy, but more importantly she was determined. "One day I will find out your real name this I promiseâ€|it may take a while, but I will find out your name. Just like I swear that I some how some way I will get you back in the sky."

My eyes widen as her words set in. She was making big promises ones that I didn't want to put too much faith in because even though I was starting to like this girl, she was only a child. She could not live up to such promises, but as I looked into her eyes I believed that she would one day fulfill these promises. "I know I'm a screw up, I know I'm useless, but I promise you Toothless I will keep you safe and I will make you happy." She was young and from what I can gather seen as weak to the Vikings, but to me she was my savior my friend and for some reason I found myself trusting her.

Maybe our fates are just tied together? Maybe destiny placed us together? For whatever reason I was tied to Halla and I wouldn't have it any other way.

18. Names and Promises

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movie, but have been modified for my story**

**Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks
enjoy**

thought '... '

speaking "... "

* * *

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

After I had sat down the numbness started to fade away and I felt that I could finally think clearly again. For a while I just tuned out everything around me and looked up at the sky. The colors seemed to flow together. The orange, pink, purple, and yellows, all seemed to blend in harmony as if nothing could disturb their peace. 'That's what life should be like. Harmony, balance, everything centered and in prospective...but than that mean nothing changes. Is change even necessary, if everyone is happy the way things are. Do I have the right to disturb everyone else's peace just because I'm not happy?' As my thoughts got deeper and deeper the world around me started to become silent.

So I was suddenly surprised when I heard the dragons coo. I jumped forgetting for a moment that I was not alone in this cove 'ha how do I forget that one of the fiercest dragons in the world is right next to me.' I smiled again. Vikings always told me that dragons were just monsters wild animals that needed to be stopped, but when I looked into this dragon's eyes I saw intelligence. It was like talking to a human, but one that didn't judge me. "What's wrong? Is there something wrong with the fish?" The dragon just growled its eyes narrowing. I flinched as I looked into the eyes of the dragon.

They looked nothing like the dragon that killed my mother, but could the Night Fury become as scary as that murdering dragon. 'That Monstrous Nightmare,â€|that murdering dragonâ€|that was the one dragon that I hoped Stoic would killâ€|but he could never find it, I wonder if that dragon is even still alive?' I didn't even notice that I had moved until I hit the back of the wall. 'What am I doing? This is the Night Fury. Its not going to hurt meâ€|even if it is a dragonâ€|its not my mother murderâ€|its not to blame.' "So I guess you don't like cod" I tried to make a joke of my sudden fear, but I could tell that the Night Fury wasn't buying it. It grunted at me in annoyance only to turn its attention back to its food. 'Maybe this would be easier if he wasn't so smart.'

As time past silence still hung in the air. I started to fidget in my seat, usually when it as silent the dragon or I were usually analyzing each other interacting with one another being careful to not overstep some type of boundary. I tilted my head towards the dragon smiling and for some reason the dragon seemed irritated and I had a feeling it was because of me. I opened my mouth a couple times trying to figure out what to say.

"Thanks" for some reason that's the only thing I could say. It turned to face me swallowing the last of its meal. As it looked at me I knew it was confused by my thanks "Thank you for waking me up." I smiled and watched as the dragon's head bowed its eyes narrowing a soundless

snarl appearing on its face. I paused for a moment 'why does the Night Fury hate it when I smile some times? But other times he seems more than happy to see me smile. He even seems to smile himself.' I pushed that thought aside and continued on "I really wanted to wake up, but sometimes I just can't." I could literally feel the numbness of the dream coming back into my body. I pressed myself further into the wall bring my knees to my chest and encircling my arms around my knees, as if this positron could protect me from my nightmare. "Sometimes I can jolt myself awake, but other times Gobberâ€|Gobber is usually there to make all the bad things go awayâ€|Gobber was no is always there for me and now because I find out he was hiding something from me Iâ€|I don't know if I can trust himâ€|but is it right to question his trust just because he did one bad thing? Should I just forget about all the good things he has done for meâ€|" I knew the dragon didn't understand the problem that I was talking about, but I couldn't help, but spill my problem to him. "Gobber is always there for me like mom was when I was little, if he tells me something or does something I don't agree with its all to look after me. I can't lose faith in Gobber, I refuse to believe that Gobber would ever try to hurt me." I bit my lip as I felt it trembling. I could feel my body shake and my eyes start to water. So I buried my head in my knees. Right now I couldn't put on any more smiles, so I needed to hide. 'I promised myself that I wouldn't cry or show tears because than people think I'm weak or start to panic over nothing.' Than something else popped into my mind.

"But if it only takes one bad thing to make a person unforgivable than I guess I wouldn't be here right now." I lifted my head just enough so I could see the dragons reaction. The dragon titled its head slightly before straightening itself up. For a moment it grew tense its eyes focusing on me. After a moment I knew that the dragon understood my hidden meaning. I was talking about how this dragon could forgive me for hurting him, for making him grounded. If a dragons flight is like a Viking's weapon than I just majorly hurt his pride and honor. If that is the case than he should hate me. He should never forgive me. He has every right to kill me the first time we met, but he didn't. Actually he has never done anything to actually threaten my life after that whole screaming incident. I mean this Night Fury should hate me like everyone else. Only this time he actually has a reason for not liking me. I could feel a wave of depression hit me as I thought about everything the Vikings have thought of me over the years. I retucked my head in my knees. I could hear the Night Fury walking over to me, but I still didn't lift my head. The Night Fury cooed again and I slowly lifted my head. I was scared about what I might see on the dragon face. For some reason although we haven't know each other for very long I feel connected to this dragon. 'I'm afraidâ€|not of dying by the hands or claw of the dragon, but I'm afraid of loosing the Night Furyâ€|that doesn't even belong to me.'

I heard a coo sound come from in front of me so I lifted up my head. For a while we just stared at each other and I didn't find any hate, disgust, or resentment in his face. 'The Night Fury doesn't hate me and it looks like its trying to comfort me maybeâ€|maybe I can' I unwound one of my arms and lifted it in front of the dragon. However this time I left a bit of space between us. 'This is a dragon not a dog, it needs to chose to trust me or not. The only thing I can do is be here to give it a choice, I can't force it to do anythingâ€|becauseâ€|because dragon's aren't just animals that need to be put down.' For a moment everything stopped, I didn't even

breathe. Everything was up to the Night Fury.

I nearly jumped when I felt something connect with hand. It was the dragon's head. It was rough from the scales on its nose, but it was warm. I watched for a moment as it just rested there eyes closed. In that moment I just wished time would stop. It wasn't long before it retreated its head. I had to stop my hand from following its retreating form, my hand feeling cold from losing the touch of the dragon. I smiled really smiled 'The Night Fury accepts me.'

"Halla" I say, my smile getting bigger that it was actually hurting my face "That's my nameâ€|Halla." I couldn't stop my smile because I was so happy that some one other than Gobber finally accepted me. The dragon seems to be happy, but for a moment its eyes cast down as if in remorse. "Night Fury" the dragon lifted its head up and I couldn't help, but squirm under its gaze. I knew that the dragon wasn't going to hurt me, but its eyes were just so intense and I didn't want to offend the dragon with my stupid question, but I needed to know. "Do dragons have names?" again I held my breath wondering if the dragon understood enough to answer, I mean the dragon seemed so smart. I started to breath again when the dragon nodded its head. 'So it does understand me.' I thought. "Night Fury is the only name I know you by is that what you want to be called?" The Night Fury seemed stunned for a moment its lips pulling back in a smile. "Night Fury" I wasn't expecting the growl that came from the dragon, but to my surprise I wasn't scared. "Okay I'll take that as a noâ€|how aboutâ€|Toothless." I have no idea where that name came from, but after it left my mouth I had to stop myself from giggling. It was such a cute name for a ferocious dragon. It growled again opening its mouth to reveal that it did in fact have teeth. This time I couldn't help, but giggle. "I know you have teeth, it's a joke" the dragon just shook his head clearly not liking the name "Ah come on Toothless is suppose to be a funny name, it is suppose to be a nickname after all and nicknames are funny." He just shook his head. "Come on Toothless please." I didn't know why this means so much to me, but it did. So I did what I always did to get Gobber to say yes to me. I made my puppy dog eyes and brought my hands together.

It seemed like forever until the Night Fury seemed to sigh and nodded his head. "YAhhh Toothless" I was so happy that I jumped from my place on the floor and hugged him with everything I had. I could feel him tense for a moment before he relax into my arms. "Thank you, thank you, thank you." I don't know why, but this meant a lot to me. The dragon seemed to shake a little in my arms. It was the same shake that I have when I think about that night. Maybe that why we are so connected, we both have pain that we can't let anyone else see. Maybe we both are just tired of being alone and hurt?

That's when I figured out what I had to do. I couldn't loose Toothless, I just couldn't. I knew what I had to do. So I loosened my arm and stood back so I could face the dragon. I raised my hand again needing reassurance that Toothless needs me like I need him and like before he placed his head in hand. I grew strength from Toothless's touch and with as much confidence as I could, made my declaration. "One day I will find out your real name this I promiseâ€|it may take a while, but I will find out your name. Just like I swear that I some how some way I will get you back in the sky." I watch as Toothless's eyes widen in surprise, but strangely his eyes showed no doubt or disbelief. "I know I'm a screw up, I know I'm useless, but I promise you Toothless I will keep you safe and I will make you happy."

I knew I was making big promises, but I intended to keep every single one of them. Toothless was my friend and I would do anything and give up anything for my friends.

Anything

19. No Fear Well Maybe A Little

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story******

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

I watched as Toothless started to eat the last pile of the fish. He would glance my way every few minutes exposing the fish in his mouth as if asking if I wanted any. I knew my smile was a little forced, but every time he would ask I would think back to the first time he offered me fish. 'That raw yuck disgustingâ€|uhhhhâ€|horrible.' I thought, "It's okay Toothless I'm fineâ€|but I should probably head back to the village now." I said, standing up. Toothless groaned while walking over to me.

"Sorry Toothless, but I have to get back before people start noticing that I disappear" that's when I looked away for a moment "but we shouldn't have to worry about that for a while, nobody really cares what happens to meâ€|as long as I'm not in the way." Toothless nudged me with his nose and I patted his head. I knew that he was just trying to comfort me; I guess I shocked him to with my nightmare.

"Its okay Toothless, I'm used to them it doesn't bug me. I'll be back tomorrow with more fish okay." Toothless scrunched up his nose for a moment. "What's wrong Toothless?" but Toothless wouldn't look at me "Come on Toothless." But whenever I would try to face him he would look away, avoiding my gaze. "Toothless" I said after ten minutes of playing this game. "What's wrong?" Toothless looked at me again and shook his head. I sighed clearly not understanding what was wrong with him. "Alrightâ€|I'll see you tomorrow than" I walked over to the climbing wall and scaled it with ease now that the basket was empty. When I reached the top, I waved goodbye at Toothless and walked off.

As I walked back to the village I couldn't help, but wonder what Toothless was trying to tell me before trying to make me drop the subject. 'It only happened when I brought up fishâ€|maybe he really doesn't like cod hmmm.' I walked back to the village staring at the sky that was getting darker now. 'Putting that asideâ€|just how am I going to keep my promises to Toothless. I mean saying them and

meaning every word is easy, it's keeping it that's going to be hard. But I refuse to go back on my promise, I will fulfill it one way or another.' I thought, picking up my pace, until I was in a full sprint. For some reason I was so full of energy so pumped that I just needed to move. That's when it seemed everything has set in. 'I AM FRIENDS WITH TOOTHLESS.' Seemed to be the only thought in my head as I ran home leaping over logs and dodging trees.

When I finally reached the house, I was panting. My lungs burned and I'm sure my face is red, but I couldn't stop moving. I ran behind the house leaving the basket inside the food shack and then again started running to the forge. I could run even faster now that the basket wasn't on my back. Just as I was turning around the corner, when something collided into me. 'Uhhh and here I was going almost all day with out landing on my back.' I thought, lifting myself up on my shoulder. That's when my mood dampened a bit. I had ran into Snoutlout and the gang.

"Watch where you're going useless" shouted Snoutlout, picking himself up from the ground. "Snoutlout why don't you stop being an idiot and learn to use your eyes." I say, lifting myself up dusting off my clothes. Snotlout was now standing fully upright. "What did you say to me?" He says reaching over and grabbing my front shirt. "Do you mind these are new clothes?" I asked, keeping my good mood. Snotlout only seem to give off a silent snarl. "You think your something special don't you?" Now this caught my attention. His tone wasn't mocking and it didn't have only anger in it. His tone was full of resentment. 'What does he have to hate me for?' I thought. "Well say some thing." He shouted in my face, a little spit in face. I grabbed onto his knuckles. "First of all get your hands off my Snotlout" he tightened his grip lifting me up off the floor.

"Snotlout put her down." I looked past Snotlout shoulder to see Ash standing with his arms crossed. "Stay out of this Ash" says Snotlout. I think everybody's eyes widened a bit. 'Since when does Snotlout talk back to Ash?' I watched as Ash started to walk towards Snotlout, "Ash" I said, waiting for him to look at me. When he did I shook my head, he seemed to shake his head to, but he stopped none the less. Snotlout only seemed to get more annoyed by my action, "Snotlout if you don't put me down you'll be sporting another bruise pretty soon." He chuckled "You got lucky the first time, but like your mom your luck eventually runs out at the wrong time. I'd like to see you survive â€"whumpf" since it didn't seem like he was going to put me down anytime soon and I was running out of air I scrunched up my legs and launched them at his chest. It was enough to get him to put me down and grab his chest. Also I'm be proud to say I landed on my feet.

"Why you little-" Not missing a beat I sweep kicked him and he fell to the ground on his back. I felt a little bad when I heard how loud he landed, but this needed to be done. I placed my foot on his chest. "I don't know what is your problem isâ€"and at the moment I don't care. You know Snotlout the whole reason I took your crap was because I was afraid of you, but nowâ€" I shook my head, chuckling a bit. "I'm not afraid of you, and I am so sick of your attitude. You have a problem with me than talk to me about it and if you have a problem with me than you take it up with me and leave my mother out of it. " I said, shouting the last part. It surprised me how unafraid I was at the moment, but I mean after meeting Toothless, Snotlout doesn't seem like that much of a threat.

I lifted my foot off of Snotlout. As I took a step back I could see that Snotlout was shocked just like everybody else was in the group. "I don't know what happened to us, Snotlout. We used to play together all the time, you would always hit me, but whenever someone else tried to pick on me you were there to get them to stop. You gave me my first puzzle remember." I laughed a bit "We never got along, but we never hated each other this much." Snotlout just stared at me "I'm in such a good mood Snotlout nothing you do is going to ruin this day for me." As I said this I turned and ran to the forge, but not before catching the approving nod of Ash. For some reason that just made everything about today better. Best part the day wasn't even over yet.

I just kept running until I hit the forge. When I finally reached the forge I could see the lights were already on. "Gobber I'm here" I shouted running into the forge. However as I entered the forge I couldn't see Gobber. "Hey Gobber where are you?" I looked around the forge, but couldn't find him. 'Maybe he is in the back room?' I thought. I walked down the short hallway and knocked on the door. "Gobber" I said. "hey Gobber." I knocked, but no one answer so I walked in. "Gobber." I opened the door. Normally I wasn't allowed in this room, it is Gobber's personal work room. As I looked around I noticed a whole bunch of items on the wall. One whole wall was covered in books, while another was a mix of different prosthetics and weapons, and in the middle of this room was a table covered in material. 'It looks like Gobber is working on a new weapon' maybe even a new prosthetic I thought, taking a hesitant step forward. "Gobber" I said opening the door a little wider.

Suddenly something reached out behind me "AHHH" I shouted, jumping and turning around swinging blindly, only to have my fist caught. "Easy lass" easy its just me lass." I placed a hand over my heart "geez Gobber don't scare me like that" 'so much for being fearless' I thought. "Where were you I kept yelling your name, but you didn't answer." "Sorry lass, but I thought that you might want some dinner before we head out." Sure enough a plate of food was in hand. As I took the food I couldn't help, but ask "Head out? Where are we going? I thought we were going to tell me about my aunt." "I am, but it will be easier to show you than to tell you believe me. " With that Gobber closed the door to his room and walked down the hallway. "You better eat quickly lass, we have to go before it gets to dark that we can't see anything." I nodded following closely behind Gobber grabbing a piece of bread on the plate. When we were close to the entrance I stuffed down the rest of the bread and left the plate on the table. "Ready" I said, with my mouth still full. Gobber just chuckled, but led the way.

I followed Gobber closely behind. I thought he was going to take us to a house in the village or somewhere close, but when I saw that we were going to the open plains heading towards Blackheart's forest I grew worried. This wasn't the way towards Toothless, but Blackheart's forest was a dangerous area. Most Vikings that go in here are skilled Vikings or hunters.

Legend says the Blackheart was an alpha wolf that claimed hundreds of life. It was said that Blackheart took the whole arm of my great great great great great so many great grandfather. They say that Blackheart was given his name because he showed no one any mercy. He went after everything that moved that including women and children.

Blackheart was dangerous because unlike other animal he led his pack like a chief, proud and strong. No Viking ever took down Blackheart so no one really knows what happened to him. One day he and his pack just disappeared. Some say that Blackheart isn't really dead. Others say that his spirit still hunts in these forests. Others say that the dragon's killed Blackheart and his pack.

'Okay completely forget what I said about not being afraid.' I thought, sticking extra close to Gobber now. He only chuckled "Still scared of this part of the forest are you lass." I puffed out my cheeks in irritation as I felt them redden. "It isn't my faultâ€¦you and mom would tell me horrible stories about this place...you still do." "Huh I don't recall that" he says, scratching his cheek. "Are you kidding me you were always like don't stray to far or else I won't hear you scream when Blackheart gets you?" "Huh when did I say that?" he asked, not looking at me. I glared at him "two weeks ago." I stated, crossing my arms. Gobber only chuckled. "Its because of those legends that this place is isolated perfect for what your aunt wanted." I rose an eyebrow at him "what did aunt Helga want?" "You'll see."

It was starting to become harder to see, and I was surprised when Gobber stopped at a tree and pulled out a lantern "Where did you get that?" I asked. "Your aunt placed this here in case your mother or I would want to come see her." "Why didn't you guys just come when there was light out?" "Halla you know that your aunt gave up being a Viking yes" I nodded my head "what you don't know is that everyone hated her for it. They would never forgive her for turning her back on tradition no matter the reason. Your aunt was stubborn. She refused to leave Berk, she would always say that this was her home why should she leave." He sighed "but eventually it just became to much for her. She took a boat and left. I think she only hung around for your mother's wedding, after that there was no reason for her to be here. She would visit from time to time, it was only when she realized that your mother was pregnant that she stayed here longer." "So she stayed here in the forest?" Gobber laughed, "She did in fact stay in the forest, but not on the ground lass. For if there is one thing that your aunt had it was style." "What does that mean?" "Just take a look lass?" he says raising the lantern out.

I peered out into the darkness, and after a while I saw it. In the middle of Blackheart's forest was a cabin. 'Not just any cabin aunt Helga's cabin' I thought, walking side by side Gobber as he led the way.

20. Wonderland and the Story

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla point of view<p>

As we kept on walking I couldn't help, but feel a little nerves I mean who would wouldn'tâ€|I was about to get to solve the mystery of my strange aunt.

We walked a couple more feet until we were hit the cabin door. "Halla what your going to see is your aunt Helga's treasure roomâ€|you can not show anyone this cabin understand. " I nodded feeling a twinge of excitement go throw me. Gobber took out a giant key from his pocket. That's when I noticed that there was a giant lock on the door and from what I could tell no window.

When Gobber opened the door my mouth dropped open.

The room was amazing. That was the only way to put it. Juts like I thought the room had no windows, but that just allowed the walls to be crowed in stuff. Gobber went in the room grabbing a long box. "What's that?" I asked. "Your aunt got them from a place called China they are called 'light-bringing slave' or 'fire inch-stick.' The stick has something on it, and when touched by the lightest flame" Gobber took one of the sticks out and touched it to the lanterns flame. With a poof the stick caught on fire. "Makes fire easy to travel." Gobber walked into the room tilting hanging objects before they lit up. "Wow" I said walking further in.

The room was covered in stuff; even the bed was littered with items on it. What Gobber had lit up where different lights all different sizes and material. What was amazing was that three of the lights seem to be fish that had candles inside of him. "What are those?" I ask pointing to the fish "those are puffer fish found off some islands." Next to the fish where other lanterns, two were circle shaped covered in red paper with certain symbols, while the last three appeared to be like Gobber's latern, but more of a diamond shape with different patterns on the top and bottom some of the design marking the glass as well. "The red lanterns come from China while these come from a place calledâ€|Moroâ€|Marraco...Mar something." As Gobber finished lighting all the lanterns I could see just how much stuff was in this cabin.

The shelves ran continuously from three walls leaving one side empty for the bed pressed against it. The shelves were filled with books, scrolls, and artifacts from all over. Some where wooden carved masks, others where lavishly painted vases or nick knacks, there were bottles containing different colored liquids some even containing different animals inside, elaborate shells, papers littered the floor and shelves, and different chests were everywhere.

Different weapons were hung on the wall next to the bed. The weapons were all different some looking brand new while others look worn down and ancient. However there was no doubt that the weapons were well crafted. The detail on the hilts was amazing. One that caught my eye was a dagger that was completely white and the blade has a carving in it that appeared to be a dragon's body.

Next to the bed was a little corner, that had books scattered and stacked around the floor. There was a giant red plush chair along with a footstool around a mess of book.

"Gobber this place itâ€¦itsâ€¦there is no word to describe it." Gobber just laughed at my reaction taking a seat in the large chair next to the bed. "Ayh lass your aunt Helga loved this place when she was here. She said it was her own little paradise." "More like a wonderlandâ€¦just imagine what you can find in this cabin." I said sitting on the bed. The bed itself was soft with what I think was silk caramel sheets, with a bunch of pillow stitched with different designs lined in gold stitching. It was covered in not only pillows, but different plushies as well.

"Now why don't I tell you about aunt Helga?" mumbled Gobber "Well I guess we should start from the beginning." "Yah that's usually a good place to start" I commented, grabbing one of the decorated pillows. As I turned my back Gobber hit me with a pillow of his own. "Oh what was that for?" "For being a smart mouth." I rubbed my head, but other than that shut up for Gobber to start talking again.

"Your aunt was very protective of her little sister, your mother. I remember your mother broke a boys nose just for pulling her hairâ€¦and forget about it if the boy broke your mothers heart." He shook his head reminiscing in the past. "Point is your aunt loved your mother with all her heart and would do anything to protect her. There was nothing as important to her as family, not even being a Viking.

As she got older she became one of the strongest Vikings around. Always training trying to improve her skills. She was one of the bestâ€¦wining the honor of dragon training, and being known as one of the strongest Vikingsâ€¦some believed, me being one of them, that she could have even matched your father." My eyes widen at that 'Stoic are you kidding me how can anyone rival his strength.' I thought, listening more closely.

"Your mother as strong as she may have been was nothing compared to your aunt. Where your mother was good at archery no one could beat your aunt when it came to a sword and her battle-axe rivaled any male.

But that all changed when your grandfather got hurt. It was during a dragon raid, a dragon was crushing him when your father found him. Your father was able to lift the dragon off of your grandfather, but not before the dragon dug its claws into your grandfather. After the fight was over the healer told us that the dragon had paralyzed him for the neck down. When your aunt heard the news somethingâ€¦something in her broke. She didn't cry, but her eyes" Gobber shook his head "they were hollow, but what your grandfather asked her to do" another shake of his head "was just wrongâ€¦her father, your grandfather was a Viking in every way. When he realized that he couldn't fight any more or participate in dragon raids anymore he feel into a depression. He yelled at every body that came to visit him saying that he was nothing more than a piece of stiff bone. He would beg those around him to end his life. Your grandfather wanted to die a Viking with honor, he didn't want to be a burden; so he would begged your aunt to end his life. Why he would ask his own daughter to do such a task, I will never know. One day he passed on-" I had to bite my tongue to stop the question for being asked. "And no lass I don't know if your aunt had anything to do with it. When he died though she broke completely.

She refused to be a Viking any longer even going as far as saying

that dragon hunting was useless. She turned her back on her tradition and in turn everyone turned their back on her. Your grandmother was strict and to her tradition was everything. She kicked your aunt out of her house refusing to acknowledge your aunt as her daughter. She even went as far as to ban your aunt from seeing your mother. That's when she built this. This was her sanctuary—a place where she didn't have to worry about anything. This is where she lived when your grandmother kicked her out it wasn't nearly as nice as this, but it kept her alive and to your aunt it was enough. Your aunt would be pounding away out here, never showing any signs that what the village did to her hurt her. She would just work, keeping herself busy every time we came to visit. And yes even though your grandmother forbid it, your mother and aunt would still meet. They always talked about leaving here together. Exploring the world finding themselves a nice little place that accepted them. However as time passed Stoic began to fall in love with your mother. It wasn't long until Stoic asked your mother for her hand. When he did she said yes. Your aunt never said anything, but congratulations but you could tell that she was hurting. For your aunt knew what that marriage meant, she knew that your mother belonged at Berk. She just thought that your mother always belonged with her first. She saw how happy this marriage meant to your mother so she said nothing." Gobber gave a dry chuckle "just like you she smiled and bared the pain. Feeling completely alone now. She stayed for the wedding, but she told me that afterwards she was leaving."

As the wedding got closer the hostility towards your aunt grew. Soon things turned violent, and fights broke out, stones and well as insults were being hurled at your aunt. Your mother begged her to leave Berk for her own safety. However your aunt refused saying that no one was going to make her miss her sister's wedding. Then one night a group of people tried to burn your aunt's cabin. Luckily your aunt was here to stop it before it could do much damage, but the message was still there. That was the first night I think I had ever seen your aunt cry." Gobber paused for a moment. I could literally see the flashbacks through his eyes as he continued on.

"At last your mother was married and your aunt left. At first she was gone for a few moons at a time, coming back every once and a while, but then her trips became longer her visits fewer. Most of the Vikings still through an insult in her way on her visit, but most held their tongue choosing to ignore her. She would send things to us every once and a while. She would pay a trader from another clan that comes here for business to deliver these items. Your father did not want anything she sent in his house, but he often kept it for the sake of your mother. At times we would get letters mostly by hawks, but we all know those dragons get in the way so who knows how much she actually sent.

She was not officially banished, but she knew she wasn't welcome here. So when she came to visit and saw your mother with you she instantly wanted to take both of you away from here. Stoic was not pleased with this, but he knew your mother would never leave with her, so he allowed her to visit. Your aunt was persistent, but your mother was stubborn. They never saw eye to eye on this and when your mother died it only became worse.

When your aunt came for another visit and found out your mother was dead. She went into a rage. She— she tried to kidnap you. Stoic never found out about this, for if he did he would have had your

aunt's head. You were sleeping after just waking up from one of your nightmares. That's when she came in saying she would look after you, that I should try to get some rest. I trusted your aunt so I left walking home to get some rest. As I walked away though something felt off. So I went back to the house to find both you and your aunt gone. I ran to the docks and there she was ready to set sail. You were still asleep when I took you back from her. Your aunt was not happy." Gobber gave off a dry laugh. "For a moment there I thought I would have to fight her, but I reasoned with her. And she promised that she would be backâ€|that she would take you away from all this. That was years ago, but I have a feeling that some time soon your aunt will be keeping her word."

"Is that why St-dad doesn't talk about herâ€|he's afraid that I'll leave?" I asked, hugging the pillow a little closer. Gobber nodded "your father was nearly destroyed when your mother diedâ€|if he lost you Halla" another shake of his head "I don't know what he'd do." 'All these people think that Stoic has that much love for me, but than why don't I see it.' I thought, squeezing my pillow a little harder. "Your aunt was one of a kindâ€|loyal to the very end. She will keep her word about coming back for you." There was something in Gobber's voice that made me feel like I had been punched in the stomach. "Do you think I would go with her?" There was an awkward pause in the air. "Aye believe you would." Another awkward pause "would ya lassâ€|leave I mean." This time it was my turn to be tongue-tied. I thought about it for a moment. "No" Gobber looked at me shocked a little by my answer. "Lass-" I shook my head "There's something I have to do here in Berk, something I have to prove. I can't say I'll never leave Berk, but for right now my answer is no." Gobber seemed to take time to absorb this before he stood up. "I think we should head out now." I looked around this room of treasure for a moment. "Actually Gobber do you mind if I stay here for the rest of the night." Gobber looked at me questionably "are you sure you can find your way back to the village lass." I nodded even though I wasn't sure at all. Gobber still looked at me "I'll be fine." Gobber came over to me and patted my head. "Yes lass you will be" I knew there was something more in that statement than just this conversation, but I wasn't going to ask. All through out Gobber's story pain and sadness was clear on his face. I didn't like it, those expressions shouldn't be on Gobber is usually teasing mocking face. He was after all one of the most rambunctious Vikings around. "Alright lass I'll be heading out make sure to lock up before you leave."

Before he completely stepped out of the cabin, I ran up and hugged him. "Thank you Gobberâ€|thank you for telling me everything" I hugged him a little tighter and I felt his real arm wrap around me giving me a little squeeze back. "It was nothing lass." 'Its not nothing Gobber' I thought. "You were really good friends with aunt Helga weren't you" I asked, losing my grip a bit so I could look at his face. "Aye lass I was, there a reason she trusts me with her treasure." I hug him again and feel him place a kiss on the crown of my head before I let go. "Be careful now lass" I nodded my head as he steps outside, however before clothes the door he say "make sure Blackheart doesn't get you." "GOBBER," I shout, but all I could hear was his laughter and his fading footsteps.

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

****Sorry for the long wait I was on vacation, but I'm back and ready to write :)****

*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

After Gobber left I just stood there for a moment taking the entire room for what it is while also letting aunt Helga's story. 'So aunt Helga didn't think I had what it took to be a dragon hunting Viking either' I gave out a dry laugh 'maybe if I had listened to them from the beginning I wouldn't have shot down Toothless.' I looked over the room running my fingertips over the shelves.

My finger's stopped when they found a wooden mask. It was carved with a scary face as if the person was screaming. It had red paint on its lips and two sharp triangles on its cheeks. I placed it on my face for a second before placing it back down feeling silly yet excited.

I kept walking the room picking up the papers that were scattered here and there. Some of the writing was in a different language; some looked more like symbols than a language. Some of the papers had pictures that were so detailed. Some were pictures of flowers or animals, some of people, and designs. 'This is amazing' I thought, scanning over a piece of paper that I couldn't read, but the paper had a type of snake on it. 'So this is what you see beyond Berk' I thought, I took the papers I was carrying back to the seat that Gobber was sitting in and scanned through them for a little while longer before placing them aside and picking up one of the books next to the chair.

It was a book I could actually understand. As I skimmed the pages I found out that the book is about healing. It had different types of ointments and remedies. Describing plants that would help with different treatments. Have detailed drawings of the plant, whether it be the stem, leaf, petal, or root. 'That might actually come in handy' I thought, looking through the book some more before placing it on my lap.

That's when I grabbed as many books as I could to the bed. As I rearranged the pillows and plushies I had made a comfortable corner on the bed leaning against the wall, surrounded by books and pillows. I snuggled in a little deeper into my pillow and opened up another book. I don't know how long I was scanning book for since there were no windows, but eventually my eyes began to get droopy and I could feel sleep overcoming me.

I placed the book on my stomach and looked at the weird lanterns up

above. 'Aunt Helga loved mom and I so much, I wonder what would have happened if she did kidnap meâ€|If she did I wouldn't embarrass Stoic, Toothless would still be flying, and Gobber well Gobber would most likely have a better apprentice. Who knows maybe I would be happier to.' I thought, humming drumming my fingers on the binding of the book.

I shook my head. It doesn't matter what would have happened its all in the past now and there was nothing I could do about it, but right now I should focus on trying to keep my promise to Toothless and trying to survive dragon training. Who knows what Snotlout is going to be like now. I groaned 'Why did I even do that? I mean yes he was annoying me, but he didn't deserve being humiliated by all his friends.' I sighed feeling guilty I mean just because Snotlout humiliated me everyday doesn't mean that I should stoop to his level. 'Although it did feel really good to final yell at him.' Again I sighed, time to focus. After all of these books that I had gone through were interesting, but not what I needed.

There are so many dragons they have to exist beyond Berk. 'I mean that dragon book Gobber gave me was filled with dragons I had never seen before.' So there has to be a book or something about dragons here somewhere. I mean there is a white dagger with a dragon carving on it so she hasn't completely forgotten about dragons. I grabbed the books on the bed and exchanged them for another pile of books on the floor.

This patterned went onâ€|well I don't know for how long, but it seemed like forever. I began to make piles with the books. Dividing them into books that I can't read, to the books I want to read first, and just books. There were a lot of books that I couldn't read, but they seemed to be the most interesting. I have also noticed that some papers sticking out of the book are translations. This place really was Wonderland.

'These are the places she visited, all the things that are outside of Berkâ€|I wonder how far away Toothless has flown, what he must have seen during his flights. I bet the views were amazing.' I let out a content sigh as I pictured in my head the type of adventures Toothless and aunt Helga could have experienced.

That's when reality took hold of me again. 'Toothless can't fly anymore he can't travelâ€|he's defenseless.' It was odd to think of a dragon as defenseless, but that's what Toothless was. 'So let's change that' I thought grabbing books off a random shelf. 'With all theses books here there has to be something to help Toothless and I will find it.' I grabbed another book searching.

22. Drawing, Teasing, Dragons

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****thought '...'****

****speaking "...****

****Sorry for the long wait I know i said i was ready to write, but i had major writing block, but now i know where i'm going with this ***story...hopefully i have enough time to write it out before school. If not I apologize.****

*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

'Uhh what time is it.' I thought, trying to lift my self up only to feel numerous amounts of papers and books shift off of me. I lifted myself up on my elbows until collapsing on the bed again to stare at the ceiling. Some how the candles were still burning, but just barely. "Uhh" I said trying to stretch out on the bed only to hear the crinkle of papers underneath me. I lifted myself up again this time leaning against the wall. My head hurt and my neck felt stiff, but I'd live. 'Not if I don't get home soon, Gobber is going to get worried.' I thought, moving paper aside.

As I stood up off the bed and stretched I couldn't help, but let out a disappointed sigh. I didn't find anything that could help bring back Toothless' flight. I twisted side to side trying to get the kinks out of me, before turning off the last bit of the lanterns. I cleaned up the papers and books off the bed making sure to leave them in the right pile for later and exited the cabin. As I left I noticed that the sun was just starting to raise which means that the village should just be starting. I turned around and locked the door before heading out.

'Can't believe I didn't find anythingâ€|I was sure there would be something to help me.' I sighed again, kicking a rock as I headed back to the village.

Just like I thought most people were still in their homes sleeping. The only people out being shopkeepers and fisherman. Like usual most people ignored me as I walked by, some stopping to staring at me. I could partially hear their questions from their shut mouths. What the heck is she doing out so early or great what type of trouble is this girl getting into now. I ignored them shuffling through the village until I reached the forgery.

When I got to the forgery I started to open up the shop. Since Gobber was our dragon-training teacher and I his apprentice was in training work around the forge has been piling up. As I walked in to see the pile of weapons I felt a pang of guilt hit me. After all I have been so busy visiting Toothless I haven't helped Gobber out at all.

I placed some wood and coal in the pit waiting for it to get hot. I started the sharpening stone taking some of the swords and axe to sharpen. I brought a sword to the stone, watching sparks emit from the blade. It wasn't long until my mind shifted to Toothless. It seems the same questions were just swimming in my head. I knew the answer would come to me eventually, but I just couldn't wait neither could Toothless. I saw Toothless expression when he saw that bird fly away, that depression and desperation...looks that didn't fit the face of a furious dragon.

"I think that blade is sharp enough"

I jumped dropping the blade on the ground and stumbling back a bit. I placed a hand over my heart and turned to the open window. Leaning against the windowsill arms crossed an amused smirk on his face. 'One way or another Ash is going to kill me.' I thought, picking up the dropped weapon.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, noticing that I had indeed sharpened the blade to the point of warring the metal.

"I came to see if Gobber had finished my battle axe" I looked around the room for Ash's axe and found the handle in the pile of unfinished weapons.

"Looks like he hasn't gotten to it yetâ€|but if you hang on a minute I'll get to it soon." Ash nodded his head not making any sign of moving any time soon. "That means you can go now" "I think I'll wait here make sure you don't hurt your self." I narrowed my eyes, I know he was just teasing me, but when did we get chummy enough to tease each other. I turned back to the sword sharpening the other end. It didn't take long to finish the sword running my thumb over the blade nodding my head in satisfaction.

"You really like it here don't you" Again I jumped forgetting that I had an audience. Ash of course caught my jump and chuckled. "Yah I do" I said, placing the blade on a table. "Than why do you want to be a dragon hunter so bad if you're so good here." I turned to look at Ash who was now sitting on the windowsill Indian style. I must have been looking to long because Ash asked "What." I just shook my head "Nothing its justâ€|I can't really remember why I wanted to be a dragon hunterâ€|I think I wanted respect, to prove I can be somebody other than a screw up, but" I paused being careful about what I say now. "But what" "Something just clicked in me that I don't need to be something I'm not. That I am somebody even if other people don't see it." I grabbed Ash's battle-axe twirling it in my hand. For being big it was pretty light. "And how did this click come about." I paused the battle-axe and inch from the sharpener. "I uhh umm" I paused before turning towards Ash. "Ash can you keep a secret" Ash straightened up "Of course" "Good because so can I." I laughed a bit at Ash's expression before turning towards the battle-axe.

Toothless showed me that I'm not a dragon hunter in any way and mom showed me that it was okay for me to just be me. No one needs to know about my sudden acceptance of my life, but than again I don't need anyone acceptance eitherâ€|well other than Gobber and Toothless of course.

After my little teasing Ash was silent the entire time. I finished with his axe and handed it to him. He reached for it, but what surprised me was that he placed his hand over mine while retrieving it. "It's about time you put Snotlout in his place." His voice was soft and held much praise and pride. As he was taking his axe back I reached for his wrist. I watched as his eyebrow raised at me. "First of all my goal wasn't to put Snotlout in his place" I say spitting out the words "hell I feel extremely guilty that things turned out the way that they did. I justâ€|" I sighed, letting go of his wrist "I just wanted him to stop, to go back when we could actually stand each other." There was awkward pause between us again, but luckily Gobber came by to break it.

"Morning lass" Gobber shouted, "ah Ash what'cha need." Ash lifted his axe "just needed it sharpened." Gobber nodded his head and Ash jumped off the windowsill landing inside the forgery, his axe placed on his shoulder. He nodded to Gobber and I before leaving. "Ash could you do me a favor and tell the rest of the kids that dragon training is going to start later, as you can see work has piled up here." Ash nodded his head and walked off.

"So lass found your way back okay." "Yup I didn't even trip." Gobber chuckled and changed his prosthetic. "Uh this blast thing." Gobber shouts banging his prosthetic in place "Its to small now." "I didn't know metal shrinks," I teased sharpening another weapon. "Very funny lass very funny." I just smiled showing all of my teeth.

That was how the rest of the day went; Gobber and I would talk and work about anything that popped into mind, most questions being about aunt Helga's cabin. We even had to work through lunch to catch up. Which worried me because I needed to get away to feed Toothless, but it was nice to spend some time with Gobber just the two of us. By the time we were done it was late afternoon the sun just starting to lower 'Hold on just a little bit longer Toothless.' I thought, placing the last sharpened sickle away. "How can there be this much work, most of the weapons are out at sea." I asked, massaging my shoulder. "These haven't been used in a while lass, they dull with time." "Does that mean that there will be more as time goes on." I asked, worrying for my shoulder and Toothless. "We'll have to see lass." I groaned in response "Do we really have dragon training after this." Gobber chuckled "No lass I don't think we will, it's getting late, but we should all eat dinner tonight" I made a face "you mean all of us eat together" Gobber nodded "to discuss dragon training tomorrow." By the end of Gobber's sentence he was wagging his prosthetic hand. "Yes sir" I say saluting him with a rag in my hand. "Go home lass I can pick up around here." Normally I would say no and help, but I had to get to Toothless before it got to late. "Thanks Gobber" I threw my apron on the hook and ran home as fast as I could.

It didn't take long to get home and grab a basket of fish, strapping it on my sore shoulders. I strapped it on and ran to the forest. It seemed that the sun hadn't moved that much by the time I reached Toothless' cove. I walked in and saw Toothless sitting in front of the pond scanning for fish. "Hey Toothless you hungry." I asked, climbing down the rocks the basket of fish still on my back. The only reply I got was a low hiss. "Sorry Toothless I has work to catch up on-" My foot slipped on the rock and I skidding down the wall. I dig my hands deeper into the wall to stop my descendent. For a while I'm just stuck as close as I could be. I heard a coo coming from below me and saw Toothless standing up on the wall just below me or rather the basket.

As I lowered myself little by little I could feel the pressure on my shoulder lessen little by little until I couldn't feel the pressure anymore. Soon I was just floating in midair dangling from the straps of the basket. "Toothless you can put me down now." He made a muffled coo and dropped me. 'Oww stupid dragon' I thought, struggling to stand up. I heard what I assume is Toothless laughing. "That's not funny." I said crossing my arms, but Toothless wasn't listening he was poking at the basket of fish. "I got it your hungry." I took the basket of fish off my shoulder and placed it on the ground kicking it over.

"Got a bunch of different fish here got some salmon, some nice cod, even a whole roasted eel." That's when Toothless started to act funny. His eyes narrowed and he started to back away slowly his mouth open exposing his teeth as he growled. I squatted down and picked up the eel trying to see if there was anything wrong with it, but when I lifted it Toothless freaked out. He screeched, his wings expanding, and his eyes widening, lifting the top of himself up in the air like a spooked horse. 'Oh shit' I thought, trying not to get scarred by Toothless reaction. "No no no noâ€¦it's okay," I say throwing the eel as far as I could away "its okayâ€¦yah your alrightâ€¦its fine I don't like eel very much either." I say, wiping the slim of the eel off of me. I watched as Toothless relaxed again and started to devour the fish. I sighed in relief.

I stood there for a moment and then felt a little awkward watching Toothless eat so I went to sit on a rock picking a stick up along the way and started to draw. The first few drawing were just scribbles, but than I started to draw Toothless. I sighed again this time out of boredom. I looked over at Toothless his tail swishing back and forth. One side still missing and another sigh escaped me. 'Why can't it be as easy as making a human prostheticâ€¦wait a minute why can't it be as easy as making a prosthetic.' My thoughts paused for a moment and I placed the stick down grabbing my journal and pencil from my vest.

I turned around and scanned Toothless tail drawing a quick sketch of his tail. The tail seemed to have five different parts with different heights shifting with each section. I scanned the tail and drew as much as I could in my journal. When I was sure that I drew as much of his tail as I could, I etched the lines with darker lines. I started thinking about how I could piece this all together mechanically.

My thoughts were interrupted by a coo noise. I stood up a little straighter and noticed that in the corner of my eye that Toothless was now behind me. 'Seems like everyone can get the drop on me.' I placed my journal on my lap and looked up at Toothless. He was staring at the unfinished drawing of himself. So I picked up the stick to draw in the forgotten dirt made Toothless's eyes. I drew the eyes and the irises when I heard thumping behind me. I lower the stick and turn around to see Toothless on his hind leg, a wimpy full grown tree in his mouth, the bottom digging into the ground. Toothless started to swing the tree in circles making big and small loops and lines, at one point he even stopped to look at me and than making a dot in the ground, before continuing on with his drawing.

After a while he stopped tossing the tree aside and examining his work his what I assume is a smile. His eyes were wide and playful his ears flopped a bit as he nodded his head. All I could see where lines and circles that surrounded me. Part of me was amazed that Toothless even wanted to draw the other part was wondering if his skills were just bad or if these scribbles were really how he saw me.

I started to walk towards the drawing examining it. With out realizing it I had stepped on one of the lines, only to hear a growl erupt from Toothless. I scrunched up a bit, remembering that Toothless was after all a dragon and not a toddlerâ€¦even if he did draw like one, but his reaction was funny because when I lifted my foot he went back to his playful self.

I placed my foot downâ€¦growlâ€¦liftedâ€¦curious playful gazeâ€¦foot downâ€¦growlâ€¦repeat for about one more time. Place my foot in a circle nothing, but a curious tilt. I started to spin around Toothless drawings. It wasn't long until I was spinning and twirling making a game out of this maze, I smiled as I almost lose my balance and nearly land on a line just catching my self. I looked towards Toothless his head was bowed watching my steps carefully. So I kept it up just spinning and twirling a little while longer until I finally made it out of the maze and beside Toothless.

When I reached Toothless he was standing tall again, glancing down at me. "Nice drawing Toothless it was fun" I said a little breathless. Toothless just cooed again standing tall.

I stayed with Toothless a little while longer just drawing, but it was starting to get dark and I had to make it back for Gobber's little get together. 'Because that's not going to be awkward at all.' I thought, thinking about Snotlout. "Alright Toothless I need to head out, I'll try to make it out here earlier kay" Toothless nodded "Try not to draw all over the place." I said walking to empty basket and then the wall. Toothless made a grunt noise, but retreated to his little cove. As I was walking I saw the discarded eel. 'Hmm Gobber likes eel, I guess someone might as well eat it.' So I picked up the eel and placed it in the basket. '

I had made it to Gobber's little dinner on time even after stopping by my house to drop off the basket and placing the eel under my vest. This shirt is definitely going to have to be washed.' We were perched in one of the newly made watchtower. Roasting different meats over the fire and since I was the last to show up I was stuck with the fish. For the most part it was civil I mean Snotlout and the rest of the teens were still ignoring me and Gobber was beingâ€¦well Gobber.

"And with one twist, he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on his face. I was delicious! He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg!" he says gesturing to his wooden leg. Like always someone had to make a comment this time it being Fishlegs "Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon? Like if your mind was still in control of it, you could have killed that dragon from the inside, by... crushing its heart, or something." Really this guy has a big imagination on him. "I swear, I'm so angry right now! I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight... with my face!" exclaimed Snotlout. 'Yup defiantly back to his old self because that didn't even make sense' I thought, curling up a little tighter due to the cold. Gobber shook his head "Uh-uh-uh, no. It's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon." And there was the sucker punch of guilt again, until I remembered my drawing in my journal. 'I need to get to the forgery to start actually making it, getting the weight and measurements is going to take time.' As I thought over Toothless's tailfin design, I could hear a distant noise over the groups chatter.

It sounded familiar, but I wasn't sure what it was. I stood up from my seat looking out into the night it was too dark that I could hardly see anything, but that noise was getting closer. "What's wrong lass?" asked Gobber. That's when I noticed that everyone was staring at me.

"What is the baby scared?" said one of the twins. It wasn't long until the rest of the groups started to rag on me. I blocked them out only staring into the darkness. My eyes widened, they were close enough now for me to see there outline.

"Dragons" I whispered

"What was that lass" asked Gobber standing up and looking out where I was.

"Dragonsâ€¦Dragons are coming" I exclaim. It wasn't long until the rest of the group stood up staring out into the sky. Sure enough the dragons were closer their roars undeniable.

That's when Gobber started to shout orders, but only words running through my head as I watched the dragons get closer was "DRAGON RAID."

23. My Decision, My Stupid Idea

****Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story****

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

It wasn't long until the village sprang into action. The torches were raised the weapons were gathered. "Looks like you'll have your dragon training lesson after all." Gobber shouted as he switched his prosthetic arm. "What are you talking aboutâ€¦your actually going to let us out there." Snotlout asked, excitement in his voice as the rest of the teens seemed to follow his example. I on the other hand could partially feel the lump in my throat grow, my hands shaking at my side.

That's was until I felt something grab my hand. I looked down to see my hand incased in a larger one. I followed the hand to and arm to a shoulder to a face and my breath actually stopped.

Ash was holding my handâ€¦again.

His shoulder was pressed up against mine and even though he was facing forward listening to Gobber's instruction. I could feel his hand tightened around mine for a second. I squeezed back. I didn't know if I could kill a dragon that was actually trying to kill me and that's what worried me. "Relaxâ€¦just stick with me and you'll be fine" he muttered as he stared straight ahead. There was no doubt that I was safe with Ash. 'But the real question is, if Ash is safe around me ' I thought finally listening to Gobber.

"Now the Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky dragon. One head breathes gas while the other one lights it your job is to figure out which one is which." 'Ah crap Gobber was explaining about dragon.' I thought. Gobber was passing out buckets as he spoke, but as he was about to hand me mine he stopped. He paused for a moment looking at me, the look I know all to well. He was debating to either let me out or to send me home.

Soon my fear became frustration and without thinking I let go of Ash's hand and grabbed the bucket. I was going to do this. After all I may not be able to kill a dragon, but that doesn't mean that I can't stop them. Gobber smiled a bit before continuing on with his dragon rant.

Sadly the rest was interrupted by a fireball, with that everyone scattered to join the raid. It took be a while to gain my bearings and realize that Ash was next to me waiting for me to follow him. He looked at me and than ran off knowing that I was following behind him.

I had a bad feeling in my stomach that I was trying so hard to suppress, but I knew that if I stopped to think about it, stopped to rationalize this moment I would just get in the way. After all this is my decision and even if its the stupidest idea I could have ever done, at least it was my stupid idea.

24. My Mother's Killer

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****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

I don't know why my feet ran me here, I don't know why I was stupid enough to separate from Ash and follow a Monstrous Nightmare. I don't know why I followed a dragon, -let alone a dragon that sets itself on fire- to the dragon arena, but most importantly I don't know how the hell I get myself into these situations.

One minute I was with Ash trying my best to stay out of the way and still be helpful, and the next I was alone, my lungs burning, legs aching and standing in front of the dragon arena.

I took a deep breath trying my best to stay as quiet as possible as I crept closer and closer to the entrance of the arena.

I looked up to see that the top of the arena was busted, the chains broken and burned by a charging Nightmare that had set itself of fire as it was still flying. Some of the chains I could see that some of

the chains that were still intact, where red and melting. By this time I was debating whether to enter the arena or not.

I could hear the Monstrous Nightmares roar and than pounding and more roars. Soon the roars were drowned out by the sound of my heartbeat and as I walked closer to see what was going on I had to suppress a gasp.

The Monstrous Nightmare was breaking down the doors to the dragon's cages.

It had already freed the Deadly Nadder, a Gronkle, and the Zippleback. It was working of the Terrible Terror, and the other Monstrous Nightmare. 'Some thing isn't right here, the dragon have never tried to free the captured ones before. They only come to Berk for the foodâ€|this raidâ€|its not a normal raid.' I thought, thinking back to how I noticed that the dragons seem to be more in the village than on the outskirts where the farms were.

In typical dragon raid a group of dragons head to the village as a distraction while a larger herd heads to the farms with the livestock, however this raid the dragons all came to the village and than dispersed. 'What the hell is this raid about?' I thought peeking out when I heard the crash of the wooden door breaking. 'Only dragon left.'

As the Terrible Terror ran out of its cage, it stopped. That's when I noticed that all the dragons were staying put as well. Instead of flying off and participate in the raid, they were flying in place or held there ground watching the Nightmare that freed them. 'Just what in Thor's name is going on' I thought, creeping out of my hiding spot to get a closer look. The dragons seemed hesitant, they seemed dare I say it afraid. It made my mind flash to Toothless.

With one final roar the Nightmare smashed the final doorâ€|and out came the Monstrous Nightmare. I watched as it walked out, its body low to the ground, but neck extended out. That's when the only sounds were the ones coming from the two Nightmares. It looked like the two were talking to each other. As I watched them, I noticed the differences in not only their appearances, but in there behavior.

The Nightmare that crashed into the arena was larger, its red seemed darker almost a dark maroon, its black spots seemed more like jagged lines, and its horns were massive, the tail was long and powerful as I watched it swoosh back in forth in what seemed like irritation. I couldn't see its face, but I could only imagine the sharp teeth it has and the intimidating eyes.

While the form caged Nightmares red seemed a little bit more faded the black seemed more like different size ovals than lines, the dragon was still massive, but smaller than its counterpart.

Based on their stances and snaps the larger one was the one in charge. It raised its neck imposing its dominance on the caged Nightmare. It snapped its mouth more and roared louder as the other Nightmare answered with whines and quieter snaps.

With a deaf defining roar the wild Nightmare launched itself onto the other Nightmare. Its jaws launched itself onto the other's neck, the

caged Nightmare screeching in pain. The other dragons seemed to cringe at the sight of the Nightmares fighting, if you really could call it a fight.

It surprised me to see the cringe in the dragon. They all turned their heads away from the scenes. The Gronkle turning itself completely around, the Zippleback bowing both its head, the Deadly Nadder lowered its head to the ground shaking it a bit, and the Terrible Terror just whimpered brining its face to the dirt. The dragons were looking at anything, but the Nightmares. That's when I finally noticed just how small these dragons could be. As the screeches got louder and the blood started to cover the ground I did something really stupid.

I had somehow grabbed a small hammer off the wall of the arena corridor and like the idiot I am I had thrown it at the Wild Nightmare. 'Of course this would be the time I find unhidden strength' I thought, as I watch the Wild Nightmare relinquish its hold on the other Nightmares' throat and turn very slowly to face me. All the other dragons were by this point looking at me, and I cursed myself for not remembering that I was outnumbered five dragons to a talking fish bone.

My heart was again pounding in my ear, I was shaking, my hands were sweating, but as the Nightmare turned to face me. Everything stopped.

This wasn't just a Monstrous Nightmare

This wasn't just a dragon that was initiating a prison break

This wasn't just another dragon that confused me to no end

No this dragon was a Monstrous Nightmare, that has a scar over its clouded right eye.

This Monstrous Nightmare that was standing a few feet away and getting closer was the Monstrous Nightmare that killed my mother.

25. Watching and Reacting

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****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

My mind was flashing from the present to the past. My breath was shallow, my body was shaking, and my knees felt weak. 'Move damn

itâ€|MOVE' I thought, but my body not responding. As the Monstrous Nightmare got closer, I felt fainter, I felt cold.

'Momâ€|help meâ€|mom' I thought trying to regain control of my breathing. The image of my mother dying was coming back from the dark corner of my mind that I had locked it away in.

The Nightmare stopped, its face somewhat neutral.

It was watching meâ€|examining me.

My heart stopped beating, and I could feel my knees about to collapse under my wait.

The dragon brought his face closer to mine. As I tried to move away from him, I stumbled over my feet and fell to the ground. The dragon still advanced and with a "ROOOOAAAARRRR" my heart was restarted and like the useless fishbone I amâ€|I ran.

I didn't dare look back when I felt a lick of flame touch my neck. I didn't dare look back when I heard the other dragons start to move. I didn't dare look back when I heard the sounds of multiple wings flapping.

'If I run a little faster maybe I can find help maybe some-' my thoughts were caught off when the Zippleback landed in front of me.

I fell to the ground when I tried to stop myself from bumping into the Zippleback. As it crept closer I crawled backwards. The Zippleback got closer and closer. It's heads were reared back, one head opening its mouth to release its gas while the other was getting ready to set me on fire. As the Zippleback seemed ready to end my life, it stopped. It's eyes widened and its nostrils flared as it took another deep whiff, one head moving to sniff my shoulder. It paused before screeching in terror and backing away. I lifted my jacket and saw that through out everything the eel was still on my shoulder. 'That's right dragons don't like eel' I thought standing up and moving closer to Zippleback. 'Toothless...looks like you saved me.' "Backâ€|go on back upâ€|don't make we tell you again" I shouted, stepping closer. It screeched and shuffled away from me. When I launched myself at the dragon it gave one final screech before flying off. I smiled to myself as I watched the Zippleback fly away.

But that smile was short lived when I heard another couple of thumps. Standing behind me was the Scarface Nightmare, the Deadly Nadder, and the Gronkle. 'That's right this isn't over' I thought, turning around slowly to face the Scarface Nightmare.

As the other two dragons stepped forwards the Nightmare snapped at them, the Nadder and Gronkle quickly stepping back, their heads bowed.

As the Nightmare stood watching me again with his eye, teeth barred. I could feel my body freezing on me again. I could feel something cold tighten around my heart and expand throughout my arms and legs. It clawed at my inside. It tightened around my spine. It constricted my ribcage. It wasn't long until it reached my knees and I feel.

Nothing mattered at this moment. Nothing mattered except this Nightmare and I.

As I watched this Nightmare, nothing else seemed real.

I watched as it set it's self on fire again, I watched unmoving as it expanded its wings, I watched as it throw its head back in a roar that sounds so much like a mock laughter. The laugh that I hear all the time back in the village, the same laugh that my father gave me when I first announced I was going to be a dragon killer. The laugh that told me I was nothing more than a bad joke that was meant to be dismissed.

The Nightmare extinguished its flame, snarling at me. What was it expecting a fight a hysterical tear jerking plea to live 'Was my life that unimportant that I won't even fight to keep it.' I thought, still watching the Nightmare 'is this all I can do watch. I watched as my mother got killed, I watched as Stoic got more distant. I always just watched. I never acted until...'

The dragon opened its mouth a hint of orange and red growing in the back of his throat.

Another memory flashed through my head. A dragon I had never seen before. A beast that was so feared, so mighty caught in a trap made by me. How his eyes closed, how he had given up on life, how he had accepted his end. 'Toothless.' He had given me the right to live, he allowed me to be his friend, he didn't hate me even though he had every reason to

'That's right I never acted until I meet Toothless. I chose to befriend him than kill him. I chose to be the one Viking that refused to kill a dragon why?'

The fire in the Nightmares mouth was growing bigger, its mouth opening further.

'In that moment I chose to be me and not a Viking and instead of killing a dragon I made a promise to one I made a promise to Toothless'

My body didn't feel so cold, my breath didn't seem as short, my limbs started to feel less like lead.

'I can't no I WON'T let him down.'

The Nightmare spat out its flame and I rolled to the side to avoid it.

The Nightmare examined me curiously.

'I would never hurt Toothless,' I thought standing up, facing my living breathing nightmare.

'But you aren't Toothless.'

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

The Nightmare was just as intimidating as it was before. Probably more now seeing as how it set reset itself on fire, when it realized that I was going to fight him.

It roared again, its wings expanding, the flames on its body so hot that I can feel it from here. But I wasn't afraid; I wasn't scarred. This was between the Nightmare and I. The dragon looked down at me and I looked up at him, his nostril flared and I knew he could smell the eel, but it didn't seem like one little eel was going to stop him.

"My mother took your eyes and in return you took her life." The dragon roared as if agreeing with me. It raised itself on its hind legs coming down on all fours with a force that could match Toothless. I narrowed my eyes and in one motion grabbed the eel and through it at the Nightmare. The Nightmare incinerated it with a breath. Its eyes staring only at me, and even when the eel flopped on the floor singed and reeking I didn't look away because even then I wasn't afraidâ€|maybe I really was stupid.

"I am not afraid of you," I shouted. "I'm done being afraid, I'm done letting my past control meâ€|Right now this is between you and me." I shouted, the dragon roared one last time.

Before I knew it the Nightmare had launched at me. I didn't even think, I just reacted I slid underneath the dragon. Red and orange consuming my eyes for a second before I had to close them from the heat, a piece of flame catching my sleeve. I quickly put out the flame when I rolled away from the dragon, putting more space between us. The Nightmare turned around and snarled at me and I knew I was screwed at this moment. I had no weapon, no shield, and was facing a Nightmare. Yup this was not going to end well for me, but I was done backing down. I am so sick of just complaining about my life. 'If I dieâ€|no I won't die not yetâ€|I just have to figure out a way of getting out of this.' I thought, keeping an extra eye on the two dragons on the sideline.

The Nightmare raised its head, its body finally put out, a fireball getting ready to launch from its mouth. I bent my knees trying to stay light on my feet to avoid it. It launched its fireball at me and I jumped to the left. I ran to grab the burned eel on the floor and threw it straight for the Deadly Nadder.

It let out a shriek and swung its tail at the flying projectile, throwing its spikes at the burned eel. Most of the spikes hit the eel, but a few strays were heading my way. I cursed and tried to

duck, but one grazed a pretty big chunk out of my arm. I cursed, but kept running for the eel. The Nightmare behind me roared again. I could hear the pounding of the Nightmares steps behind me or maybe that was my heart I really didn't care at the moment.

I reached the eel and if it wasn't for my life and death situation I would feel really guilty about what I put this eel through even if it was already dead.

I removed one of the spikes that had hit its head and another that hit its body. They weren't metal, but they would have to do. As I turned around moving to the right to avoid the dragons snapping jaws, but it was the tail I should have watched out for. Its tail slammed into my side with enough impact that I flew for a moment. 'Damn' I thought, struggling to get enough air in my lungs. The Nightmare roared, but this time it was different. As I looked up from my spot on the ground I noticed that one of the spikes I had in my hands was lodged in its tail.

I smiled a little happy for my little victory, but when the Nightmare glared at me I knew it was done playing with me. I looked to my right and found the spike a few feet away. Ignoring the ache in my ribs I ran for it. The Nightmare didn't move it just opened its mouth, a red glow starting to appear in its throat. I didn't stop, I swooped only at grabbed the spike and clutched it in my hand.

I was expecting a fireballâ€¦I was expecting to jump to the side and run to avoid it if I couldâ€¦I was not expecting a large hammer coming in contact with the side of the Nightmares face. I was not expecting someone to enter our fight. But however it was came in swinging.

The person who I still couldn't see very well was now latched onto the Nightmare's neck. The Nightmare thrashed trying desperately to get the person off. Its screeches got the other dragons to react and soon they started to close in around the Nightmare and I.

The Deadly Nadder readied its spike tail as the Gronckle took to the sky buzzing around like a deadly fly. I didn't know who had joined our fight, but I knew that they couldn't take on all these dragons alone. I looked around and found that the dragons had forgotten about the eel. I ran a few feet picking up the burned ripped apart eel. 'One more time eel that all I ask' I thought, swinging it in my hand and launching it onto the Gronckle's back. The Gronckle screeched and started to fly around in zigzags trying to throw the eel off, but it was secured in between a couple of it bumped back. The Gronckle flew off. 'That's one down' I thought, turning to face the Deadly Nadder 'one to go'. It charged at me swinging its spiked tail. I dodged moving backwards from the fast approaching dragon, but it glided the rest of the way, but before landing it smacked me with one of its wings. As I tried to get up, it stood over me screeching into the air.

It turned its head to the left a little to try and see me. Its eyes widened a bit, its pupils slit. I was waiting for it to blow fire at me, but all it did was stare at me. My hand twitched and it snapped its gaze to my right hand that was clenching one of its spikes. It looked at me and then the spike, a growl in its throat. 'I don't want to die without a fight, I did that with Toothlessâ€¦and Toothless let me goâ€¦but this dragon isn't Toothlessâ€¦but does that make it a

killer like the Nightmareâ€|' I thought, my right hand sweaty and twitchy.

The Deadly Nadder just looked at me its head twitching as well. I raised the spike in front of me, and the Deadly Nadder screeched even louder. Its eyes more dangerous than before, its mouth opens to attackâ€|until it looked down at the floor.

The spike no longer in my hand.

'Its my choiceâ€|and I choice to let it live'

* * *

><p>I know the ending is written a little weird I wanted to try and be dramatic...but just incase here it is The Deadly Nader was ready to attack, but at the last minute Halla dropped the spike in front of here the Deadly Nadder now looking at the discarded spike on the ground.

27. The End?

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '...'****

****speaking "... "****

* * *

><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

The Deadly Nadder was shaking its head. It was looking at me and than the discarded spike. I took a step forward and it leaped back moving side to side. "Its okay I'm not gonna hurt you" I whisper, moving forward, my arms raised to show that I wasn't dangerous. The Deadly Nadder stopped moving, just looking at me again. "Its â€" "RAWWWWWW" the Nightmares roar cut me off and the Deadly Nadder jumped, it looked at me making some type of clicking noise. Before jumping into the Nightmares fight. "No wait" I shouted, trying to get the dragons attention.

"CRAAAA" the Deadly Nadder cried. I watched as the Deadly Nadder fell to the ground its body twitching slightly. I ran to the dragon, two arrows were lodged in its shoulder close to its neck. The Deadly Nadder was crying out, its wings twitching, legs kicking. I tried to bend down next to the dragon, but it snapped its jaws at me trying to get up. "Easyâ€|easy you need to stop moving" I said, trying to keep my voice calm. The Deadly Nadder wasn't listening though it screeched and flapped its wings more violently.

That's when I heard something whiz past me. It was an arrow this one lodging its self into the Deadly Nadder's upper wing 'No not the wing' I shouted in my head trying to reach for the arrow while

avoiding the tail.

"HALLA LOOK OUT"

I turned my head towards the noise.

The Nightmare was no longer fightingâ€|no now it was coming straight at me. Before I knew it I was in the Nightmares clawed hand being lifted into the air. 'Oh shit' I thought squirming to get free, but the Nightmare got higher and higher. At some point I could see the entire village, covered in a red light. 'Is this what mom saw beforeâ€|'

The height alone would kill me, but the dragon setting me on fire would do it that much quicker. The Nightmare roared one last time and before I knew it was falling.

The sensation was odd. I could feel the wind pressing against my back and I was cold from the wind hitting me, but I didn't feel like I was falling. I watched as the Nightmare circled in the sky.

Falling like this was different than falling off a side of a cliff. When you fall off a side of a cliff its fast and you can practically feel you stomach jump to your throat, it's a straight rush, but thisâ€|this was the opposite you could feel your heart beating faster, but your feelings are a little numb and time seems to slow down. It was an amazing feeling, but at the same time terrifying. The Nightmare was coming back towards me.

Falling like this was something else. 'I wonder how scarred Toothless was when he started to fall, he wasn't free he couldn't stop...Toothlessâ€|How scarred was mom when she started to fall, she was free, but only had one way to stop falling.' The Nightmare opened its mouth.

'Toothless' I thought, closing my eyes. 'I'm sorry I couldn't get you to fly again.'

That's when I heard another sound other than my heartbeat, the whipping wind, and the dragon's wings. It was something familiar, but I couldn't place it. That's when I felt something warm drip on my cheek. I opened my eyes and saw the Nightmare with an arrow in the junction between the neck and shoulder just like the Deadly Nadder, blood falling from it. The Nightmare glared at me, but more arrows started to fly close to the Nightmare. The Nightmare gave a growl and pulled up. Flying off into the approaching dawn.

'Not set on fire, but still falling I could enjoy this to the end.' I thought, closing my eyes.

* * *

><p>I know I know another cliffhanger, but I will write as fast as I can for the next chapter

28. Savior

I just want to say that I can't believe that I made it to thirty chapters...So I want to thank the people that are following, and

reviewing this story. Hope you like the chapter.

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

****yelling**_ "..._**

*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

I don't know how long it was until I finally hit the ground—or at least until I hit something. If it was the ground it wasn't as hard as I thought it would have been. 'Maybe I'm already dead' I thought 'but it didn't hurt.' So am I dead' I thought, slowly opening my eyes. For some reason I was tired, I seemed to have lost all my energy free falling.

I couldn't focus my eyes, but the ground or whatever it was against me was warm. It smelled more like a type of spice than soil. I tried to keep my head up, but I was too tired—to drained. "You—okay—ay." The words were slurred or maybe I just couldn't hear. The face was blurred. "Halla."

I wanted to respond, I wanted to nod my head that I was okay, but I was too tired. I could feel sleep starting to take over, but I knew one thing. 'I'm not dead—Toothless—I can still help you fly.' I smiled and before I knew it my head lolled to one side and sleep overcame.

"_**You shouldn't be here"*_

"_**If I am here Halla am dead"*_

'Uhhhhh—my head—' I thought, sleep still weighing down my thoughts. 'Where—' I opened my eyes, blinking them a couple of times to focus them and noticed that I was in my room, cocooned under two thick blankets. I wiggled a bit, my limbs mostly my side crying out in protest. I hissed quietly, and was finally able to release myself from my cocoon.

That's when the shouting started again, this time the voices escalating. _**"You can't be here."*_

I knew that voice it was Gobber, but I didn't recognize the other voice. 'Who is Gobber shouting with.' I thought, trying to sit up in my bed. This time I couldn't suppress the gasp as the pain in my side and upper arm surged through me.

I looked down to see that I was wearing a baggy shirt with bandages underneath it, another bandage on my upper arm. I noticed I had a few cuts and scraped on my arm and legs. My gloves now removed and my

hands bandaged up.

I didn't really have time to question or notice anything else, because Gobber opened my door with enough forces that I thought it was going to break. "Halla" he shouted, running over to my side as fast as his stub legs would carry him. "Gobber" I paused as my voice reached my ears, it was so scratchy. Gobber must of noticed because before coming to my bed he stopped to grab a glass of water on my desk.

Gobber handed me the cup of water that I grabbed with a shaky hand. He sat down on the corner of my bed, watching me closely. Gobber had a sober look on his face; it made it difficult to anticipate what he was going to say next. So I started "What happened" I asked, my voice sounding better now that I had some water. I flinched as the words came out of my mouth 'probably not the best thing to ask' I thought, but I had to know what happened after I past out after Iâ€|nearly diedâ€|again.

'Its just one death wish after another isn't it' I thought, watching Gobber try to figure out where to start.

"Do you mean before of after you decided you were ready to take on a Nightmare by yourself." He snapped. I clutched the cup of water tighter. "Honestly Lass, what made you think you were ready to take on a Nightmare, a Deadly Nadder, and a Gronkle. Were you trying to get yourself killed? You ran off on your own do you have any idea how stupid that was of you lass." He paused for a second and I didn't know if he actually wanted me to answer or not, so I didn't. "You had no business being out there. You had no weapons on you. You don't know how to fight, you aren't strong, you aren't big, you aren't-"

"I get it," I shouted, my knuckles turning white. I kept my head down looking at the water in my cup. "I get it" I said quieter "I get it, I really do. I'm not a Viking. I shouldn't be out there fighting them. I get itâ€|" I gave a dark chuckle "I'm a talking useless fish bone." "Lass" Gobber says quietly. "But" I looked up "I finally did what I wanted. Your right I'm not a Viking, but that doesn't mean I shouldn't be out there fighting to protect what I want." There was an awkward pause in the air.

I gulped the throat that was stuck in my throat before continuing, "Besides I had every right to fight that Nightmare" I could tell that my voice was breaking, and I could feel my eyes start to water. "It was the Nightmare that killed mom." I exclaimed, praying to Thor that I didn't start to cry.

Gobber's eyes became solemn his mouth opening a bit before shutting. I watched as he stood up and for a moment I was scared that he was going to leave. But this was Gobber and he would never do that. Instead he moved closer to me and engulfed me in a hug. It wasn't bone crushing, but it was reassuring. "I'm sorry" was all he said, as he patted my head.

That's all it took for the water works to start. I let one of my hands go from my cup to clench Gobber's shirt. I wasn't supposed to cry. I was supposed to smile so that Gobber wouldn't worry about me, but I was so tired. Tired of smiling when thing weren't all right. So I compromised I cried, but I didn't sob.

Eventually Gobber pulled away and I wiped my eyes with the sleeve of my baggy shirt. "I'm sorry" Gobber said once more sitting on the bed again, placing one hand on the side of my face. "I thought I lost you lass..." I smiled "You can't get rid of me that easily Gobberâ€|your stuck with me whether you like it or not." Gobber chuckled and smiled, but it never reached his eyes. 'I wonder if that's what I used to look like.'

Gobber withdrew his hand, and I thought it was a good time to ask my question so I asked, "Who were you yelling with earlier?" Goober face showed worry. "Lass the person that saved youâ€|do you know who it was." I tried to think back, but everything was too unfocused. So I shook my head.

That's when I heard the footsteps. Gobber sighed closing his eyes in what appeared to be irritation.

My turned my head to the door. There standing in the door way was a short, but muscular woman with long dark brown hair in a low ponytail, and green eyes. The woman hesitated at the door and I could see that she was wearing a long sleeve purple shirt, brown pants with a belt, and a thick golden bracelet on her wrist.

The woman stayed where she was choosing instead to lean against the door. "Long time no see honey."

My mouth opened in a quiet gasp.

"Auntie"

29. Contradiction

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Toothless point of view:<p>

I was restless. No that's not the right word I'm agitated. Yes that's it I'm agitated. It is about mid-day now and still there was no sign of Halla.

I had heard the dragon's attack from here, but I knew that this wasn't just a simple attack for food.

No the queen sent these dragons here for one reason and one reason onlyâ€|to find me. I suppose I should be glad that I'm trapped in this little cove hidden from the other dragons, but the thought of what could have occurred if the dragons found me here made me

shudder. Trapped in a cove, unable to fly, fighting another dragon. I shuddered again; things would not end well for me.

I remembered the roars, one standing out against the rest. It's the roars that haunt my own Nightmares, the roar that makes my blood turn cold. It was Vulfiend, the Queen's loyal subject. One of the strongest if not feared dragons of the hive. It was said that he was so violent that the Queen stopped him from entering Berk, claiming in such a praise tone that his fire would burn every thing one swoop. Vulfiend was ruthless and cruel and now he was hunting me.

If the Queen truly sent him here to find me than there is no doubt in my mind that the Queen wants me dead.

However none of that matter, because I needed to make sure Halla was okay.

Halla could not compete with Vulfiend, no Viking could. He was practically born from evil and pain. I started my pacing, suppressing the fireball that I desperately wanted to shoot.

'Halla will come' I thought, trying to control my emotions. 'She made a promise to me.' As I tried to sit by the pond my tail twitching violently behind me a voice in the back of my head reminded me that I had question her ability to keep such promises. I growled, my tail slamming into the ground.

As I scowled at my reflection scarring off any chance of fishing, I heard a shifting of rocks behind me. I didn't move, the steps where off. The person was panting, feet dragging. Suddenly the footsteps stopped and I knew that they were at the entrance of the cove.

I turned around slowly getting ready to attack if need be, but to my surprise it was Halla. She had a small picnic basket in her arm. When she noticed I was looking at her she smiled, sliding the picnic basket up to her shoulder. She started to climb down the rocks like she always did, but this time she was slower, stopping a few times to catch her breathe.

I walked over to her as she reached the bottom. "Hi Toothless" she said, smiling "Sorry I couldn't get you more fish, but uhhâ€¦I have an uninvited guest at my house, so this is all I can sneak out." She opened the lid and reveled three fish inside. She emptied the basket leaving the fish on the ground. I looked at her and than at the fish.

Something wasn't right. I reached down to grab one of the fish still watching her as she walked away to the pond to clean her basket. I watched as she hesitated to bend down, but when she finally did she was biting her lip and grabbing onto her side.

I abandoned the other two fish and walked over her. "What's wrong Toothless, don't like the fish." She said playfully. I growled irritated that here I am worrying about her and she's just joking around. So with out thinking I hit her arm causing her to lose her balance and fall into the pond.

She gasped, dropping her basket and grabbing onto her upper arm as she fell into the pond. Her breathing became ragged, and she curled herself into a ball, sitting in the pond. "Toothless what the hell"

she snapped, trying to stand up.

I saw that she was going to slip so I grabbed onto her sleeve, keeping her up. She found her footing and walked out of the pond. She looked at me and sighed. "Sorry Toothless it's just been a long day, but I shouldn't take it out on you." She walked over to a rock sitting on it as she started to wring her baggy shirt and brown pants of water. I walked up to her and sat in front of her.

For a while she just worked on wringing out her clothes, but after a while she sighed again and placed her hands in her lap. The air was tense and my tail was twitching in anticipation. She turned to look at me and then looked back at her lap. "So I guess you know about the dragon raid" she asked already knowing the answer, but I nodded anyways. "It wasn't a typical dragon raid, this Nightmare" she gulped "This Nightmare busted into the dragon training arena and freed the other dragons. I was there when this Nightmare, attacked another Nightmare and I" I threw something at it." She paused smiling one of those irritating fake smiles. "I had a instinctual moment and it got me into a lot of trouble" she laughed, looking at her feet. "But that's how I figured out...that's how I figured out that the Nightmare that was freeing the other dragons." Her hands wrapped around the loose fabric in her lap. "That the Nightmare was the same one that killed my mom." She paused to look up "You know they lie when they say the more you say something the less it hurts."

Her eyes watered, a small smile still on her lips as she lowered her head. "I'm telling you this because I promised you Toothless that I would never hurt you" and when I meet you I thought I couldn't kill another dragon ever, but when I saw him. When I saw how he acted when I saw the scar on his eye I knew who he was" "Scar" is she taking about there is no way she couldn't be talking about Vulfiend." "I wanted him dead and I challenged him" she gave a weak laugh "with no weapons, no help, but I challenged him because I want him dead. Even now I want him dead, and I can't say that if I didn't have the chance that I wouldn't kill him." She paused again raising one hand to wipe her eyes as she lifted head "I'm sorry Toothless."

I was confused. I was sad. I was" I don't really know. I knew one thing though. I wanted her to stop talking, I didn't want to think that this little girl The girl I was starting to trust could start to become a Viking, 'but is she really becoming a Viking if all she wants is revenge. My mother was killed just as Halla's was and I wanted revenge just like she does, but that would mean challenging the Queen and Vulfiend. An impossible task. The only thing I could do after my clan was killed was survive even if that meant being ruled by my clans killers...' It was Halla's voice that snapped me out of my thoughts. "Toothless" She looked at me straight in the eye trying to figure out my reaction. Her voice was filled with uncertainty and doubt, fear even. I didn't like it.

I stared at her for a moment before walking up to her. Her spine straightened a bit and her breathing stopped. I took a bit of her sleeve in my mouth pulling her up off the rock. She followed a little hesitant at first, but eventually stood up. I let go and circled her. Stopping when I was behind her. She still didn't move and I'm sure that for a moment even her heart stopped beating. She was scarred and I didn't want her to be, after all I understood. My tail swiped under her foot.

She gasped, but instead of landing on the ground, she landed on me. She was on my side, my wings tucked back so when she laid down she wasn't pressed against it. Her expression was priceless and as she looked at me with wide green eyes. I could only chuckle in amusement. I curled my tail around us the tip touching her leg, twisting my self so that my head could rest on her lap if I wanted to. I saw her shocked expression and purred a little as I lowered my head to hers.

I wanted her to know that I understand. I understood more than she will ever know. 'How strangeâ€|a childâ€| this child as scrawny and small as she is can be as stronger as a dragon. Just what is it about this girl that makes herâ€|her.' She saves dragons, she wants one dead, she is strong, but she is weak. This girl is a contradiction, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

There was a pause in the air. I looked her in the eyes and she looked at me and as she smiled I knew that she understood. Her eyes glimmered and she smiledâ€|a real smile that reached her eyes. 'Thank you Toothless.' She wraps her arms around my neck and I nuzzled her. After a moment I lowered my head to her lap. She didn't move for a second, but after a moment I felt her finger ghost over my neck. A moment later her fingertips brushed across my skin until she grew brave enough to scratch around my neck. It took me a moment before I eased into her touch lifting my head a bit for her to scratch better. Before I could stop myself a purr slipped out and she started to scratch around my ears, only to me drop my head completely into her lap when she scratched underneath my neck. She laughed a bit, moving to scratch behind my ears.

I nudged her stomach a bit and she stopped. I nudged her again and she looked at me. I looked at her not lifting up my head and she nodded. "The dragons it freed came after me, I was able to get rid of the Zippleback with an eel, but than the Deadly Nadder and the Gronkleâ€|" I lowered my head listening as she retold the events of last night. She spoke about her fight with the Nightmare, about how she rid herself of the Gronkle, her encounter with the Deadly Nadder. At some point in the story I would growl, most of the growls coming out when she spoke of Vulfiend and her near death experience. She would only pause and scratch around my ear, neck, and chin.

"Aunt Helga was the one that saved me, well it was her and a crew mateâ€|I forgot his name, but he's not that much older than meâ€|Its funny after all these years of not seeing her and then seeing her leaning against my door its strange...I'm not exactly sure how to feel about her return." She sighs, and I know that not the end of the story, but she doesn't seem ready to share the rest just yet. I nuzzle her stomach and let out a sigh of my own as she scratches me again. 'So much for not being a pet' I thought as I let out another purr. I thought back to those times before the Queen eliminated my clan, back when my mother used to nuzzle me around the neck and chine. Back when I was apart of something greater than the Queens hunting party.

The sun was almost gone now, but Halla made no move to get up. "Would you mind if I stayed here tonight Toothless." I gave a little roar and shifted. I curled tighter around her. My tail and head completely shielding her lower half from exposure. She wiggled around a bit getting comfortable and leaned back, her eyes shutting. "Thank you

Toothless."

I purred lowering my head, before shutting my own eyes.

30. The Song

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

Shiftsâ€|growlsâ€|shakes.

Those were the first few things I was able to process when something woke me up. I rubbed my eyes, still groggy. As I opened my eyes I realized it was nighttime, the moon high in the air lighting up the cove. 'It is too early to be up' I thought as another shake and another growl reminded me why I woke up in the first time. It was Toothless. His body was shaking, his wings twitching, and tail swinging vividly. Every once and a while he would bare his teeth. 'His twitching is starting to get worse.'

It took me a minute to realize exactly what was going on. But when it did, my mouth opened in shock, it was almost hard to believe. 'Toothless was having a nightmare.' I looked down at the head in my lap and watched as Toothless was baring his teeth growling again. 'Do I look this much in pain when I have a nightmare. How do I end a nightmare?' I thought, placing my hand on Toothless forehead. Toothless growled and I retracted my hand as his breathing became heavy. I slowly placed my hand on his head starting to trace circles on his skin. It was odd to think that a dragon could have nightmares it seems almost too human. 'Mom would always sing to me when I got scarredâ€|she would tell me to focus on her voice and only on her voice.' I thought, thinking of a song that I could sing to Toothless. In the end I couldn't find a song that didn't involve hunting or killing a dragon, so I made one up.

_Hush now, little dragon, the day is now gone _

_Your scales now catching the moonlight instead of the sun, _

_So lay your head upon my lap and let us wait for dawn to come _

_For there has to be a dragon watching over you. _

I wasn't really sure if this song made sense, or where the words were coming from, but they felt right to sing. However Toothless seemed to be responding to wrongly.

Dream now, little dragon

Your head held high

For although you can't fly I made a promise to you

_A promise I will make true _

_So dream now little dragon, for I am here for you _

Toothless let out a large growl, his head starting to twitch. For a moment I thought about stopping this song, but I didn't know what else to do. So I kept singing hoping that eventually this song would calm Toothless down.

Within you is a fire that burns so bright,

_Is it any surprise that you are my light _

So Hush now, baby dragon

_If your dreams become nightmare burn them away _

For I know you are strong

Toothless' growls were becoming less and less, his body was starting to lose some of the tension in it. I was happy that this song was finally helping Toothless. I smiled as I thought of the next verse. I could only hope that I could be there for Toothless, just like he always seems to be there for me. After all he accepted me my mistakes, my ideas. 'If only the village could be like Toothless.' I thought, taking a breath to sing the next verse.

_Dream how you will, and don't be afraid _

For here there are dragons, all kinds and sorts

_But you are the most important _

_You're a dragon, but your more than just that _

_Yourâ€|Toothless _

'At least your Toothless until I can find out your really nameâ€|how I'm going to keep that promise I have no idea.' I thought, my hands making wider circles. Toothless had calmed down and if you listened closely I could swear that Toothless was purring a bit. 'If only the village was like you Toothless.' I thought, scratching his ear again. I knew that Toothless wasn't a pet, but it was so cute to see a fearsome dragon like him act like a kitty cat. 'If only the village could see you the way I do than maybe they would realize their mistake.' Now that Toothless was asleep it wasn't long until I followed suit and fell back to asleep.

31. Toothless' Past

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks
enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

****underlined words are Halla's song
>**

*** * ***

><p>Toothless point of view<p>

Roars and fire. Agonizing screams and fluttering wings. Roars of triumph and loss soon become sounds of cries and laughter. Visions of unmoving black bodies blood spilling everywhere. It was one body that stood out amongst the rest. She laid dying blood pouring from her neck. Her emerald yellow eyes barely open.

"_**Alastor my dear boyâ€|hush don't cryâ€|you're strong Alastor
â€|doâ€|whataâ€| wh..at..you...ne..edâ€|toâ€|sur..viveâ€| " **_

Eyes glazed over staring at me, but at the same time nothing. Hundreds of eyes that were once filled with life with happiness now empty as they just stare. My cries of my lost mother overpowered by laughs coming from my family's murders.

_Hush now, little dragon, the day is now gone _

_Your scales now catching the moonlight instead of the sun, _

So lay your head upon my lap and let us wait for dawn to come

For there has to be a dragon watching over you.

My destroyed home was soon replaced with a mountain contained with numerous amounts of dragons. My family's murderer planted next to the biggest, meanest, vilest dragon I had ever metâ€|The Queen. "So this is the dangerous oh what do the humans call you againâ€|ahh yes Night Fury." Her voice was filled with power, malice, and a sadist type of humor. The only thing scarier than her voice was her roar of laughter "The most dangerous dragons ****HAHAHAHA ****for a clan that was claimed to be so dangerous it was so simple to eliminate your dear family ****HAHAHAHA****."

Dream now, little dragon

Your head held high

For although you can't fly I made a promise to you

_A promise I will make true _

_So dream now little dragon, for I am here for you _

"Know this little one I let you live only to serve me. Know that I can kill you whenever I please just like your precious mother."

Within you is a fire that burns so bright,

_Is it any surprise that you are my light _

There was a break in the nightmare. In a flash of light I was no longer in that hellhole of a mountain instead I was in my sanctuary. 'Funny how I first believed that this was a prison and now this little cove of mine is a sanctuary.' I was safe here; there were dragons hunting me, no Vulfiend, no Queen. Just the cove and Halla sitting on the rock she was earlier.

So Hush now, baby dragon

_If your dreams become nightmare burn them away _

_For I know you are strong _

She was singing, her song breaking through the nightmare.

_Dream how you will, and don't be afraid _

For here there are dragons, all kinds and sorts

_But you are the most important _

Your a dragon, Yourâ€|

_Toothless _

She ends the song with a real smile that is so rare, but becoming more common as time goes by. That song kept playing even though the cove and Halla disappear. I found myself listening to that song as I flew higher and higher into the sky.

32. Reflection

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****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Toothless point of view:<p>

It was early morning by the time I woke up. I was still curled around Halla, who was sleeping peacefully tucked safely at my side. I looked up at the sky watching the birds fly over head as the sounds of chirps filled the air. I couldn't help, but wonder just how many times I had stopped to watch them fly.

"Don't worry Toothless I'll get you back up there" I looked down at

Halla who was smiling at me like I had just made her whole day by being here. '_For although you can't fly I made a promise to youâ€¦a promise I will make true.' _I smiled as that line repeated in my head.

I lifted my tail off of her, allowing her to stand up and stretch. As I waited for her stand she did nothing, but lay there. I watched her as she looked down at her feet wiggling her feet little by little.

I "Cooo" wondering if Halla was hurt remembering her injuries from her fight.

"Its okay Toothless my legs are just asleep." It wasn't long until Halla stood up stretching her arms being careful with her shoulder and side. I walked over to the pond wondering if I could catch something for breakfast seeing as how my basket of fish is now being reduced. Well fishing was the plan before I caught my reflection.

I looked different. I didn't look like a servant to the queen. In other words I didn't look like a dragon afraid to get eaten. I didn't look fearsome like the Vikings most likely proclaim me to be. No I looked little, weak, I looked more like a hatchling. For although in dragon years I am still considered a child a teenager to be more accurate, the Queen robbed me of my childhood. I was a weapon solely allowed to live to serve the Queen. I was meant to act like Vulfiend and what's worse if Halla not interfered in my life there is no doubt in my mind that in another few years I would be exactly like Vulfiend.

I must have been paying to much attention to my reflection because the next thing I knew Halla was talking next to me. "What do you see Toothless?" I looked at Halla and than back at my own reflection before giving Halla another "Coooo." However this "cooo" even to my own ears reminded me of when I first met Halla...defeated.

"You want to know what I see" I watch from the corner of my eye as Halla turns to look at me. "A dragon that everyone fears, a dragon that never misses, and always comes to the rescue of his fellow dragons. A dragon that is fair and kind." At this point I was looking at Halla rather than my reflection, trying to figure out whether she meant all of this or not. "Your Toothless, my friend, simple as that." I turned back to my reflection wondering how she could see such a dragon when really I'm nothing, but a coward that can't even avenge its own clan.

"Oh I also forgot to mention that you're strong Toothless" "_**you're strong Alastor." **_ I had to blink my eyes turning to face Halla, as my mother's voice seemed to mesh with hers. "In my eyes Toothless you have nothing to be shamed of." That could be because you don't understand what I have done to survive. 'But it's still nice to have someone believe so highly of you.'

33. Auntie's Crewman

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story**

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks**

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thought '... '

speaking "... "

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

It wasn't long until I finally left the cove promising Toothless that I would be back later today. 'Hopefully with more food' I thought, pausing to take a break clutching my side as I did. 'Let's hope no one has noticed that I disappeared.' Thinking mostly of my suddenly there aunt and her very young crewman.

It wasn't long until I reached my house, sighing with content as I opened the door.

"And just where did you go all night."

I jumped searching the house for the mysterious voice. There sitting on my staircase was my auntie's crewman. "Just out" I said, trying to get my heart to slow down from panic. "And where would that be exactly" he says standing up. My eyes narrowed "That's none of your buisness." I snapped, watching as his mouth turned into a smirk.

Auntie's crewman was about sixteen, a little bit taller than Fishlegs, only he was more on the muscular side. He wasn't huge like normal Vikings, but the definition was definitely there. He had shaggy brown hair that was cut short even though his bangs almost covered his honey colored eyes. His skin was a light shade of brown his wrist covered in some type of tattoo, while the other hand was taped up to his elbow. He wore baggy pants that were tucked into his boots, and a brown shirt that had no sleeves. Apparently it was his arrows that saved me, 'and attacked the Nadder' I thought, bitterly.

"Your aunt just want me to check up on you is all" he says, smirk still on his face. I pause for a moment not sure how to respond when my aunt is involved.

"You can tell her that I'm fine."

"But if I tell her you weren't here when I first got her she'll want to know where you were." I gridded my teeth opening my mouth to respond when the door opened behind me, hitting me in the back and my bad shoulder. I gasped and with the extra pressure started to fall forward, still in too much pain to try and catch myself.

That was until I felt arms wrap around my lower back being very carful to steady me without actually touching me, it was odd, it was almost like a ghost was trying to touch me. Before I knew it I collided with his chest, which was not like a ghost, but more like a brick wall. "Easy there Girlie," he whispers close to my ear, arms still wrapped around me as he let me find my footing. When I finally do he stands up straighter and glares at the doorway. "You could be a little more careful about opening that door." To my surprise although his voice got louder it got lower, almost like a warning. I turned my

head to see just who he was talking to. I turned my head 'and now I wish I hadn't.'

There standing at the door, was none other than Ash. His eyes showed confusion, shock, but after a moment that quickly turned to anger. It was an awkward tension before any one spoke.

"You need something small fry," said my aunt's crewman who I still couldn't remember his name.

"Names not small fry its Ash." He snaps his eyes narrowing.

"I'm Gabriel and what did you need that was so important you couldn't knock first." Gabriel was back to his playful tone that was starting to get on my nerves.

"Gobber wants Halla to come by the shop." I looked at Ash for a moment tilting my head to the side trying to figure out why he was so angry, but Ash wasn't looking at me he was trying to stare down Gabriel.

"What for?" I asked, trying to break the tension that was coming off Ash.

"How the hell should I know?" he snaps, before walking away.

'Well that wentâ€¦weirdly' I thought. Suddenly I felt vibrations and a laugh broke whatever tension Ash left behind. "Is your boyfriend always this easy to piss off" asks Gabriel in between laughs. I blush, my face turning red.

"He is not my boyfriend," I shout, my face feeling hot. Gabriel started to laugh even harder. I puffed "Besides not until a little while ago he thought I was useless and in the way."

Gabriel stopped laugh looking at me with a serious look on his face that didn't really suit him. "And now" I paused humming as I thought of an appropriate answer "we're friends I guess, but a part of me still thinks he protects me because I'm the chiefs daughter."

"So?" I looked at Gabriel confused for a second "So" I repeated.

"So what? The only reason I'm here or tried to save you was because you're my captain's niece. No one ever does something nice without there being a motive or an influence." 'I didn't have a motive for helping Toothlessâ€¦did I?' I thought, "Besides just because it starts out with that reason doesn't mean that's the only reason to protect you. Its not like reasons can't change." I stare at him trying to figure him out. One minute he was an annoying playful joker and now he was a guru of some kind giving advises that actually makes sense. I was still processing his words when he started to walk out my still open door.

"Well come on now Gobber is waiting for you?" I nodded walking out the door as Gabriel shuts it behind me. I was ready to climb down the stairs when Gabriel stood in front of me and shook his head. He turned around showing me his back and squat down.

"Get on" I took a step back looking at his back as if he was crazy.

"I'm good I can walk after all"

"Word around the village is that you're a disaster waiting to happen and now that you're injured your even slowerâ€|so get on we can make it to the village faster."

"No" I shouted, crossing my arms walking past him and down the stairs.

Gabriel didn't move only smiled. "Alright I'll just have to tell you aunt that you weren't home when I came to check on you" I pause, turning to glare at him.

"You're blackmailing me"

"Blackmailing is such a nasty word don't you agree."

I glare at him, but walk back up the stairs. Pausing when I reach my original spot. "Come on now Halla I don't have all day."

I growled a growl that even Toothless would have been proud of. I didn't really have a choice unless I wanted to lie about where I was this morning and although Gobber accepts my leaving into the forest something tells me auntie wouldn't. So I climbed on his back. I can feel him laughing at me as he started to walk. "To tell you the truth I thought you would have said tell her and walked off."

"Well than put me down" I struggled for a moment, but his grip on my legs tightens.

"Now calm down before your hurt yourself I was only jokingâ€|although now I am quite curious to know what your hiding." He tilted his head a little to face me and I scowled at him.

"There wouldn't happen to be another guy out there in the woods now would there." I can feel my face getting hot again at his implication, and rather than seeing him see me light up like a tomato I hide in the crook of his neck. He only laughs his pace not changing.

As we start walking I notice that Gabriel is taking us the long way to the village. I didn't comment because I was in no hurry to get to the village. However this way we would have to pass by the arena.

"Why are we stopping by the arena?"

"Earlier today all the Vikings were working on the arena's dome and cages. The dragons were all tied up, but everyone was a little on edge. Although I can't see why two of them were pretty badly hurt."

"The Nightmare" I whisper

"and the Deadly Nadder" Gabriel says with pride. I can only scowl flashing back to that moment.

"You didn't have to hit the wing," I mumbled hoping that the Deadly Nadder can still fly.

"I could have hit it right between the eyes" There was a pause, his statement hanging in the air

"Why didn't you" any one else would have killed a dragon. He did have a shot after all.

He shrugged his shoulders "Just didn't is all"

"There has to be a reason"

He shrugged again "maybe I just missed." I hummed my respond knowing that he won't ever tell me the real reason, but I really wanted to know. 'Maybe its not that odd to not want to kill a dragon' or maybe its just because he's an outsider' I thought, watching as Gabriel got closer to the arena.

As we approached the arena I saw just how damaged the arena really was. The top part of the dome was partially gone. Chunks of chains were covering the outside of the arena. As we got closer I noticed that everyone was staring at us. "Well I am piggy backing on an outsider's back" I thought as I watch the village whisper to themselves.

"I can walk from here you know" I mumble ducking into his shoulder to avoid the stares.

"We haven't made it to the shop yet, what don't tell me your shy?"

"Usually when people pay attention to me its to notice just how bad of a Viking I really am even though I am the chief's daughter." I mumble, feeling my back getting hot from stares.

"Well that's not the case today" he said in that I know something you don't know voice.

My eyes narrowed and I grabbed a fist full of his shirt "What did you do?"

"You aunt and I told them what you did. That you were fighting three dragons when we found you, that your aunt took on that uhh what's it called the red dragon"

"The Nightmare"

"Yah that one and I helped you with the blue one"

"Deadly Nadder"

"That's the one" who came up with these names anyway kind of lame if you ask me."

I ignored his question instead asking one of his own "Did you tell them about my fall."

There was a pause "No we left that part out. I think the village trying to wrap their head around you fighting three dragons and surviving don't you think that's enough to process." I nodded, as Gabriel stopped in front of the arena.

The arena inside was just as damaged as the outside. Most of the missing chains of the dome was scattered in the arena. The ground was signed and covered with broken, burned pieces of wood and metal that came from the dragons door, but what caught my attention was the a red stain on the ground.

"The first thing the village did was track down the dragons and put them in temporary cages. Most of the village was watching them, but with the red one-"

"Nightmare" I corrected "Whatever since the Nightmare was bleeding pretty bad and the bl-Deadly Nadder was injured, but people were still a little skittish about dragons outside their cages."

"Well it looks like they got the doors fixed for the most part," I said, watching as six Vikings start to bolt the Gronkle's door to the wall. "But then where are the dragons." Gabriel walked away from the arena walking opposite the village. "They are storing them as close to the arena as they can, with staying as far away from the village as they can." He answers and sure enough a few minutes of walking and we started to hear the roars.

They were in wooden shackles that were chained to the ground. All of theme seemed to be trying to escape except the Deadly Nadder that was nursing its wings, and the Nightmare that to me seemed half dead. The Vikings around the dragons were tense and eyed us wearily as we walked by. Gabriel stopped in front of them, and for a moment all the dragons stopped moving. That was until the Deadly Nadder started to screech and lunge towards us. All the other dragons seemed to just be watching Gabriel and I, and for the first time since I'd seen the Nightmare it started to move at first nudging and then it moved its head to look at us. It had amber color eyes, and for a moment it was like the dragon was trying to tell me something. It closed its eyes and breathed in deep before opening them to stare at me again. All I could do was nod my head in a response. Hoping that I had interoperated its meaning right. The Nightmare was still screeching, I watched as one of the Viking reached for its hammer. However before it could throw it at the Deadly Nadder to silence it the Nightmare roared to the Deadly Nadder. The Deadly Nadder turned to the Nightmare eyes still narrowed, but it quieted down and went back to nursing its wing. The Nightmare huffing before curling up again.

"That was odd," commented Gabriel

"Yah" I said, not really listening to him, but still looking towards the dragons

"You disappointed"

"Hmmmâ€¦disappointed about what?"

"Dragon training will probably be canceled until the dragons are better and the arena is done. The dragons maybe in their cages by nightfall, but the arena will take longer to finish."

"Then no I'm not."

"Really all the teens earlier today seemed like they were going to

die without dragon training"

I snorted "useless remember, the only reason I joined dragon training was because I made a deal."

"Hmm that's interesting what do you get out of this deal"

I thought about it for a moment before saying "I don't really know."

"Well that was stupid of you"

I gnawed on my lip to stop the agreement that was about to slip out.

He sighed, "Well now that our little field trip is over lets go see Gobber and my captain shall we." I nodded still watching the dragons.

"Maybe afterwards we can all stop to eat I'm starving."

I nodded again, my mind spacing trying to figure out if I have enough time to pick some blood berries.

34. Glare and Stares

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****thought '... '****

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****I am so sorry for the long wait, but I will try to upload sooner. I am not letting this story go so if you are willing to follow me and be patient I will continue to write and try to upload as soon as possible.****

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

Although it was a quiet walk to the shop it was a tense. Gabriel wasn't saying anything, but I could tell that he was being cautious if his rigid shoulders were any indication. Although I didn't want to break the silence the tension was just too much, but as I tried to open my mouth to speak I found that I had nothing to say I mean really what could I say he's a strangerâ€|one that just happened to save me from nearly sharing the same fate as my mother...but still a stranger. So I chickened out and kept myself busy by observing the damage to the village. It was one of the worst attacks I had ever seen. Most of the buildings were completely burned down, other were half burned down only standing by one or two beams, but a lucky few were just singed and in the need of a paint job. It seemed the entire village was working on the damage.

However it seemed that every time Gabriel and I walked by they had time to whisper and point at us. Gabriel just kept walking. It was while he was walking at a steady pace that I noticed how people were sending me stares of disbelief some dare I say were starting to notice me as something more than a screw up. However those faces would twist into scowls and their eyes seemed to be trying to burn holes into Gabriel's head. However Gabriel kept his cool other than a twitch of his shoulder he showed no interest in the Vikings glares. I on the other hand was starting to get uncomfortable with all this staring and glaring. Well not so much the glaring I was used to that, what I wasn't used to was the silent nods and smile that the Vikings were giving me showing that they notice me. So I tried to keep my head up, trying hard to keep my composure 'and I'm failing at it' I thought, feeling my face turn red and my hands starting to sweat with each pair of eye that seemed to be following me.

I was so lost in my mantra of 'Don't back down don't back down don't back down.' That when Gabriel stopped my head did a little bob forward. I looked up to see Snotlout standing in front of us his face in a growing snarl.

"There a problem" asked Gabriel his body just as tense as his voice. Snotlout didn't say anything just curled his lip in a bigger snarl. However the weird part was that Snotlout wasn't looking at Gabriel. No he was snarling at me and the look he gave me had shivers running down my spine. Gabriel readjusted me on his back causing me to yelp and break eye contact with Snotlout to glare at the back of Gabriel's head.

"Unless there's a problem here I suggest you move along." Gabriel's voice was still hard, but Snotlout still wasn't paying any attention to him. With another snarl he walked away. "What was his problem?" Gabriel muttered as he started to move again.

"I wish I knew, Snotlout is hard to understand at times."

"You sure about that from what I can tell he looks as dumb as he smells." I smile at the comment knowing that it was true.

"Snotlout has always been difficult we used to get along when we were little, but then after—after my mom died things changed and Snotlout just started picking on me, but for some reason our fights have just been getting worse."

"Doesn't change that fact that he's missing a screw," I laugh again.

"He's missing more than one screw." He turned his head to show me a small smirk and I smiled back happy that someone seemed to be on my side even if it was a stranger.

Finally we made it to the forger only to hear screaming. "You stupid idiot." "You hypocritical old hag." Gabriel sighed coming to a stop right next to an entrance. I blinked as I started to hear growls and literally felt the electricity in the air "is this how they have been acting all day." I asked, leaning back to try and get away from the heated conversation. "I thought the tension in the village was bad." Gabriel nodded and for a moment I pitied him for having to deal with an annoyed Gobber. "Are we going inside?" "Give it a minute." Sure

enough a few seconds later a couple of axe came flying out the door. "You crazy hag" shouted Gobber.

Gabriel sighed again "Captain." There was a pause "You better have good news for me Gabriel." Was the growl that answered. He walked into the room and what I saw took a while to process. Gobber was on the floor his peg leg cut, a piece of it in Auntie Helga's hand and an axe in another. Gobber was trying to get up, but due to his uneven peg leg all he could do was stumble while he tried to raise his hammer prosthetic in a threatening matter.

"Gobber" I shouted jumping off of Gabriel's back to help him up.

"Everything all right here captain." Auntie dropped Gobber's peg leg while trying to hide her axe behind her.

"Gobber are you alright?" I asked leaning down to try and lift him up. He swung his arm around my shoulder and together we struggled to help Gobber up and limp towards a chair.

"I'm alright lass, it's going to take more than an old hag to keep me down." I watched as Auntie's eyes narrowed and the axe lift a little bit out of hiding. I stood a little closer to Gobber my hand on his shoulder still. Auntie just turned her head as Gabriel grabbed the axe from Auntie's hand.

"What were you two arguing about that would cause you chop off Gobber's peg leg." I couldn't help, but keep the attitude from my voice when we got to the chopping part. I watched as Auntie seemed to cringe at my tone and couldn't help, but think how awkward this is. 'The first conversation we have together and it's an argument great such a fitting startâ€¦' I walked towards a bottom cabinet that held different prosthetics for Gobber. I moved some of the prosthetics around searching for an extra leg. When I finally found the leg I closed the drawers and walked back to Gobber who was now having a staring contest with my Auntie. I turned to look at Gabriel, he shrugged as spun the axe he had confiscated from Auntie in his hands. I walked over and gave Gobber his peg leg. "Thank you lass." I nodded my head.

"So does anyone want to tell me why you two were fighting?"

"It was nothing lass your aunt just believes that you should stay home and-"

"She needs to rest Gobber" Auntie shouted her hands tightening into a fist.

"She doesn't need to rest, the lass is fine enough to do some light pounding over thee fire"

Soon both of them were glaring at each other again. "Umm if I could get a word in." They ignored me for an intense stare down. "If I could-" still staring "if we could just talk-" snarls now appearing. I grounded my teeth "HEY-" "WHAT" They both shouted snapping at me.

There was an awkward moment in the room after Auntie and Gobber both realized they had just yelled at me. "If I could get a word in about

what I can and can't do I would appreciate it greatly." Well now that I had every body's attention is on me, I had no idea what I wanted to say. 'Well that's not exactly true its not like I can say well I want to work on a prosthetic wing for a dangerous dragon that I'm not suppose to care for, or its not like I can say well I want to pick some blood berries for the Nightmare and Nadder that got hurt.' I took a deep breath, and said, "actually I don't know what I want to do, but I don't mind helping around here." Gobber laughed as Auntie seemed to be pouting.

"Alright than lass it's settled you will help me around the shop" Gobber said finally standing up.

"Well than I'll stick around and help to" announced Auntie, crossing her arms.

"Now come on Helga you can't be that paranoid can you." Asked Gobber placing coals over the pit.

"She was under your care while I was gone and I come back to her being attacked by three dragons." Auntie's voice was starting to get dangerously low.

"She was learning how to stand on her own two feet" I could see the Gobber's right eye twitching in irritation.

"No she was learning how to get herself killed." Gobber turned around as if to say something.

"Uhhh can we just start working I mean the village seems eager to get those doors finished for the dragon arena." I say cutting in before another argument starts.

"Sure Halla Gabriel you help to."

"Wait whatâ€|why am I being punished I'm the one that found her." Auntie just glared at him and it seemed to be enough to shut Gabriel up.

And that's how it was until sunset. Gobber and Auntie would start to argue and I would try to calm it down while Gabriel kept on working only pausing at times to shake his head and sigh. 'And here I thought he was going to be the most immature of the groupâ€|guess I was wrong who would have thought.' Most of the times they would start to argue when Auntie would notice me slouching, gasping for breath as quietly as I could in my corner, or wrapping my arm around my stomach. She would say I needed to rest and go home and Gobber would tell her to stop babying me. In this case I was glad that Gobber wasn't treating me like a baby, but I wasn't going to lie my side was killing me.

"Gobber that's enough the girl needs a breakâ€|hell we all do," shouted Auntie as she finished pounding the last bolt for one of the dragon's door.

"For once Helga I agree." He said as he wiped the sweat from his brow. "What about you Halla?"

"I could eat," I said, already placing my apron away.

"Great than lets get going," said Gabriel giving a grin. I tilted my head for a moment a second really Gabriel's smile reminded me of Toothless' grin.

"You all right there dragon slayer" he asks shaking me lightly. I scowl at him, for some reason dragon slayer just didn't sound as applying as it once did. If anything it irritated me.

"Stop touching me" I growled, not only was I sore, but his words stung for some reason.

"Calm down little dragon slayer you have me to protect you." My teeth clenched, until a smile broke out on my face.

"Oh thank you great Gabriel what would I do with out you there to protect me" I leaned in closer my hands clasped together in front of me "but the real question is how are you going to protect me if you can't even stand."

Gabriel looked at my funny "what are you tal-" crash he fell over the small pile of hammers that Vikings have been placing near the door to get fixed. Gabriel didn't seem to notice that the closer I got to him the further he moved back glancing at me and my Auntie behind me. I watched as he picked himself off, a scowl on his face as Auntie and Gobber just laugh. Soon though Gabriel's scowl becomes a smirk and he shakes his head. He turned to me and smiles a coy smile "you have no idea what you just started little girl." I smirk and mouth the words "bring it."

Auntie comes up to me and places her hand on my uninjured shoulder "now I know we're related" I give her a shy smile not completely comfortable with her so close. 'But she is my aunt so there nothing wrong with her being this close but than again she wasn't around so its not like I owe her anything but its not her fault she left well not really I should probably hear her story before I pass any judgment I wonder'

"Aunite I was wondering I was wondering if you would...umm." 'damn it what am I trying to say here I sound like a bubbling idiot.'

"What is it Halla?" She asked concern filling her voice, her grip getting a little tighter.

"I was wondering if you wouldn't mind picking some blood berries with me you know to help me feel better."

Auntie was silent for a while; she actually looked a little scared. That's when I started to panic was this a bad idea. Well of course this was a bad idea I'm inviting my aunt that Vikings in the village already have a problem with help me pick berries that I plan to give to dragons. 'Yup nothing could go wrong' I thought and just as I opened my mouth to take back my invitation her faced soften and she brought me a little closer "How about after we get something to eat first?"

I nodded and we all headed to the dining hall to try and enjoy a nice if not somewhat uncomfortable dinner.

35. Dinner

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

As we all walked to dinner I noticed that the stares haven't decreased in the slightest, but Gobber and Auntie seemed to busy arguing over something to notice. Gobber is practically red from shouting and Auntie is standing on her tiptoes as she shouts over Gobber.

Gabriel was walking beside me again, and just like last time he was calm and collected not paying attention to any of the stares, but rather on his captain.

"Gabriel" I asked, trying to grab his attentionâ€|nothing.

"Gabriel"â€|staring straight ahead

I scowled and without hesitation I stuck my leg out in front of him. To my surprise he jumped over my leg with a little hop. "Don't' bug me I'm plotting my revenge." He says in a monotone voice, a small quirk of his lip. "Don't think to hard over there you may just injure yourself." I said, with a humph crossing my arms. He only chuckled, "I was only teasing Girlie what do you need."

I scowled again "why can't you just say my name instead of coming up with these stupid nicknames."

"What you didn't like dragon slayer so I gave you a new oneâ€|gosh touchÃ©."

"I am not"

"Are to"

"Am not"

"Are to"

"Am not"

"Are to"

"AM No-oh god"

Gabriel blinked confused by the oh god in my statement. Hell it even broke me out of shock and all I could do was laugh when I finally noticed.

We hadn't realized that during our are to am not we had stopped walking and now shouting in each other's faces. Gabriel face was not that red, but getting there while I was standing on my tiptoes to get more height.

"What?" he asked, still not moving from my face.

I was a bit distracted with him being this close, but I focused on what I was going to say "Its contagious" I said, smiling as I turn my face towards Gobber and Auntie who were arguing by the door.

"Looks like it is" he says before giving off a low chuckle. "Come on lets go eat" I nodded and we walked to Auntie and Gobber pushing them through the door.

After getting some food and finding a table more off to the side and away from other Vikings of the dining hall I was so happy to finally sit down I couldn't hold back my relieved sigh.

"See Gobber you worked the girl to exhaustion she can't even eat." Gobber was too busy eating to get in a proper reply so I stepped in before things got too heated. "No its fine, I would just rather wait to eat the blood berries is all."

"Are you sure you don't want to wait Halla you seem tired."

I shook my head "I'm alright reallyâ€|you shouldn't worry about me so much."

Auntie gave off a sad smile "If I don't than who willâ€|if anything I should have worried about you more maybe than..." I wondered if that was what I looked like when I was sad and smiling. 'No wonder Toothless and Gobber didn't like my sad smileâ€|it's depressing' I thought as I turned to grab Auntie's hand. "You here now and that's all that matters." What surprised me was the truth in my words. It didn't matter that Auntie left whether by her own will or because of Stoic, she was here trying to take care of me now. She cares and that's what matters.

Auntie smiled a real smile and patted my head. "So how has life on Berk been since I have been gone." She says going back to her food.

"It's been well hardâ€|but than again what on Berk isn't." That got a laugh from the entire table.

"I must say I was surprised to hear that your father let you into dragon trainingâ€|I would have thought he would have locked you in a tower somewhere far from trouble."

"I'm sure he would have tried had Gobber not been here for me."

"Well have you found your weapon of choice yet? I prefer the sword rather than a traditional battle axe."

"I heard Gobber told me you were amazing"

"Were hmm Halla I'm still as tough as I was when I was your age if anything experience has made me even deadlier, but back to my question."

"I haven't really been good with weapons dad gave me a battle axe but that went horrible, usually I just stick with a shield."

"Hmm" Aunite placed her drink on the table and looked me over. She raised her hands and felt around my shoulder blade before shaking her head.

"What is it?"

"I was wondering if you would be good at a bow and arrow like your mother, but you shoulder mussels are to weak to pull the string back for a good shot."

"Oh" I said, looking down I wasn't going to lie I had always wanted to learn to handle a bow an arrow. I always kind of hoped that maybe I had been gifted with mom archery ability. In a way I had hoped that it could bring me closer to the memory of her.

Auntie must have noticed my look and quickly jumped in to apologize "I didn't mean to say that is you could-"

"Its alright I see the archers around the island I just don't have the body type for it." 'But than again I'm a talking fish bone in a land of Vikings my body doesn't fit on this island period.'

Auntie heck everybody must have seen where my thoughts were going and an uncomfortable silence fell on the table. 'Great now I made this awkward.'

"Besides archery seems to be Gabriel's thing I wouldn't want to make him feel bad."

Gabriel chuckled lifting his cup "You wish you could shot like me" he said before drinking. 'Truth is I do.' I thought, lifting up my own cup.

"Tomorrow if your up for it I want you to try a certain weapon they are very popular in certain places, I think they would be good for you." Auntie wasn't looking at me anymore probably afraid that she would cause more discomfort.

"What is it?" I asked truly curious on what type of weapon could possibly be good for me.

Auntie turned to look at me and smiled. "It's a surprise."

After that the conversation was focused on Auntie and Gabriel's travels. They talked about the rest of the crew that I haven't meet or seen yet, the places and people they have seen, and through out it

all I couldn't help, but think if that could have been my life if Auntie did take me away from Berk. Gobber would always interrupt the story with one of his own, or make a comment here or there that would get Auntie all riled up and start another argument. But All in all the dinner was nice. It was nice to have people to talk to, to sit with you and not out of pity or status. For a moment I wished Toothless was here to enjoy this moment with me.

After a few more words of banter dinner was over. Gabriel went back to the boat at Auntie's orders and Gobber went home.

"Looks like its just you and me Halla, are you sure you want to go berry hunting now its pretty late."

I nodded "We can grab a lantern when we grab the basket."

Auntie didn't ask why I wanted the berries so bad, or why it couldn't wait until tomorrow. She just nodded her head and together we walked to my house to pick up the baskets and lanterns need for tonight.

'I probably wont have time to visit the dragons tonight, so I'll just pick the berries come back to the house and get some fish for Toothless, most likely spend the night.' I felt kind of bad dragon training may have been canceled, but I haven't spent a lot of time with Toothless.

'That will changeâ€¦just wait a little longer Toothless and I'll get you in the sky before you know it.'

36. Another Promise

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story**

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

By the time we had left my house it was already dark, but the lanterns made it easier. We hadn't really talked much since we left the dining hall and I couldn't help, but think that this may have been a bad idea. Auntie was walking ahead of me carrying the lantern and the baskets.

"Uhh auntie where are you going?" I asked, finally noticing that we were going the long way to the berries. The way that just so happens

to be by Toothless' cove. Now I started to panic.

"To the blood berries" she said, still walking.

"I got that, but why are you going that way." I tried my best to keep the panic out of my voice, and not think of what could happen if I don't stop Auntie.

She stopped and turned to look at me one of her eyebrow raised in question. "This is the way your mother and I went."

"That ways longerâ€¦it also rougherâ€¦it uhâ€¦hasâ€¦ROOTS" I shout finally thinking of a good excuse. I watched as Auntie raised both her eyebrow from my exclamation. "Uhh what I mean to say isâ€¦that uh that way has a look more roots. In the day time I trip over them all the time, I don't want to think of how badly I could hurt myself at night when I can't see that well. I don't think my side would be able to take me falling on it."

Just like I thought Auntie face shows understanding and she quickly turned away from the path. I sighed relieved that my lie had work 'than again the only ones I can't see to lie to is Gobber and Toothless' I thought, pushing away the small puddle of guilt that was forming in my stomach.

"Halla" I lifted my head to see that Auntie had stopped and turned her head just enough so that she can see me over her shoulder. "You should know that you mother was a terrible liar to." With that said she kept walking.

And the guilt puddle just grew. I sighed 'Great another person that can see through my liesâ€¦great. The times that I need to lie is when people are starting to see through them fantastic.'

We were silent as we walked..."ahh" well that was until I tripped over something.

I look down it was a small root barley peaking out of the earth. 'This is payback' I thought, tightening myself into a ball as pain shot into my side.

"Halla" Auntie exclaimed running over to me. "I'm okayâ€¦justâ€¦got the wind knocked out of me." I said, trying to breath in through my nose and out my mouth arm wrapped around my side. The next thing I knew auntie was kneeling in front of me her back facing me.

"Auntie"

"Get onâ€¦I don't want you to get hurt anymore." I would have argued, but there was an edge in her voice that made me feel compelled to listen to her, but this was my chance to make a stand for myself. I wanted Auntieâ€¦hell everybody to know that I don't want to stand behind my people, Stoic, Gobber anybody really, I don't want to be protected, instead I want to stand beside my people I want to fight with them for them.

So I stood up taking a sharp intake of breath and walked in front of Auntie. She was still kneeling down so I extended my hand "I'm okayâ€¦reallyâ€¦Auntie you don't have to try so hard and you don't

have to feel guilty about anything. I'm happy maybe not all the time, but than again who is we're Vikingsâ€|well sort of" My voice was soft a small smile on my face.

My life is difficult, but it's my life. I have nightmares, but I also have people that care for me. Gobber has been there for me like a father should be, he gave me blacksmithing, he let me create my inventions criticizing me, but never to hurt me, he was there when I needed him. Even Stoic some what cares for me sure he's disappointed in me, hates my interference and invention, and sure he would rather be a chief than a father, butâ€|I lost my train of thought thereâ€|damn it.

But if I didn't have a different life than I would be like every other Viking and I would have killed Toothless 'uhhh just the thought that I could have killed Toothless is nauseating' I thought, my stomach literally turning at the thought.

"You okay there Halla"

"Fineâ€|just fineâ€|I just" I shook my head "its nothing really."

"Okay well we're almost there do you think you can hang in there"

"I'll be fine, don't worry"

It was only a little while longer until we finally reached the berries.

"Why don't you sit down and I'll pick the berries," she said, walking towards the push. As she kneeled down I picked one of the baskets at sat opposite of her so our backs were face to face.

"Its fine I have enough left in me to do this."

So with that said we started picking berries. Surprisingly I wasn't cut as badly as the first time, which I was thankful for seeing as how, my hands were just starting to heal right. 'I get one minor injury only to be replaced with bigger ones great let's hope it's not a pattern' I thought, picking more berries.

"Halla"

"Hmmm" I said, a little worried about what she may have to say.

"How do you feel about me being here at Berk, about me leaving you and just all of a sudden coming back?"

"Auntie do you want to know the truth or do you want me to sugar coat it"

Neither of us turned to face each other both of us choosing to work on berry picking than face each other "Why would I ask you for anything, but the truth"

"Because its easier to hearâ€|everybody here on Berk seems to like it when I saw what they wantâ€|Dad likes it better when I say what he wants to hear"

Auntie snorted "That's because that man doesn't understand how to be anything other than a Vikingâ€|something I warned your mother about, but she assured me that he loved youâ€|"Auntie was ranting now the rustling of the bush she was picking was louder.

"I don't know if he loves meâ€|I mean he always looks at me with disappointment and shame, and for a while he couldn't even look at me let alone share the same house with meâ€|but this conversation isn't about Stoic its about you and me."

"Your right this isn't about your idiot fatherâ€|so please answer my question truthfully."

"Honestly I had forgotten you." The rustling stopped and for a moment I could have sworn that her breathing stopped, but I continued because I wasn't done. "I forgot a lot of thing from when I was little. I just recently started to remember you. One day I was looking for new clothes because I had been trying to start rock climbing again and found it difficult in the dress I was wearing. So I went looking for mom old clothes, I found them and some other stuff. One being a box of your journals that you sent me, and your presents. I started reading them and than slowly started to remember you, but things re still a bit fuzzy."

There was a silence that hung in the air, but I wasn't done and I could feel Auntie's eyes on my back, but it was easier to talk to her when I wasn't facing her 'I haven't gotten that courageous yet.'

"I can't remember if I was upset when you left, I want to say that I was. That I felt like someone else had left me behind, I want to say that I felt like I lost more than just my mom during that raid. I know that when I found your stuff I was hurt that I forgot about you, hurt and confused that you left, anger at Stoic and Gobber for keeping you a secret. As for you being backâ€| " This time I paused and turned to look at my aunt.

"I'm happy." Everything I said was true and the smile that was on my face was real, it felt nice.

Auntie just started at me for a moment her eyes starting to gloss over and before I knew it I was glopped into a tight hug.

"I'm sorry Hallaâ€|I'm so sorry I just wanted to keep you safe. I wanted to take you away from here to keep the last thing I cared about safe from dragons, Vikings or Stoic for that matter. I didn't mean to be gone so long, but I...I wasâ€|I was afraid."

'Afraid Vikings aren't afraid they have issuesâ€|they live for facing enemies and battles. Auntie was suppose to be one of the best Vikings so why would she be afraid of me?'

"What were you afraid of" I asked, hugging her back ignoring the pressure she was putting on my shoulder.

"Have you ever loved some one so much that you were afraid that one day they would hate you. You give them every reason to be upset with you to be angry with you and you're just scared that they will hate you to the point that they won't forgive you. I left youâ€|I left you probably when you needed family the most and I lied, I promised that

I would be back soon and instead I'm gone for yearsâ€¦I gave you a reason to be angry with me and that's what I was afraid ofâ€¦" she took a deep breath pulling away. "Traveling around the world I learned one thing. It's easier for people to hate one another than to try and understand one another."

"I think I understand and I forgive you for everything Auntie."

'She's afraid I would hate her just like I was afraid Toothless would hate me...how strangeâ€¦I wonder if it would be possible to tear the rift between Vikings and dragons so much has been lost on both sides, but who knows maybe it will be possibleâ€¦that is if Vikings can get over their stubbornness issues.'

"You're here now Auntie and that's all that matters"

Auntie smiled and brought her forehead to mine. "I promise baby girl this time I'm not going anywhere."

"What about my dad?"

"Let him try to stop meâ€¦I promise you I'm not going anywhere without you at least." I smiled and bowed my head into her forehead, part of me hoping she keeps her promise.

37. Uninvited Guest

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****thought '... '****

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****Since a lot of people wanted a Toothless chapter here it is.****

*** * ***

><p>Toothless point of view:<p>

It was late at night when I started to hear the uneven shuffling of Halla's footsteps. I lifted myself from my little cove and walked over to the ledge where Halla usually climbed down.

It wasn't long until I saw a small speck of light appearing at the opening of the cove. "I'm sorry I took so long Toothless I just had to do some family stuff, but guess what I found a old invention of mine this should help with the fish for a while." I couldn't exactly see the invention of hers, but I could see two baskets of fish on in. I watched as she placed the small speck of light on the ground and

worked on tying rope around the basket. She tied the rope around the basket and then walked over to the stonewall, where she started to pound something into the wall, it smelled metallic. After a while she started to tie the rope around device in the wall and after a moment of nodding at her work she pushed the basket of fish over the edge.

I rushed to wall trying to stop the fish from spilling only to be stop in my tracks when the basket did not fall. "It works Toothless it actually works." Without understanding I watched with curious eyes as the basket slowly descend down. She released the rope for the device on wall and attached a new rope around the fish basket and device. Slowly descending it down to the cove.

Without much difficulty she picked up the small speck of light and slid down the rope that was attached to the fish and with wobbly legs landed on top of the two stacks of fish. "Toothless it actually worked can you believe iiiittt-" with that said she toppled over the basket of fish the basket falling with her and her landing on a pile of fish. I cracked a smile and gave my own impression of laughter, until I noticed that Halla wasn't moving. I cautiously walked over to her, she still wasn't moving. I pressed my nose to her head she didn't move, I made a coo noise and nothing. I was starting to panic. "RAWR" she snapped leaping up, bending her fingers like claws.

I jumped back startled at the sudden leap and then growled at her huffing that the girl actually had me worried about her. My eyes narrowed and I turned my head away from her to show that I was not amused.

"Ah come on Toothless don't be like that! I'm actually feeling a lot better. Auntie took me to get some blood berries and I took some with some medicine from the village healer and I feel a lot better well at least for now." I still didn't turn to face her even though I can hear her shifting her way to me. "Ahh come on Toothless I was only playing please don't be mad." I huffed and turned so that my back was to her.

"Toothless please" I opened my eyes to see that she was standing beside me her hand hesitantly reaching for my wing. I let her touch it to show that I forgive her. Then she stood in front of me "Sorry Toothless I didn't mean to scare you, but that's what you get for laughing at my clumsiness." I made a hmmm noise that she seemed to laugh at.

"Sorry to be so late but I brought extra fish, I found an old invention that I made to move heavy crates and another that I invented to help make pulling pails from wells. I thought I could make a system where if you crank the device then you can make the pails travel all through the village of Berk you know to help with fires! but my dad didn't like any of my ideas so I forgot about them, but I guess they came in handy after all" She looked at me with her crooked smile and I gave her my own smile walking over to the fish.

"Oh and Toothless I got a lot of blood berries so I brought you some just in case you had any left over kinks in you" She said, walking over to the first basket of fish and taking out a jar of blood berries.

She started to walk closer to me and I crouched down. "Toothless what are you doing you like blood berries." I do I really do, but I was left alone all day I'm playful. So as she took a step forward I ducked to the left running to the edge of the cove. "Ahh come on Toothless." 'Nope' I thought ducking to the left running through the shallow water of the pond dodging her tempt to grab me.

Are little chase lasted for a while until Halla dramatically fell to the ground and raised her arm in surrender "Alright Toothless you got me. You win." I walked over to her and cooed above her "yah yah you won are you happy now." I cooed again as she slowly stood up. "Odin Toothless you sure are a handful" she says going to pet my head. I accept the pet and don't move away when she starts to move her finger under to behind my ears I lifted myself up a bit, but when she used her other hand to scratch under me chin. I don't know what she did, but where she scratched was just so nice that I fell to the floor enjoying the sensation that seemed to relax my muscles all over.

"Ah ha I found your weaknessâ€|not so tough now are you" I could hear Halla say from above me, but I didn't care the sensation was nice. It was like something just relaxed my entire body and a warmth was spreading down my spine. I sighed in content as I heard Halla kneel down beside me to continue scratching my ear. After a while she paused leaving the blood berries on the ground and got up to get two fish. She came back and placed the fish in parallel lines undoing the lid of the jar of blood berries and poured them between the two fish.

"Come on you need to eat something, you couldn't have caught that many fish in the pond." She states nudging me I coo the effects of the scratch started to fade.

After eating the fish and the blood berries I lifted myself up off the ground and went to the pile of fish that spilled over. As I ate Halla was messing with her speck of light. When I was done I walked over to her laying down and moving my wing hoping that she would understand what I meant.

I wasn't disappointed when she stopped fiddling with her speck of light and came over to lie next to me, placing her speck of light in between us. I had no problem seeing her in the dark, but humans weren't as blessed as dragons to have night vision.

"Toothless" she said snuggling into my side

I cooed showing that she had my attention. "I might not be able to stop by tomorrow." I turned my head to look at her, as her voice seemed to drop to a lower tone. "You see I'm going to do something stupid again. I've been turning the idea over and over in my head and as stupid as it is it's the right thing to do. So I will try to make it back tomorrow night, but I make no promises."

I looked at her with worried eyes, the last time she did something stupid it nearly got her killed, just what in the world could she possibly be thinking of doing now. I cooed as I touched the side of her head with my nose. "Relax Toothless its stupid and only slightly dangerousâ€|but if everything goes right we shouldn't have anything to worry aboutâ€|maybe."

I still cooed knowing that the pit in my stomach was not going away any time soon. I thought of all the stupid things that this child could get into, my stomach tightened. "Don't worry Toothless I'll be careful" I glared at her, receiving a weak chuckle out of her "alright alright once I'm done no matter what I will come straight here are you happy." I hmphted at her not happy with her whatever she was going to do, but I knew that I couldn't stop her its not like I can get out of this hole.

'Damn my claws for not being that sharp.' I thought cursing all the dragons that are able to climb. She started scratching me again as if that will be enough to put my nerves at rest.

"Sorry Toothless, but I'm tired do you think we can go to sleep."

I looked at her and could see actually start to drift off. 'Maybe I shouldn't have pushed her to hard.' I thought thinking back to all the running we did in our chase. I wrapped my tail around her and curling around her placing my head close to her lap. She scratched me again "Thank you Toothless." She said, snuggling close to me.

I stayed like that for a moment until I was sure that Halla was asleep, until I lifted up my head the rest of me still curled around her. 'Just what in the world are you thinking of doing Halla.' I thought, knowing that I wasn't going to get any sleep tonight.

I watched over Halla the rest of the night and when she shivered I draped my wing over her allowing her to use it like a blanket. She snuggled and mumbled something that I couldn't make out. I ruffled her head with my noise, trying to think positively for whatever is going to happen tomorrow.

I was brought out of my thoughts when I heard something moving up above. My eyes narrowed as the steps got closer and voices were starting to be talk to each other. I leaned closer to the ground tightening my wing around Halla more. The voices now speaking loud enough for me to hear them. With a flick of my tail I throw the speak of light into the pond destroying any light in the cove.

"We need to find Halla" the voice sounded like a females voice. I lifted my head a little at the mention of Halla.

"No you don't you need to trust the girl and let her grow" said a man's voice. There was a sharp stomp like a turn.

"Aren't you worried about her?" you are suppose to be looking after her?" Shouted the female. The voice was worried and if not a little hostile.

"Don't get a tone with me Helga" I've watched that girl here whole life when ye left and when Stoic became distant. I have always been there for that lass and I trust her to do what right. If the lass wants to disappear in the forest than let her."

"She's a child Gobber she needs-"

'Gobber that name" the name sounds familiar" Halla mentioned a Gobber" didn't she.' I tired to think back, but was distracted when the voices started speaking again.

"She needs to stand on her ownâ€¦Stoic has babied the lass her whole life and look at her she can't carry a weapon, she can't defend herself, and she can't stand up for herself. Everyone criticizes her for not being a Viking when no one raised her to be one. But now that she has a chance to grow she has changed you don't see it, but I do the lass is growing and I won't let you come in and start crippling her."

"Gobber I can't lose her again" The distress in the females voice it struck something in my heart. The sadness was raw, and it rang in the forest leaving an unsettling silence.

"Helga if ye push to hard you will lose her one way or anther. The lass is willing to forgive you and accept you for you. Why can't ye do the same?"

"Because I let my sister do what she wanted and lookâ€¦look what happened." Her voice was escalating, as was her emotion. I felt something shift and tightened my wing around Halla not completely sure if she should hear this or not.

"To afraid to let go" a chuckle "ye and Stoic may have more in common than ye think. The lass wants ye there with her, when she needs us she will come to us."

"Aren't you scared of losing her Gobber." The voice was hush followed by unusual was a silent pause, and I tilted my head up to hear better making sure my hold on Halla didn't loosen.

"I amâ€¦more than ye know, but I also want Halla to be happy. Trust her Helga Halla is different, but she isn't useless." There was a pause and more a moment I felt that I would like this human named Gobber.

"Alrightâ€¦I will tryâ€¦but lets get something straight Gobber I will do whatever it takes to protect Halla even if she doesn't like it."

There was what I like a sigh "Than I'll just have to try and stop ye."

There was a pause and I can only assume that a certain understanding was made between the pair because soon after I could hear retreating footsteps. 'It would seem that my cove may or may not be safe any more. Vikings are heading to deep into the forest for my comfort. Although I doubt there will be many more following Halla' I looked down at the still sleeping girl 'It seems you are more loved than you know' I thought loosening my wing a bit. She stirred, but made no indication of waking up any time soon.

'Don't worry Halla I'll be here to protect you from all of them if need be.' I thought, scanning the area and listening for any more uninvited guest.

38. The Crew

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* * *

><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

When I woke up it was still early morning far to early in my opinion. I struggled to fight off sleeping knowing that I would have to get home soon, but as I moved to get up I felt something twitch. I looked up and notice that something large warm and leathery was in front of me. I felt Toothless retract his wing allowing me to stand up. 'Huh the sun why does it have to be so bright' I thought rubbing my eyes before a rush of cold wind past by me 'no wonder I was so warm' I thought, stretching my arms over my head.

"Morning Toothlessâ€|did you sleep well. " Toothless humphed at me and as I looked into its eyes I knew that Toothless didn't sleep at all. I started to feel guilty

"Sorry Toothless I shouldn't have told you anything and made you worry." Toothless growled at me unwrapping himself from me so that he can sit in front of me glaring down at me.

"Uhhâ€|" His eyes narrowed as if daring me to challenge him, challenge him on what I don't know.

I sighed "Fine I won't keep anything that may or may not worry you from youâ€|are you happy" He lifted himself up his eyes returning to normal as he took to just watching me. "But you have to promise to not lose sleep over it than." This time Toothless just got up and walked away from me "Hey don't walk away from me you overgrown lizard." Toothless halted, turning around very slowly and started to crouch down.

"No Toothless it is to early to playâ€|no TOOTHLESS,"I screamed running away as Toothless leapt at me. Soon we were playing another game of cat and mouse. I slid to my left barely dodging a cat leap from Toothless. Toothless leapt after me, but he was to close to the pond so rather than running away I leapt at his back and pushed us both into the pond.

Toothless let out a surprise roar and I just held on the impact only causing a sharp pain in my shoulder which was soon numbed by the cold water. Soon we were both came up to the surface Toothless was giving me a playful glare. I could only scratch the back of my neck and laugh sheepishly.

It took awhile, but after calming Toothless down both from his worry and his playfulness I was finally able to start my way back to the

village. It took awhile, but it was easier due to the fact that I didn't hurt as much as the other day and I didn't have to haul anything back with me, although I was starting to get cold.

I finally reached my house only to find Auntie and Gabriel inside. Gabriel sitting on the stairs and Auntie sitting by the fire where Stoic usually sits, I paused for a second trying to think of an excuse as to why I was out and about so early, and wet. Auntie only looked at me, her lips pursed together, but rather than asking why I was wet of where I was she said "There are a pair of clean, warm clothes upstairs for you." I nodded and not questioning my aunt's lack of question ran upstairs to my room.

On my bed were a green shirt that wasn't silk, but something warmer although it wasn't wool either. It had a v-neck line and buttons in the front. The shirt was long going to mid thigh. The pants were somewhat tight light shade of brown and a new pair of boots that were covered in a fur that I had never felt before. The shirt was to long and I didn't want to cut it so I placed my belt over the shirt and pants trying to keep the martial from flying around. Although my vest was wet auntie had another vest there waiting for me. It wasn't fur, but a think type of hide.

When I was done I walked down the stairs Gabriel in my way making no attempt to move so I nudged him. Nothing. So I kicked him, which got his attention seeing as how me caught my foot. He looked at me the playful smirk on his face. Before pulling my leg. We glared for a moment before Auntie asked me to come sit with her. Gabriel let go of my foot and I hesitantly walked over to her still trying to come up with a good lie. She had me sit down beside her.

"How's your shoulder and side."

"Good the medicine you gave me last night really helpedâ€¦I'm starting to feel a dull ache when I move to much."

"hmmm, but you were fine with the medicine."

"Yes" I asked wondering why she was so intent on the medicine.

"Here" she says handing me something that looked jam. "I took some blood berries and added for medicine to itâ€¦it should help you."

I took the bowl the jam looked more watery than normal jam but I still ate it. It didn't taste that bad only a hint of medicine after taste was detectible.

It was silent as I ate and I was surprised, but glad that neither Gabriel nor Auntie were asking where I had been. After I was done eating Auntie told me to turn around in my chair. I did not really sure what she was going to do.

"This may hurt a bit but bare with me."

"What's gonna-ahhhh" a low shriek came out of me when Auntie grabbed my shoulder and started putting pressure on it.

"In one of my travels a man taught me how that pressure to certain injured area actually helped to heal the area. Although painful

effective." Auntie sounded very monotone as she placed TO MUCH pressure on my shoulder. I tried to keep my whines of pain and protest by biting my lip, but it hurt the medicine hadn't even kicked in yet.

"After this we will wait awhile for training" said Gabriel sitting on the stairs as if I wasn't in pain over here.

"traaaaahhhâ€|ining what do you ahhh mean"

"Since the dragons arena isn't done dragon training has been cancelled. The doors for the bumpy looking one, that two headed one, and the small pipsqueak one-

"your never goanna get the names right are you"

"Nope, but anyways as I was saying it turns out that the blue one has been acting up so they want the door reinforced and the red beat up one door is just getting finished. Although I doubt they have to worry about that one soon"

"What do you mean" I asked turning my head so I can somewhat see him.

"Heard some of the guards talking they said that the red one was to beat up to be considered a prize. They said it would be better if they just put it out of its misery and catch one that's more of a prize for your dragon training." Gabriel's tone held an ounce of disgust and a lot of judgment.

"Gabriel that's enough its not out place to inter-"

"I may not have to interfere, but I don't have to agree with it." That said he got up and exited the house slamming the door.

Auntie seemed to sigh as she paused in her painful massage.

"What's wrong with him?"

"He doesn't condone killing unless necessary. He has always been like that since the day I meet him"

"Auntie how did you meet Gabriel?" 'At least I know why we wouldn't kill the Nadder.'

"That's a long story Halla, one that doesn't need to be brought up." Auntie voices was laced with sorrow, so I didn't push the subject.

"If the arena needs to be done that shouldn't I be helping Gobber?"

"Gobber agreed to let you train with me today he said he worked you to much yesterday."

I looked at Auntie "You told him I wasn't going to go didn't you"

"I think its better for you to find a weapon to train you with than fixing the arena." Auntie said giving one last good rub before patting my shoulder lightly and standing up. "Besides I thought you

would like to meet more of my crew."

I was interested in Auntie's crew and I do really want to know what kind of weapon I could actually use. So I nodded and followed Auntie outside.

Outside were three other man plus Gabriel and two girls standing next to a table full of weapons. "Halla I would like you to meet some of my crew, the rest are on the boat they don't exactly trust people very much." I nodded my head wondering if it was the Vikings that didn't trust Auntie or Auntie didn't trust the Vikings.

The two females came up to me first.

One was a red head with pale skin with pale green eyes. Her hair was in a high ponytail a type of metal sticks sticking out of it, she had normal bangs, and she was tall and thin like me. She was wearing a loose blouse that fell off her shoulder with some type of leather corset; she had brown pants and boots a necklace with a red stone hanging around her neck. She had a happy smile on her face she was practically smiling from ear to ear. She looked around the same age as Gabriel maybe a little older.

The other woman had slanted eyes and her hair was longer falling past her waist and in a low tight ponytail. She wore a white blouse or was it more like a coat. It covered her arms parting at the waist only to be slip open to the back of her knee. She had a red type of bonding around her stomach. The sleeves were flow as well engulfing her arms. She wore blue pants with some brown boots. She had dark eyes that seemed almost black her facial structure serious. I felt like I was being under observation.

"This is Claudia " Auntie said point to the red head "one of the best navigators I had ever seen also pretty good with hand to hand combat" Auntie gestured to the other women "and this is Lian best knife thrower" actually one of the best weapon handler in her country and probably in the world."

Lian just seemed to roll her eyes at Auntie's introduction, as Claudia just seemed to giggle. The next thing I knew Claudia was grabbing her arm, luckily the uninjured one.

"Come you have to meet my twin brother" she said, her voice sounding odd without a rough tone like most Vikings have. Before I knew it she had dragged me in front of a boy "man really" I thought, looking him up and down. The man had red hair just like his sister and the same pale eyes or rather eye seeing as how one had an eye patch covering it. He was taller than Gabriel, but still shorter than Stoic. His arms were defined especially with his short sleeve dark red shirt. He wore brown pants tucked into brown boots. His face was expressionless, but his eyes were serious. He had his arms at his side and made no step to try and introduce himself.

"This is Claudius my brother" I know similar names and all, our parents weren't that creative, " said Claudia smiling down at me. I gave an uncomfortable smile trying not to be rude.

"Claudius be nice and say hi" the man still did not move. Which really was starting to creep me out.

"Oh well let's introduce you to some other people." Claudia exclaimed walking to the two other man by the table.

One had brown color skin and the other had black. "This is Quauhtli" she says pointing to the brown skinned one. He was short kind of the same size of Gabriel, but you could tell her was a lot older. He had tattoos on his arms and hands. One peaking out of his grey button down shirt it looked to be a tip of a wing. His hair was short and black hair, with dark brown eyes. A small scar on his left cheek.

"Quuuaa-whay" I said trying to not sound rude with my mispronunciation.

"Kwaw tlee" he says

"Kwaauuu til" I try again my cheeks flaming red when the others start to laugh.

"Its alright you can call me Eagle." The man had an unusual accent that made him hard to understand, but it drew your attention to him

"Eagle I can do that" I say trying not to go as red as a tomatoes right now.

"Its alright" said Claudia "not everyone can say his name, but this is Asad." She says pointing to the last man.

He had the darkest skin color I had ever seen and for here I could tell that he was covered in tattoos. Like Claudius he wore a short-sleeved shirt his blue instead of red. His eyes were a dark brown, but I could tell that he was nice kind even although he we probably the same intimidating height as Stoic. I nodded my head "hi," he nodded his head back and said nothing else running his hand on the blade on a knife.

"He doesn't talk much" says Claudia, I nodded my head understanding 'Toothless doesn't talk much either' I thought 'who knows maybe we can be friends'

"Alright now that you know everybody should we get started?" Auntie said, standing behind me, her hands set firmly on her hips and a happy grin on her face.

"Sure what are we doing?" I asked, wondering why we needed some many people just to help me train. 'Although it is me I will probably need this or more people to make me anywhere close to intimidating.'

"We are picking a weapon for you of course and depending on how well you do one of my crewmates is going to teach youâ€|you need to be prepared for when dragon training starts."

'Great more people that are trying to make me into a Viking when I no longer want to be one' I thought fiddling with the bottom of my shirt 'but I need to learn how to fight if I want to take down Scar Face and protect Toothless.' So I took a deep breath and said, "So where do we start?"

39. My weapon

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Halla point of view:<p>

Claudia seemed to be thrilled by statement not only because she was smiling harder or jumping up and down clapping her hands oh no those weren't any indication that I had answered correctly.

"Although hand to hand combat won't help you against dragons it can still come in handy so it's already decided that Claudius and I will help " she said, her voice getting louder as if to make sure her brother heard her. I looked past Claudia to see that her brother did not look amused if anything his eyes just showed annoyance while his face was unchanging.

Lian stepped forward "however due to the pests" I could practically feel my left eye twitch when she called the dragons pest, but tried to ignore that statement "that you encounter in this area you should start weapon training right away." She was standing beside Claudia her gaze steady on me. It was unnerving, but not uncommon it was the same stare that Stoic had when I did something wrong.

Before I knew it Gabriel was weaving in between the two ladies and pushing me towards the table by pushing lightly on my lower back "Choose a weapon" he said, nudging me.

I looked at the table there were so many weapons. There were the typical Viking weapons the giant battle-axe, bola, swords, there was even a bow and arrow. Other weapons were stranger some looked like swords, but they were thinner than the typical swords or curved at a certain point in the blade. There were smaller knives there two ranging in sizes, some that even looked like long needles. There were even different types of spears; some of the tips either had a short metal point, while others seemed to be more than half spear point.

There were too many weapons to choose from. Some I remember from scanning Auntie's books, but others seemed completely foreign to me. Part of me wanted to go for the bow and arrow, but I knew that I wasn't going to be any good 'but still Gabriel could help me I could learn to shoot I mean mom' I gently laid my finger on the bow running my finger down the sanded wood 'mom was amazing, but I don't want to be mom.' I thought lifting my finger off the bow.

So I looked towards the swords. I knew a traditional Viking sword was too heavy for me to actually use effectively in battle, but there were different types of blades here that maybe I could handle one of them.

The blade were all unique, but the most interesting was the one that was wood. It was probably 3-4 inches wide and seemed more like a Viking wood sword except that all around the edges were covered in triangular black stone. I picked up the weapon, it wasn't that heavy almost the same weight as the hammer I swing when helping Gobber.

Eagle steps forward "that is a Maquahuitl, some say that with enough forces you can even cut the head off your opponent" he says lifting one of the larger one on the table. It took me a while to understand him, but when I processed his statement I looked at him oddly.

"How can this cut some ones head off I mean its wood and stone?" I asked skimming me finger over one of the sharp stones 'I mean there sharp, but enough to beheaded something' I had my doubts.

Eagle laughed "It is only a rumor I have done so damage with my own, but I never beheaded someone at least on in one swing." I deadpanned on his statement, which only caused him and Gabriel to start laughing.

"That's not funny" I snapped my face going red again.

Eagle just chuckled and motioned for me to come. I followed and he made a stop motion. "We will spar a little to see if this is your weapon."

"Spar, but I don't even know how to use this."

"That is the beauty of choosing a weapon you choose a weapon that is already made for you rather than completely molding yourself to one weapon" his statement some what confused me, but I think I knew where he was coming from.

He dropped into a fighting stance "widen your stance when preparing for an attack you want to make sure that you can hold your ground hold on to your weapon for its your only ally in battle." However before I could process everything he just said he was already charging at me. He let out his own battle cry that was different to any Viking battle cry I had ever heard. Although the weapon wasn't metal it was still intimidating. I watched as he shift his arm to swing at me, and brought up the weapon to block. Only to have it tossed out of my hand as if I hadn't been holding onto it for dear life.

The match was over quickly Eagle stopping just a inch from my neck. My weapon landing a few feet behind me. I stood there trying to think of how stupid I must have looked with my wide eyes and gaping mouth.

"I hate to say it chica, but you probably wont be able to use a close range weapon if your opponent is able to overpower you so easily." I could only stiffly nodded my head, trying to suppress the panic of being charged at when someone actually want to hurt me.

Eagle lowered his weapon and placed a hand on my shoulder "Its alright chica just choose a different weapon." He says guiding me back to the table.

I looked back at the swords for a moment wondering if I should even

risk using another type. 'Probably should try something different entirely' I thought moving towards the more spear like weapons. I doubt I could throw to actually hit anything, but it could help keep a dragon away with out actually hurting them. So I looked towards the three different spear type weapons that were leaning against the table. I picked the spear that seemed to have a simple blade at the end of it. The blade was probably about a foot long of the actual spear and although the weapon was taller than me it wasn't that heavy to hold.

"You selected a Kikuchi Yari it's a close range weapon know for its effectiveness in hacking it opponents" Lian explained taking a step closer, picking up a similar weapon to mine the end differing from a simple blade to a some what trident like weapon. "Although it, puts your opponent at a distance you also have to be carful when dealing with space."

"Lets begin shall we" she said taking the weapon and stepping a few feet from the table.

I followed standing in front of her like I did Eagle. The spear was probably a good foot taller than me, but I walked in front of Lian and got into a sloppy fighting stance. While I was trying to find my footing Lian charged. Before I knew it I was jumping to my left moving into a roll to avoid the dangerous swing of the yari. As I struggled to stand up and block Lains blade, I realized that close range probably wasn't best when dealing with dragons or in any case humans. I blocked my left trying to push toere away, she would just come back swinging. I watched as Lian brought her hands closer together and lifted her weapon trying to bring it down on my head. I lifted the yari up just in time for the blade to slam down on my staff. Suddenly the pressure lifted just a bit, however I wasn't prepared for the kick to the stomach or the quick leg sweep that followed. As I laid on my back trying to figure out what happened I felt the tip of the blade against my neck.

"You have decent reflexes to handle this type of weapons. However you are to slow, and don't think of your next move." Lain lowered her weapon and picked me up from my vest. "In a battle that involves something this close you better have the mentality to go in fighting." She says firmly picking up the yari and placing it back on the table.

I lifted my weapon and placed it back on the side of the table. I was getting a little discourages now. I mean I'm not very good with Viking weapons, but these weren't turning out to be any better. I sighed 'maybe a talking fishbone isn't suppose to handle a weapon' I thought scanning the rest of the weapons.

I scanned over the rest of the weapons when my eyes landed on these small blades, they weren't as big as dagger, and were pointes to the tip. The handle was small barely enough to grip it and at the end was a circle. They looked odd and were surprisingly light.

"Those are Kunai knives" said Lain, stepping forwards again. "They are meant to be thrown, but can in dire needs be used for close combat."

I tossed one up in the air watching the rotation as it landed on the table. "Can I try throwing one?" I asked lifting the fallen

knife.

Asad walked a few feet away and set up a few blocks of woods each at different distances. Asad stepped back and Lain took one of the knives. She threw it hitting the dead center of one of the further blocks that was probably twenty feet away.

"Watch the rotation, you can either throw from the point or the very end of the blade. Remember to follow throw with the motion, watching the amount of force you put it in.," says Lian stepping back. I took a deep breather flipping the blade around wondering where to throw it from.

I tried thinking of the rotation that it spin with the least amount of force straight up. 'So if I throw it with half the force I use to swing a hammer and get at least six rotation I should.' I was thinking of the force and angles I would need to get the target when I hear Lian whisper "Just throw don't think about it to much."

"Close your eyes and take a deep breath" I took a deep breath and closed my eyes "empty your mind of all calculation you may have just done remember the targets" Three at twenty feet, four at fifteen feet, and three close to ten feet . "Feel the blade in your hand, notice the weight and find out where it seems most comfortable." I started to turn the blade in my hand being careful that I didn't cut myself. 'I had already embarrassed myself enough today' I stopped at the tip of the blade. "Now one more breathe" I took one breath from the noise and out the mouth "Now open your eyes and THROW."

Without hesitation I threw and to my shock to every ones' shock I hit one of the twenty feet block. It was barley in just sticking in the corner, but I hit it.

"I hit it I actually hit it" I whispered, a smile creeping up my face.

"Looks like you could actually be a decent thrower" said Gabriel walking over to me.

"Well it seems like you found your weapon" said Auntie walking forward as well a smile on her face.

"Looks like you were right Helga she had potential" said Lian, although her words seemed to be a complement she didn't seem very happy.

"It looks like I was guess you have your work cut out for you after all" said Auntie placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Well we can start practice tomorrow lets get these weapons back to the ship" continued Auntie, walking towards the table, removing a bad that I hadn't seen before from under it.

Soon everyone was pulling sheath and cloth from the bag wrapping the different sort of weapons. Everyone was gathered around the table covering the different weapons. As I moved in to help I reached into the bag only to feel something wooden.

I pulled the object out. It was brown and rough looking. It had a

handle that separated into two thick pieces something wrapped around the wood and left in the middle. I had never seen something like this before. I looked it over nor really sure what it was. 'It kind of feels like a bola,' I thought feeling the rubber stretchy part.

"It's a sling shot," says Gabriel taking the sling shot out of my hand. He picked up a rock and placed it in the leather pouch before pulling the band back and releasing it. It missed the target by an inch.

"For someone good at a bow and arrow you sure suck with a sling shot," said Claudia for behind us. I laughed, as Gabriel seemed to scowl.

"If you think its so easy you try," he says handing it over to me, while taking the knives out of my hand. The sling shot wasn't as terrifying as the knives or even intimidating, so I was curious as to why it would be in a bag of weapons..

Gabriel handed me a round stone. I placed the stone in the small square of leather that was attached to a type of stretchy substance. I pulled the band back stretching it as far as I could with my shoulder and weak strength. I tried to take aim and released.

Although I felt childish using the slingshot I actually hit the block square in the middle.

"Ha looks like I'm better at it than you"

"Says the weaponless Viking" Gabriel says crossing his arm.

"Hey I have a weapon now"

"Knives please stick to the sling shot you may have a better chance of mastering it" I knew he was teasing me, but as I opened my mouth to retort I paused an actually thought about it for a moment.

"Gabriel that is not a suitable weapon to use in the face of an opponent. Rocks, come now don't be childish," snapped Lian.

'The metal knives would probably be more effective than this slingshot and rock, but Toothless hates metal I can't see hanging out when I smell like weapons. However everyone would take me serious if I used the knives, butâ€|it would be more me if I modified my own.'

While Gabriel and Lian were arguing over the practicality of a weapon I walked over to Auntie.

"Do you think I could keep the sling shot?" I asked Auntie.

Everyone seemed to stop and look at me for a moment. "You can't honestly be thinking of having the sling shot as your weapon" asked Auntie. I shrugged my shoulder.

"I likes using the knivesâ€|the slingshot just seems fun" I said, although in my head I was thinking of a way to weaponize the

slingshot.

Auntie must have seen where my thoughts were going because she stepped forward

"Halla be serious a slingshot is not a practical weapon. Do you plan on throwing rocks at dragons? Knives are much more effective."

"I know that," I said "which is why I still want to learn how to use them, but I think it would be cool to modify the slingshot into a weapon. I can do it Auntie I know I can." The ideas of what I could use for ammo was starting to form. 'Maybe I could see if Eagle has anymore of that black stone and form some sharp ammo of myself.'

"Halla be practical"

"I am being practical I will practice with the knives I will practice with any weapon you want me to, but I plan on trying to use a sling shot." I shouted snapping at the last part "You told me to pick a weapon that I can use as me and I can use this and the knives."

"Halla to be a good hunter you need to stop being all of this" she said gesturing to all of me.

I ignored the gesture "everyone needs to stop gesturing to all of me" I mumbled

"I made my choiceâ€¦I choose to practice with the knives, but I want to use the sling shot to"

Auntie sighed, Lian seemed to be insulted, Eagle was laughing, Claudia was smiling, Claudius was emotionless, Asad nodded and Gabriel just smirked.

"This must be the inventor in you that Gobber warned me about â€"long sigh. So be it we will start training with Lian tomorrow and Claudia, Claudius will help you with hand to hand combat when your shoulder is all better" Auntie said, taking a step towards me.

"Are you sure about this Halla?"

I smiled clutching the slingshot closer to me "I'm sure."

40. Gifts

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****thought '... '****

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

After the weapons were safely put away. Auntie invited me to go with her. That's when it finally occurred to me that I had never seen Auntie's ship before.

So we made the long walk to the ship. Surprisingly or maybe not, Auntie's ship wasn't at the docks, it was on one of the shores closer to my house, but further from the village. Auntie had docked her ship by Sickie Shard beach. It was a long stretch of beach that like its name says in the shape of a sickle, however most people stay away from this beach due to the fact that underneath the sand would be small shards glass. No ones really sure where the shards came from, but they were abundant in that beach.

As we walked to the shoreline, I had to stop and try to suppress my gasp. Auntie's ship was unlike I had ever seen. It was as long as normal Viking ships or maybe it was even longer, however it was much bigger. The hull of the ship was deeper and larger than normal Viking ships. The masts were much taller and there were two of them rather than one to hold up the strange sails on the ship. The sails were cut and set up in slanted triangles. The ship was strange, but it like anything else that Auntie owned. It had mixed cultures in it. The designs on the side of the ship were odd to me, but some I could definitely tell were Vikings.

"What do you think?" asked Auntie waiting for me to catch up.

"Its like nothing I had ever seen" I said smiling at her before turning back to the ship.

I watch as Eagle and Asad dropped some of the weapons he was holding and started walking towards the shallow end of the beach. I hadn't noticed before but there was a rope dangling from the side. Eagle wasted no time scaling the side of the ship, Asad following right after. Next thing I knew they were lifting something and sliding it on the side of the boat. It was a sturdy long plank.

Eagle and Asad came down the plank and picked up the item they had dropped off, before walking up the plank again. I followed being careful not to accidentally fall off the plank. 'Because that would be way to embarrassing even for me.' I thought, watching my step. Auntie's ship was bigger than any Viking ship, which just made it that much more exciting to explore, 'but I really should get going if I want to make it to-'

"Halla" Gabriel shouted right in my ear. I jumped rubbing my ears as I turned to glare at Gabriel.

"WHAT" I shouted back, still rubbing my ear scowling.

"Asad wants you"

I turn looking around the deck to notice that Asad was by a door way closer to the back of ship. He made a hand motion to me and followed noticing that most of the crew was already gone.

I followed Asad down the stairs; it was for the most part dark except for the small amount of light coming from the candles hanging on the

wall. I followed Asad to one of the rooms in the lower deck; he opened the door and made another hand motion. I entered the room; it was bright due to the window that was on the side of the boat. It had two bunk beds in it that were off to the side, a big chest on both sides, and a desk by the window. Eagle was in front of the desk looking for something in one of the drawers.

"Ahh here it is" Eagle exclaimed pulling out a large brown bag.

"What is it?" I asked walking closer into the room.

"Something that may help you with your sling shot weapon"

He opened the bag spilling its contents out on the desk. It was chunks of that black stone that Eagle was telling me about, but there were also other chunks of stone or ores. Asad was motioning me to come closer to the desk. I was seriously starting to wonder why he wasn't talking, but that thought was quickly pushed aside when I finally reached the desk.

"Different parts of the world hold different types of materials" Asad here collects large chunks of natural stone to remember where we have been. They are how to do you say mementos."

Eagle started to explain what everything was even though I knew most of them; after all we did get traders out here from time to time. I saw a huge chunk of jade and the black stones, but there were other stones as well some were bright gems or clear crystals he even had some ore of silver or steel.

"There amazing" I said, picking up a blue shaded crystal.

"Asad thought that you might appreciate them" which is why he has volunteered his collection to make ammo for your sling shot."

I stopped fiddling with the crystal "Are you serious?"

I looked towards my right and saw Asad nodded his head.

"I couldn't" I mean these are your souvenir" I can't just take them" I said, placing the crystal back on the table.

Asad walked up to the desk grabbing my hand and placed a huge chunk of black stone in it.

"I'm not going to take it, it's yours?"

"So you weren't going to ask for some earlier" I looked at Eagle surprised 'how did he know?'

"You're transparent" he said casually with a shrug, "The point is Asad wants you to have them, it would be disrespectful to reject his offer."

"But I can't" I mean it may not even work" their his" I can't-

Asad tugged at my hand bringing my attention back to him, he curled

my finger around the stone and placed his larger hand over mine. He opened his mouth to say something, but closed it again so instead he patted my hand.

"I can't," I said, placing the stone back on the table.

"Asad saw how upset you were when you're Aunt question your weapon choice Asad wishes to help."

I bit my lip "compromise thanâ€¦I'll take the ore and the black stone, but that's it."

Asad shook his hand he grab a piece of black rock, jade, gold nugget, silver and steel ores.

"No gold, that's more for show than practicality." I said, taking the gold nugget out.

Asad shook his head and placed a large clear gem in the pile.

"A crystal won't do much" I said, Asad shook his head.

"It's a diamond the lord that we got it from gave it to Asad as a gift for protecting is wife, its one of the hardest stones discovered. It would make a fine ammo," explained Eagle.

I thought about it for a moment. "Alright Asad you got yourself a deal." I said, sticking out my hand. He looked at it for a moment before grabbing it. "And when I'm done you'll be the first to see it." I smiled and after a moment so did he.

Eagle exclaimed as he walked over to the side of the room. "we may have some other stuff for you to use well. After all we hear you are quite the inventor."

I smiled at Asad and Eagle, walking over to the chest that Eagle was kneeled in front of. 'This was going to be fun.' I thought, peeking into the chest.

41. The Prosthetic Wing

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****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

After I was done negotiating with Asad and Eagle, mostly Eagle cause he was the one doing the talking. I had a bunch of new toys to play with; the problem was that I had too much stuff that I couldn't carry

it all with me. Which is why Asad was walking with a heavy crate of my new goodies to the forge.

"Thanks again Asad" I said, smiling up at him. He nodded his head, but I could tell he was happy to.

As we made the long walk back to the village I noticed that there weren't many Vikings out. 'Well the sun is about to set so maybe they are all eating.' I thought, walking beside Asad. It was a quiet, but peaceful. However as we kept walking I couldn't help, but think why Asad didn't talk. 'Maybe he can't' I thought, finally making it to the forge.

"Gobberâ€|Gobber are you here" I shouted walking into forge. I noticed that the coals were still warm so he had to have been here a little while ago. Asad stood by the door, looking around the forge.

"Guess he isn't here" I said, "Asad if you could follow me" I walked down a little hallway of the forge, passing Gobber's own personal workshop room. Gobber made me my own little workshop room right next to his, which is where I make my inventions in peace.

I opened the door to my workshop. It wasn't anything fancy it had a fairly big table, a small bookshelf in the right hand corner, and the left wall filled with my own tools and old inventions. No window, which I loved due to the privacy. My workshop was cluttered with papers hanging on the wall of old invention that I may or may not have tried to actually make real. The desk was pretty clean due to the fact that I haven't started any new project yet. 'Not for long' I thought, moving things around to make room for my new stuff.

"Over here Asad" I said, pointing to the space I made in left corner of the room closer to my desk. Asad walked over and carefully placed the crate onto the ground. Asad just seemed to stare at my room.

It made me kind of nerves, not a lot of people come into this room. Actually the only person that I think has ever been in here was Gobber and that was just because he was dragging me away from a project to eat or sleep.

"What do you think?" I asked, playing with my shirt.

He looked around the room stopping in front of the desk to stare at the old design plans. He pointed at them and than at me. I really didn't understand what he was asking.

"Are you asking if I drew them?"

He nodded staring at an old invention for arrow launching.

"Yah I draw them and design them. Some time I even try to make them although they don't ever really work out." 'Except for one' I thought guilty.

Asad walked over to me placing a hand on my shoulder, giving me a small smile probably thinking I was sad due to my past failures. "Don't worry Asad I don't get discouraged to easily you get used to it after a while." I said, maybe it was because he hasn't talked or that out of everybody in Auntie's crew he seemed to believe in

whatever it was that I was thinking. It was nice like talking to a human Toothless. 'I wonder if it would be this easy to talk to Toothless if he was human.' I thought.

Asad patted my shoulder gave me a small smile and left me to do my work. As much as I wanted to work on my weapon idea, I had something else more important to work on.

I opened my journal turning to the page with Toothless' drawing. As I looked at the previous drawing of Toothless the one where I smudge his missing tail fin, I grabbed one of the pieces of charcoal and redrew his tail on. 'I'm going to make you fly again Toothless I promise.' I thought, finishing drawing in the tail.

I wasted no time starting the fire warming up the coals. As I waited for the fire to get hot I looked through my crates of supplies and took out a broken shield that was missing a chunk out of it. I started to rip out the metal rivets in the broken shield tugging at it numerous times until all the rivets had been taken apart. As I finished pulling apart the rivets I looked into the crates to find a sword that had a bad chip in the blade. I lifted the sword and placed it over the open fire. As the fire got hotter the sword started to glow a reddish color. I grabbed the hammer and the pinchers. I started to bend the metal of the sword until it was rounded into a rod. I placed that into a bucket of cold water letting the form settle.

As I waited for the newly made rod to be made I grabbed the rivets and started to warm them up shaping them as they got hot. As I placed them into a separate bucket of water to cool. Although the rivets were smaller there were more of them and the size made it difficult to creating the same shape for all of them, but as I let them heat more they became easier to mold especially the bigger ones.

I took out the rod examining it for flaws, when I found none I placed it on the table. I needed three more shorted rods so I dug in my crate finding two sword that's blade was to thin to be of any use and another one that was to short and thick to be of any use. As I started on those I check on the rivets. They shaped well and soon I was balancing them to make sure they were all the same weight. Those that were heavier I sanded down until they were the perfect weight.

After those pieces were done I went to one of the crates underneath the table pulling out different material that were already finished that would help connect the pieces together without having to melt them. 'That way incase something is to heavy I can easily replace it.' I thought, placing the pieces on the table.

I left my room to go to the main work place. Gobber wasn't very good at making sheathes but he did have the material for it. I grabbed patches of leather enough that I needed and went back to my workshop taking a needle and string. As the swords warmed up I started to cut the leather into the different pieces. After I grabbed one of my nails and started to make even holes through out the leather so I could stitch them together and create a pocket where the rod would go.

To me the sewing was the hardest part, but after pricking my finger for the last hundred times I worked on the rods pounding them into

shape and cooling them off. As I waited for the rods to completely cool I placed the pieces I could together and finished sewing the leather together even going over the part twice to make sure it stayed together. 'Can't be too careful when it comes to me sewing something' I thought, stretching out my fingers that were now numb from all the pricking.

I looked over the half finished wing and lifted it. It seemed heavier than Toothless' actual wing so I took the rods apart and sanded each of them just a little to get the weight right.

I worked well into the night, but as I open and closed the prosthetic wing I couldn't have cared, after all Toothless prosthetic was done and I couldn't wait until we could try it. I sighed placed the now closed wing on the table. 'Now there's just one thing left to do' I thought, pouring the buckets of water on the coal. Waiting a bit to make sure there wouldn't be any accidental fires.

I quickly grabbed my notebook placing it back in my vest and grabbed the prosthetic wing. As I made sure everything was turned off in the forge I left through the back going the long way home. I knew I didn't have much time, but I'd rather not get caught with Toothless prosthetic and start having question being asked.

As I made it home I placed the prosthetic in the food shed next to the basket of fish that I was going to bring to Toothless later. After I was done I went into the house upstairs to my room and got the basket out from underneath my bed. Grabbing a winter clock I ran out of the house glad that it was late enough that with this clock almost no one can see me.

"One last stop and I can go see Toothless," I muttered to myself as I ran to my next destination happy to see that no one was out this late at night.

* * *

><p>Also I have started riding another How to Train your Dragon Fanfiction that is a crossover with Brave if any one likes Hiccup and Merida Its called the Princess of Spirits and the Dragon Tamer<p>

42. New Friends

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story**

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

* * *

><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

I ran as fast I could to my next destination making sure that no one was around. Luckily for me no one was 'Now if only the guards aren't there either' I thought, slowing my speed down and focusing on my surroundings.

As I came to the dragon arena I became much more careful with my movements, making sure that I didn't give myself away. I wrapped my black cloak away from me bringing the basket closer to me.

As I made it to the arena, I saw that there were only two dragons outside of their cages. The Deadly Nadder and the Nightmare, I took a quick look around and found no one was around so I began walking towards the dragon.

The Nightmare seemed to hear me first because it lifted its head as I stepped closer. However when the Deadly Nadder heard me it started roaring like it did when I was with Gabriel. It started to lunge at me. I stopped in my tracks, looking around to make sure that no one was coming.

I quickly ran as close as I could to the Deadly Nadder without having to worry about being eaten.

"Please please be quiet," The Deadly Nadder still, roared, its face in a snarl. "Please I'm not going to hurt you but you have to be quiet please." I said in a harsh whisper. However the Deadly Nadder did nothing, but spike her tail. "No please you don't need to worry I wo-" before I knew it I was ducking as spikes were flung at me. One of the spikes caught my cloak tearing it, but it was better than me being cut again.

The Deadly Nadder was trying to fly towards me, but was brought back to the grounds by the numerous chains. That still didn't stop it from still trying to fly at me. However the Nightmare rose as much as she could and snapped at the Deadly Nadder. With a swing of the Nightmare's tail it gently slapped the Deadly Nadder.

The Deadly Nadder glared at the Nightmare before glaring at me, but it calmed down curling on ground, but its tail was still spiked. The Nightmare just shook its head at the Nadder before lowering itself as well. I walked cautiously to the dragons now worried about not only the dragons, but also the commotion that we started.

"I meant what I said I'm not going to hurt you," I said, walking closer to the two dragons walking closer to the Nightmare than the Nadder.

"I know us Vikings aren't exactly known for treating dragons right" I gave a dry chuckle "that's an understatement" but I want to help so I brought some stuff." I said, taking the basket out from under my cloak. The basket contents were a little disturbed from me jumping to the ground, but nothing seemed broken.

"I brought some blood berries for you two and some ointment for your wounds. I'm not sure if it will help any, but I" I started to fidget with the bowl berries "but I felt like I needed to do something." I said looking at the Nightmare in the eye.

It looked at me with kind eyes and it nudged my head with its nose. I smiled giving a sad laugh. "You know for a while I hated Nightmares

for what they did to my momâ€¦for what they did to me, but my hate was misplaced and for that I'm sorry." The Nightmare nudged my hand as if she accepted my apology.

I placed the bowl of blood berries in front of the Nightmare and as it began to eat, I took the ointment out. I wasn't sure if it would help on dragon hide, but it was amazing when handling human cuts. As the Nightmare ate I stood up slowly "This may sting a bit like I said I never done this before" I said, dabbing my finger into the ointment. I walked over to one of the more noticeable gashed on the Nightmares back. It stopped eating to give out a long hiss. I stepped back "I'm sorry I'm sorry" as the Nightmare calmed down I went to another gash "your gonna have to bear with me" I said, dampening my finger again.

I ran out of ointment, but I got some of the bigger cuts and gashes. The Nightmare had finished the blood berries a while ago and was now just lying there giving low whines here and there, but for the most part taking the healing session better than I would have thought.

"There all done" I said, where I could have sworn that the Nightmare sighed in relief.

I walked in front of the Nightmare and smile "There all doneâ€¦that wasn't so bad now was it." The Nightmare gave a playful growl and as I looked into its eyes I could see age. Where Toothless' eyes were filled with curiosity, youth, playfulness, and at times showed the nightmares that still haunt him. However with the Nightmare it was like looking into the eyes of an elder, you could see wisdom and intelligence, but you also saw the wear that life seems to give with experience.

I lifted my hand to the Nightmare's face and left it there. It didn't hesitate to touch it with its snout. I smiled, and the Nightmare gave an airy chuckle. The moment was ruined by a loud snort that came from the Deadly Nadder.

I turned to the Deadly Nadder. "Don't worry I didn't forget about you." I said pulling another bowl of blood berries and placing it in front of the Deadly Nadder. The Deadly Nadder tipped the bowl over and turned its face the other way.

"Hey" I shouted, trying to stop the rolling berries. "That was uncalled for, if you didn't want them you could have just ignored them." I snapped, this dragon was really starting to annoy me.

I'm not the one that shot it with an arrow, I'm not the one that caged and chained it. I pouted, picking up the remaining berries and placing it in the bowl. I raised the bowl to the Nadder's face where it turned the other way; I moved the bowl the other way and the Nadder just turned the opposite way.

I scowled slamming the bowl down. "Fine than don't eat the berries that will help you." It glared at me and I glared back, completely forgetting that this was a dragon that could kill me in a second.

It gave a low growl and I mimicked it although mine didn't sound as vicious. "I'm just trying to help alright, so let me help." The Deadly Nadder glared at me for a while longer before lowering its

head and taking a small bite of the blood berries. It lifted its head back to me as it slowly chewed the berries.

I smiled 'Its progress' I thought. "Are you going to let me patch up your wing?" The Nadder looks at me giving me a hard look. The Nightmare gives a small roar, which causes the Nadder eyes to narrow and jaw to clench. After a while I sighed thinking that it's not going to happen. As I turned away getting up the Nadder grabs the bottom of my cloak. As it gives me a slight pull I look back at it, the anger in its eyes is gone, but they were still wary.

I smiled "don't worry I'll try to make this quick" I said, reaching into the basket and pulling out another small container of ointment. "Now this is going to hurt, but it should fix your wing and shoulder." It nodded its head and I walked closer to the Deadly Nadder and found the wound made by Gabriel's arrows. "Alright you ready" I said, dabbing my finger in the cold ointment. It roared and I dabbed my fingers into the ointment smoothing it over the wound. I could feel the Nadder's body tighten and shake, but it didn't utter a single sound.

"Almost done your doing good" I encouraged adding more ointment and spreading it more smoothly. After a moment the wound was covered in ointment and I stood up walking over to the wing. "Ready" The Deadly Nadder cooed and I placed some ointment on the top of the Nadder's wing. I sighed in relief the arrow had hit the top part of the wing which left a deep wound, but nothing that would leave permanent damage. 'The Nadder can still fly.' I thought, adding more ointment. The Deadly Nadder wing shook. "Its alright, I'm done" I said, capping the ointment.

Just as I was about to walk away the Deadly Nadder's tail swooped underneath my feet. "Woah" I said, falling on my butt "oww that hurt" I yelled looking at the dragon. It did nothing but scoot closer to me. "What's going on?" I asked as I watched the Nightmare reach for my basket and conceal it under its wing.

"Wha-" but before I could finish my question the Deadly Nadder lowered its wings covering me, the same way the Nightmare did with my basket.

That's when I heard its voices and footsteps. 'Shit' I thought, scooting closer to the dragon in an attempt to make myself smaller. 'This is bad really bad.' I thought, wrapping myself in my cloak.

I couldn't exactly hear what the men were saying, but their voices and footsteps were getting closer. 'Oh Odin help me' I thought, closing my eyes to give a little prayer.

Finally the men were close enough for me to hear them.

"Huh it seems that Nadder has been acting up again," said one man.

"Nothing, but trouble that one seems to be." Another one said.

"At least it still has some fight in it. Can't say much for the other one, it's too beat up to be any use to the trainees."

"Definitely not a trophy for the best Viking in the dragon

academy."

The other one laughs "ah please you might as well say it, its not good enough to bring honor to Ash."

"That's true that boy is the embodiment of what it means to be a Viking. The way he trains and fights his father should be proud."

"Ayy if only Stoics daughter was quarter of the Viking Ash was maybe she wouldn't be that much trouble." My jaw tightened 'Like I want to be a Viking.'

"Halla is a horrible Viking, what do you think of that story of her taking on three dragons."

The other one broke into laughter "Three dragons HAHAAHA. that girl would be dead if a baby one came at her HAHAAHA three." The man still laughed and I couldn't help, but tightened my fists. "That girl is good for nothing," he said, his voice getting sober "she's the reason we lost the best archer on the island. The reason her mother died."

My heart stopped. It was more hurtful to hear someone else say it than it was for me to think it.

"Skulluim that's uncalled for." The other man claimed astonishment in his voice. I know Skulluim he was a good Viking one that my father valued he was usually with my father on his trips to the dragon nests, but for some reason he said that he would guard the livestock. I had never heard him talk before and now I wish he would just shut up.

"Its true and you know it. Rather have Valhallaram here than that talking fish bone. Besides if she was alive she could have given us a better heir."

"Skulluim that's enough your drunk"

"I might be, but that doesn't mean this isn't true and you know it. Can you see yourself honestly seeing yourself ruled by Halla" he says spitting my name like venom. "It would be chaos, Berk would be destroyed in an instant."

"uhh Skulluim lets just do what we have to do and get out of here alright think you can manage that with your drunken self."

"Yah yah"

There was a long pause

"Skulluim"

"Yah"

"Where's the axe?"

"I thought you had it"

"No I thought you had it"

"You stupid idiot we have to kill the Nightmare before sunrise elders order." The dragons seem to give a screech at the exclamation that luckily sheltered my small gasp.

The man ignored the dragons roar probably used to the dragons screeching. "Pht I don't see why it has to be before sunrise"

The other man sighed, "Don't question the elders orders" he sighed again "come on lets go, the faster we do this the faster we can go home."

"I still don't see the rush that dragons gonna die one way or another what's another day or two."

With that said the two men walked away discussing something between themselves. I waited a moment longer trying to figure out what I had just heard. I wasn't sure what I should react to first.

But as the Deadly Nadder raised its wing and I saw the Nightmare I knew exactly what I had to focus on.

I stood up and ran to one of the spikes the Nadder had thrown at me. I didn't even care about being quiet or unseen I need to get the Nightmare out of this. It would be impossible for me to destroy the chains, but luckily for me the chains were attached to anchors that were locked in. I grabbed one of the spikes doing my best to pick the lock. I had done this before at the forge just for fun, but now it was important.

I worked the lock as quickly as I could and sighed with relief when the lock finally opened. However the Nightmare just laid there and even the Nadder had a sober look on its face.

"No" I said, working the chains off the Nightmare being careful to not drag the chains over any gashes or cuts. "No no no" I said kneeling in front of the Nightmare just as I thought, its eyes were vacant. "You can't give up," I shouted, lifting its head up. "You can't die like this." But still there was nothing. "Oh Thor whyâ€|why does every dragon I meet seem ready to die. " I shouted, standing up. "You have to get up, please you have to get out of here." My voice was getting louder and hysterical, but it still had no effect.

It wasn't until the Deadly Nadder started to shout as well that the Nightmare even twitched in acknowledgement. It looked at the Deadly Nadder and than at me. I was near tears I could feel the tears about to fall, but I can't cry right now.

Toothless jumped at the chance for freedom when I gave it to him, but the Nightmare didn't see interested in living. 'Its not like you can give someone a reason to live at the drip of a helmet.'

As the Deadly Nadder started to screech louder I couldn't help it I feel to my knees. Trying to wipe my eyes before looking at the Nightmare. "Please get upâ€|I can't make you live, but please," I said raising my head to look it in the eyes I could feel a tear run down my face. "Find something to live forâ€|please get out of here." I shouted, I lowered my head as the tears started to stream down my face. That's when I felt something press against my knees. It was my basket.

I lifted my basket in my lap looking at the Nightmare. That's when I saw it, the spark, the determination to keep on living. It rose on its two back legs shaking any remain chains on it. I stared smiling through my tears and before I knew it the Nightmare scooped me up and I was resting on its back as it gave off a giant roar. I gripped its lower neck not really sure what else to do and watched as the Nightmare burned the chains that once caged it to a crisp. Before giving off another loud roar.

However before I could cheer I heard loud footsteps coming our way and from the sound of it, it was more than just two people, but before I could look or even start panicking the Nightmare had taken off running top speed into the forest.

43. Old Friends

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Toothless points of view<p>

It was well into the night and Halla still hadn't come back. I was beginning to panic, I hadn't even touched the second basket of fish I was so distressed.

'If that stupid girls gets herself killed I will never forgive her.' I thought, pacing the cove for what seemed like the thousand time today.

I was starting to get every irritated when suddenly I heard heavy footsteps. As they came closer at such a fast pace I knew that they weren't human, they were too heavy even to be a Vikings.

I got into a defensive position 'It has to be a dragon. Is it Vulfiend?' I wondered a growl escaping me. 'Or another one of the queens servants' I thought, my body getting tense.

However as I saw an outline of a Nightmare appearing over the cove, my worst nightmares were real. I had a fireball in my mouth ready to launch when I smelled it. It was Halla's scent. Panic and rage was battling within me. 'How dare Vulfiend take Halla' I thought rage starting to take over as I fired my fireball. The Nightmare dodged climbing into cove, just as I was about to lunge at the Nightmare. I heard Halla "Toothless no" she exclaimed running towards me.

"Its okay Toothless it's meâ€|its's me" she said, standing in front of me. As I looked at her closely I could see tears in her eyes. I growled even more 'Vulfiend made her cry that bastard' I thought

pushing Halla behind me.

That's when I heard a chuckle I looked up and the Nightmare was only a few feet away. However now I can tell that this Nightmare wasn't Vulfiend it was 'It can't be but it is its Herradura.'

She started to laugh at me "I know its been a long time Alastor, but I never thought you would actually attack me" she said, taking a step forward.

Herradura was my caretaker for as long as I could remember since coming into the queen's den. She never tried to be my mother, but she looked out for me. If it wasn't for her I would have lost myself along time ago. However Herradura went missing a while back most thought that the queen killed her. After all Herradura was not very obedient when it came to follow orders. If anyone thought of planning a revolt it was Herradura.

"Is that really you Herradura?" I asked refusing to move.

I could feel Halla shifting next to me and that's when I looked at Halla again she looked worried, "I'm sorryâ€|I didn'tâ€|know where elseâ€|toâ€|go andâ€|andâ€|she neededâ€|.help I couldn't justâ€|leave her." Halla was upset that she was starting to gasp for air making it difficult to understand her. That's when I remembered her tear-stained face.

"What did you do to Halla?" I growled, turning my attention back to Herradura. However that doesn't mean that I missed Halla's flinch.

"Calm yourself Alastor your upsetting the girl even more than she already is." She states trying to walk over to Halla, but I pushed Halla back getting in a low crouch.

"Until I know what you did to Halla I wouldn't let you get close to her," I snarled.

Herradura paused for a moment taking me in until she nodded and walked to the other side of the cove, lying down. I straightened myself up and pushed Halla to the opposite side. I laid down and waited for Halla to follow suit, but she hesitated.

"Toothless are you mad at me" ask asked her voice barely above a whisper. I shook my head and cooed at her. After a moment she came to lie down next to me and I wrapped my tail around her. She turned to face me and I nudged her cheek.

She went to touch her cheek and finally noticed why I was upset. "Sorry Toothless I got overemotional again and started crying, but the Nightmare didn't do anything. I just" she furiously wiped her cheeks and eyes "I'm just causing problems again, but don't worry she didn't do anything." I rubbed her face again cooing to make sure that everything was really okay. She has this nasty quality of hiding things from people she cared about. She smiled and started to scratch me underneath my neck.

It wasn't long until Halla hand stopped scratching me. As I turned to look at her, I found her asleep. I curled around her a little tighter draping my wing as much as I could and still being comfortable. As I

heard a chuckle I turned to look at Herradura who had a smile on her face.

Suddenly I felt embarrassed. "What?" I asked.

"You truly care for that human hatchling don't you?"

"Her name is Halla"

"Hallaâ€|hmmâ€|I see so those goof were talking about her" suddenly she started to snarl. "Had I know that I would have maimed those two idiots myself?"

"Herradura what happened? How do you know Halla?"

"Your human there" "She isn't mine" I interrupted again feeling embarrassed, but she ignored me "the first time we meet was when she saved me from Vulfiend, she's the reason I'm a bloody mess instead of dead. The second time I meet her she was just passing by, but tonightâ€|tonight she really shined Alastor. That girl is one of a kind."

'Tell me something I don't know' I thought, looking at Halla who was curled against me.

"Tonight she came to give us food and to treat our wounds"

"Ours?"

"I don't know if you remember her, but Venitha is here to"

I growled suddenly annoyed. Venitha was a strong, but she had a huge attitude on her. We used to compete for everything and I mean everything. When she went missing people just thought that Vikings killed her.

"I remember her"

"If it's any consolation" she starts probably remembering our rivalry "it seems even Halla has gained Venitha's approval." I wasn't sure how to take that so I did nothing, but listen. "You should have seen how she handled Venitha," she said chuckling, "She was stunned that any one let alone a human hatchling spoke to her like that. However as she was treating our wounds two Viking came, we hide the girl from them, but without realizing it theyâ€|" she stopped shaking her head.

"What did they do?" I asked feeling my anger increase.

"They blamed her for her mothers death claiming that life would be better had she died instead of her mother. They called her useless."

I growled my claws sinking into the earth. Halla even in her sleep must have sense me being upset because she started to pet my side. I looked at her worried that I woke her up, but she seemed in a daze before completely falling back asleep.

"Tell me Alastor did you know that this girl is the heir to the

Viking clan."

I looked at Herradura as if she had sprouted another tail. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"That girl that is snuggling up to you and helped me and Venitha is the daughter to the chief, the man were questioning her ability to lead the Vikings they claimed that it would be chaos. And now that I know that this girl is the same girl I would have to agree"

I snapped my head towards her lip curled "What do you mean?"

"A girl that cares about saving dragons to lead a tribe full of dragon killing savages. How does that not end in chaos?" When it was put like that I couldn't help but agree. "The girl by any means is not useless, just misunderstood. She's definitely unique."

"Now Toothless" she says laughing a little at my nickname "how did you meet Halla?" I sighed and shifted Halla.

I told her everything that happened between Halla and I keeping some of the more personal stuff to myself "and now we are here."

Herradura just sat there listening never once interrupting. Sometimes her eye got wide or her mouth dropped as if to say something, but she stayed silent which I was very grateful.

"So you can't fly?" she said, looking at the sky her voice laced in sadness.

"Not at the moment"

"You really believe that Halla will be able to keep her promise."

"I do"

She looked at me and smiled "well if anyone can do it, its that girl."

"My thoughts exactly."

44. Another Name

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story******

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla point of view:<p>

A Viking riding a dragon unnatural, unthinkable, unimaginable. But here I was riding one, and the sensation was...well...odd. The speed was better than anything I had ever experience, well except for nearly falling to my doom, but just like that time I couldn't really enjoy it when Skulluim's words were echoing in my head. I could hear the Vikings shouts, but it quickly faded into the background and I focused on trying to stay on the dragon while trying not to break down.

The Nightmare was weaving in and out of the forest like nothing and for a moment I was just happy that it didn't try to fly off. 'I would be doomed,' I thought trying to blink the water out of my eyes. 'Its hard enough to hold on right now' I thought tightening my grip on her neck as she crawled over some fallen tree trunks.

Suddenly as fast as the Nightmare was going, it just stopped. It was so instance that even though I was holding on for dear life I was flung off. "Ehhh" I muttered falling on my butt skidding a bit. "Ehh it could have been worse," I muttered sitting up as I as I rubbed my eye trying to keep my voice even. "I could have landed on my shoulder." 'Or worse my head, than again I'm sure every one would be more than happy that if I died or disappeared.' I thought, wrapping my arms around myself.

I couldn't tell the Nightmares expression because it was to dark, but I could still see its silhouette. It was sniffing the ground and than swinging its head in the air as if looking for something. It gave a little roar and started to walk towards me. At one point it was beside me bending down exposing its back to me.

"Uhh its okay I can walk from here on out." The Nightmare stared at me lowering its head to me before snorting. We seemed to have a little stare down which wasn't fair because I couldn't see that well. The moon may have been full, but it only showed so much. After staring at each other, I sighed. 'No point in wallowing in my misery when I haven't finished what I started' I though, standing up.

"Fine you win, but try not to throw me any where." The dragon chuckled, nuzzling my head wiping its nose on my cheek where it caught a stray tear. I petted the dragon's long snout and moved to take my spot on the Nightmares back. After I was sitting on the dragons back the Nightmare speed off again.

It wasn't until we passed a broken tree that I noticed where we were going. Now I was no longer sad, I was panicking. "No no not this way" I said trying to get the Nightmares attention, but it kept its pace. Before I knew it we were standing above the cove.

The moon was being covered so I had no chance of even seeing Toothless. However the Nightmare seemed to know that Toothless was here. 'Why did it come here?' I thought, "Did it pick up Toothless scent? But whyâ€|why would she come for Toothless." Different thoughts and questions were starting to form in my head, only to be interrupted by a blue purple fireball and the jerky movement of the Nightmare.

The Nightmare scaled down the wall of the cove, and as the clouds parted and light filled the cove. I saw that Toothless was ready to attack, leaping off the Nightmare as fast as I could I rushed to Toothless. "Toothless no" I shouted, running towards him. His eyes

were menacing like he was ready to go for the kill. It scared me, I had seen Toothless defeated, upset, happy, cautious, playful, but never ever had I seen him this bloodthirsty not even when he had me pinned at our first meeting.

"It's okay Toothless it's me—it's me" I say my voice coming over quiet and meek. I was standing in front of him, debating whether to touch him or not. I was scared not for me, but for the Nightmare. However I couldn't help, but tense at the situation. It was like even after everything Toothless and I have been through I still didn't know him as well as I thought I did. I never thought that Toothless could be like this and the worse part was that it was my fault that he was like this. I couldn't stop the Nightmare from coming here and now Toothless was angry and the Nightmare might get hurt. 'Other thing I did wrong' I thought, trying to defuse the situation.

That's when I heard heavy footprints shifting behind me. I turned around to see that the Nightmare had stepped forward. Toothless looked past me and he seemed to freeze as the Nightmare gave a dry chuckle. Although Toothless had stopped growling, his body was still tense. I started to shift uncomfortably beside him, as the two dragons seem to take each other in.

He looked at me his eyes worried and it just reminded me of everything I had put him through. I took his flight away. I made him depressed. I burdened him with my problems. I made him worry and care about me. Now to top it all off I had made him bloodthirsty mad. 'Maybe Skulluim and the village is right I am useless.' I thought, as I felt my emotion swallowing me whole. I couldn't breathe; it was just too much to deal with in one night.

As Toothless kept looking at me with worry and concern I felt guiltier. "I'm sorry—I didn't know where else to go and—and she needed help I couldn't just leave her." I was trying to regain my composure, but it was getting harder to breathe.

As I gave a gaspy breath Toothless turned from me to growl at the Nightmare, giving a short roar. I flinched at the sound, it didn't sound like Toothless' normal roar when play fighting or even the screech of warning he used to give during the raid.

I watched as the Nightmare tried to get closer to me, but it stopped as Toothless gave a furious snarl. I flinched at the intensity. 'I need to calm down, nothing good comes from me being a cry baby.' I thought, clenching my hands as I tried to regulate my breath.

The Nightmare seemed to look at us and then nodding to Toothless walked away from us to go sit on the other side of the cove. As I stood there looking at the Nightmare, Toothless started to nudge me the other way. After we got to the other end of the cove Toothless lied down like he always did. Wing adjusted and body curled in a comfy pillow that he always was. But I had to ask.

"Toothless are you mad at me" my voice was even, but quiet. I wondered if Toothless could actually hear me. Toothless looked at me and when he shook his head, I released the breath I didn't know I was holding. He cooed at me and I felt better. I didn't feel like as much as a screw up even though I knew that I was the reason Toothless' mood swinging were because of me. Eventually I sat down against him,

his tail wrapping itself around me. I snuggled in deeper into Toothless' side and as Toothless' tail was resting in my lap I felt safe.

Toothless nudged my cheek and when he pulled away I lifted my own hand to my cheek, remembering my tear-stained face. 'Is this why he was upset? Is he upset because I was cryingâ€|was he trying to protect me is that why he got menacing.' I gave a small smile 'and here I am suppose to be training to protect you.' I thought wiping my cheeks and eyes to get rid of any stray tears.

"Sorry Toothless I got overemotional again and started crying, but the Nightmare didn't do anything. I just" I gave a small smile "I'm just causing problems again, but don't worry she didn't do anything." He rubbed my face again and this time I gave a real smile and stared to scratch him beneath his neck.

I was glad that Toothless wasn't mad at me, but I just couldn't forget his tantrum. But I felt safe near Toothless and I wouldn't have it any other way. It was so nice and comforting that after the day I had, exhaustion hit me. Before I knew it I was falling asleep to the small growls and roars of Toothless.

45. Not Alone

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story**

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla point of view<p>

'Uhhh the light' I thought, trying to turn over, but found that I couldn't. As I kept trying to move I heard a growl. As I started to wake up I realized that I had fallen asleep on Toothlessâ€|who deemed it necessary to pin me to him with his tail. 'It's morning' I thought, sitting up as much as I could with Toothless still pinning me. Toothless growled again at my movements, but after scratching him behind his ear he seemed to calm down.

As I looked around the cove I noticed that both Toothless and the Nightmare were still sleeping. Toothless was curled around me, which wasn't odd, but what worried me was that his claws were extended.

'I guess I should just be glad that Toothless didn't actually hurt the Nightmare' I thought, trying to stand up, but it was no use Toothless was far too heavy to move.

'I guess I should be nice and let Toothless sleep, but I really want to try his prosthetic.' I thought squiring again. This time I got a short growl and a twitch.

"Toothless come on let me up," I whispered since the Nightmare was still sleeping. After a few more whispers and nudges Toothless finally woke up. He gave me a sleepy glare before huffing and lifting his tail.

I scurried to get up before Toothless changed his mind. He yawned before stretching. "Sorry Toothless, but I have something for you." He gave me another glare. "Relax this isn't anything dangerous" I said, 'or is it' I thought thinking about the dangers of the prosthetic. Toothless didn't seem convinced. However he did walk over to the basket of untouched fish and started to gobble it down.

By this time the Nightmare was awake its head lifted staring at us. As Toothless continued to eat his fish I walked over to the Nightmare.

"Now the question is what do we do with you?" I asked sitting in front of the Nightmare. It tilted its head looking at me curiously.

"Its just that you don't seem healthy enough to fly. I mean your wings aren't damaged, but your body took quiet a beating. Are you sure you have enough strength to fly." I explained the Nightmare looked towards the sky and than back at me. It gave a low roar.

As I heard a scuffling of noises I turned to see that Toothless had dragged the basket over to us stopping in front of the Nightmare and spilled half the context in front of the Nightmare. Toothless then came over to sit behind me on his back legs, allowing me to lean on him. I lifted my head up to him and smiled "That was nice of you to share" I said, petting the side of his face.

He cooed and the Nightmare gave a low chuckle. That's when Toothless stopped cooing and lifted his eyes to the Nightmare giving a small snarl.

I sighed, "Well I was going to ask if you wanted to stay here while you heal, but it looks like Toothless doesn't agree." Toothless looked down at me and I looked up. He touched my forehead with my nose. "Does that mean she can stay if she wants to" I asked, trying to ignore the stare from the Nightmare. Toothless nodded and I smiled turning towards the Nightmare.

"Although Toothless has allowed you to stay. I can't have you causing trouble and exposing him. You have to stay out of sight and be silent. That means no fighting from the both of you. No roars, no fires. Also no leaving the cove during the daytime I can't have any Vikings finding you or Toothless&epecially Toothless." I said, my voice surprisingly firm. "Neither of you are to be caught, they won't hesitate to kill you and I'm not ready to loose either one of you understood." I refused to lose one of them just because they decided to get in a scuffle.

Both dragons looked at me for a moment before looking at themselves. I sighed and stood up standing between them. "Do you understand?" I asked crossing my arms as I glared at both dragons.

Toothless nodded giving me his I do nothing wrong stare. I looked at the Nightmare; she seemed to be analyzing me. She looked at me the

same way I look at an invention sketch. It kind of made me wonder if she looked at me like a scrap of trash and was trying to find a way to make it useful. Eventually she to nodded.

"Great now that that's settled," I said, going back to sit in front of Toothless. "You're going to need a name toâ€¦is that okay." The Nightmare nodded and as she waits for her name she started to eat some fish.

After looking the Nightmare over and trying to remember as much of her attitude as possible to pick a suitable name. "Hmm how about Scarlet." I asked, watching as the Nightmare stopped chewing to look me over. After awhile she nodded her head.

"Look Toothless now you have a new friend to keep you company while I'm gone" Toothless seemed to make a humph noise.

I stood up and looked at the two dragons. "Alright I have to go now. Odin only knows how everyone is reacting to a dragon escaping. You two behave now alright." I said, as I went to pick up the discarded basket that had went flying in Toothless attack last night. I grabbed the basket and placed it next to the climbing wall. I then took off my torn cloak and placed it next to one of the fish basket and my smaller basket. I started climbing as I reached the exit I turned back towards the two "I'll bring back more food later." That said, I exited the cove and started to make my way back to the village.

The sun was just above the trees, so I didn't expect for any one to be in the forest at all let alone this early. But as I got closer to the exit of the forest I could hear voices and footsteps. I ducked behind a tree waiting as two Vikings passed me. 'Just what the hell are they doing in the forest.' I thought, watching as they walked past me weapons in hand.

'They can't be looking for the Scarlet can they.' I thought watching, as they seemed to head the opposite way of Toothless' cove. 'But why would they think that Scarlet was still hanging around. Did they see Scarlet and me?' I thought, panicking as I tried to head out of the forest with out being detected.

However the closer I got to the edge of the forest the more Vikings there seemed to be. 'Damn did they get the whole village to hunt Scarlet?' I thought, ducking behind another tree as another pair of Viking with weapons passed me. 'Thank Odin I'm skinny' I thought, trying to sneak the rest of the way.

Just as I saw the edge of the forest I felt someone grab my arm from the side and drag me behind a tree and pushing me to the floor a hand around my mouth and another around my waist. As I tried to struggle and make noises of protest the person that grabbed me said "Shh it's me. "

I stopped struggling I knew that voice. It was Gabriel. I didn't know whether to be relieved or distraught that it was him. 'Gabriel already knows that I sneak off what if he finds out why? What if he follows me next time? Just how much does he know.' I thought, trying not to panic. 'But at least it's Gabriel and not some other Viking.' I thought, waiting for him to let go of me.

When he took to long I bit his hand. "Oww what was that for?" he

asked in a harsh whisper. "Me what are you doing" I asked in the same tone. "Trying to help youâ€|you idiot." Just as I was about to reply we heard a group of footsteps coming closer.

"Do they really think a dragon is out here?" said a voice that I instantly knew was Ruffnut.

"Why wouldn't the Nightmare just fly off its stupid for it to hide here." Her brother added.

"Is it true that someone let it go" asked Fishlegs.

"Phht if any one did they are as good as dead when we get a hold of them" and that was definitely Snotlout.

"No one is stupid enough to let a Nightmare go, no matter how pathetic it was." That was definitely Ash's voice. I bit my lip and curled my hands into a fist 'Scarlet is not pathetic.' "Beside NO Viking would betray their village to save a dragon. If they did they are lower than scum and don't deserve to be part of this tribe." Ash's word stung, but he was right no real Viking would ever help a dragon. "However that's not likely the case the chains were burned, no matter how pathetic is was and close to dying its still a dragon and something to be feared." The group seemed to stand there for a moment.

"Fishlegs is probably right and it most likely did fly away to die somewhere else, but we fan out just to make sure." Ash said, finally. After another pause they all seemed to head in different directions.

After I couldn't hear their footsteps any more I let out a sigh of relief. "Well that was close wasn't it princess." That's when I remembered where exactly I was. I was behind a treeâ€|in Gabriel's lapâ€|with his arm around me. I bit my lip to keep my screech in and slapped Gabriel as I scurried out of his lap.

"What the hell was that for? I just helped you," he said in the same harsh whisper. As he held his cheek, that was almost as red as my entire face.

"Sorry sorry you just scarred me" I whispered. Gabriel sighed and stood up.

"Come on we have to get out of here." He said extending his hand to me. I took his hand and he pulled me up. Before I knew it he was dragging me out of the forest. I was surprised that no one was there, but I didn't question it, as Gabriel seemed to know when to hide and swerve.

Finally we made it out of the forest and still avoiding any Vikings we were able to make it to my house without any problems. As we climbed the steps two at a time we charged into the house slamming the door behind us. Gabriel took a seat on the staircase again while slumped to the ground leaning on the door. 'Why does he have to have such long legs' I thought, trying to get air in my lungs. Although Gabriel was only jogging I actually had to run to keep up.

"So you want to tell me what you were doing in the forest," he asked.

"Not particularly." I said, taking one final deep breath.

"Okay well which one would you rather answer what were you doing in the forest? Or what were you doing last night?" I froze at his question hoping that he didn't notice.

"I don't know what you're talking about and if you must know I was in the forest because I like to go for morning walks. However now I think I should go on morning runs."

"You really expect me to believe that."

I stood up and walked over to him. "I don't really care if you do or not."

He sighed and stood up as well. "I didn't want to do this, but you leave me no choice. Either you tell me where you were last night or I show this" he reached into his back pocket and pulled out a rip cloth "to your aunt and tell her where exactly I found it."

'My cloak' I thought remembering the Deadly Nadder's welcoming attack. I tried my best not to show my panic "I don't know what that is, but if you could move so I can change that would be great." As I moved to step around him he followed my movement.

"I know your lying Halla. This came from your cloak. You let the dragon out I know you did Halla I saw you." He shouted.

"Keep your voice down" I seethed. "I didn't do anything, you heard Ash no Viking would let a dragon go." I felt disgusting for quoting Ash, but I needed to get out of this conversation and fast.

Gabriel seemed to get angry at my statement. "So what if you're not a Viking is that so wrong. So you have compassion for dragons how is that wrong?" 'He was right. I shouldn't be ashamed of helping dragons and I wasn't. I was scarred for them. I have to protect them and although Gabriel isn't a Viking, I couldn't take any risks.' I thought.

"Yes it is. I am the chief's daughter I don't let dragons go. I'm in dragon training for Odin's sake I was meant to lead this village and I can't do that if I'm letting dragons go. So get out of my way so I can get ready for training." As I went to push past him he grabbed my hand and pinned me to the wall.

"You're lying" he said, teeth clenched my handprint still visible on his face. "You're not like that Halla. You're not a killer."

I thought over his words for a moment. "No I'm not a killer," that I was sure of "but I think I would be willing to kill to protect what I love." His eyes seemed to narrow for a moment "So why don't you stop wasting my time with these stupid questions."

He looked at me for a moment probably shocked by my tone, but his face became normal and he shook his head. He grabbed my hand and placed the torn cloak in my hand. "I just wanted to let you know that you're not alone Halla, you can trust me. I can help you if you let me." He wrapped my finger around my torn cloth and gripped it tightly for a second before letting go and taking a step back.

"You might want to get ready for training Lian doesn't like to be kept waiting." He walked to the door opening it and right as he was about to exit he said. "I wanted to free the dragons to, but somebody beat me to it. Glad to know that I can relate to someone on this island." And he walked out the house slamming the door behind him.

"What does he want from me" I muttered a voice in the back of my head answering "your trust."

I sighed my legs feeling a little shaky as I climbed the stairs. 'I have to be more careful. I have two dragons that I need to protect and take care of now.' I thought, walking to my room.

46. Training and Challenges

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****thought '...'****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla point of view:<p>

After Gabriel left I had changed into another set of clothes that auntie had given me. It was a long green shirt that had a v-neck and golden cuff. It wasn't silk, but it was much warmer. I wore a shade of darker green pants that I tucked into my furry boots since they were so long. The shirt was also too long so I tucked the shirt in the pants and found a gold stash that I wrapped around my waist keeping the clothes secure. I placed my fur vest over the clothes and for a moment took a deep breathe just lying down on my bed.

"_So what if you're not a Viking is that so wrong. So you have compassion for dragons how is that wrong?"_

'Why does Gabriel have to be soâ€|so uhh.' I thought. "I have to protect Toothless and Scarlet. I can't risk it. Gabriel isn't a Viking, but still I can'tâ€|"

"_I wanted to free the dragons to, but somebody beat me to it. Glad to know that I can relate to someone on this island."_

"He doesn't know me." I mumbled sitting up "He's only been on this island for a few days. He has no idea what he's doing."

'Than again its not like I'm much better' I thought, jumping at the sound of a knock.

"Coming" I shouted running down stairs.

When I opened the door it was Lain knocking. She seemed annoyed, her face in a scowl. "Your late" she said, walking away from the door. I stared after her 'How am I late I was at my house already' I thought closing my door.

In front of my house Asad was setting up a type of course. There where three logs sticking out of the ground the middle one being the tallest and the shorter ones next to it. Then there were other smaller targets scattered around my front lawn. Each of the target having a painted bull eyes on them.

"Asad will be setting up these targets. They will be here for you to practice whenever you want. As I told your aunt there isn't much to teach about knife throwing. It's all about practice. I can help you with the stances and movements, but it's all about you and how much you practice." She explained, walking to a large colored bag.

"Now come here." She says pulling something from the bag. "This is very special. I had been working on it for a while now for the knives. Take very good care of it." She said sternly, but she seemed a little hesitant to hand me the leather belt.

I took the belt from her, but there was too much straps for me to figure it out. Lain sighed taking the belt from my hand. She wrapped the first strap around my waist tightening it as it went threw a large belt buckle. Than grabbed the other strap and wrapped it around my waist again. However both straps were tightened at an angle so it appears like an x on my waist. On the right side was a pouch on the lower x strap. On the left side was this type of holster that was at and angle. The holster was wrapped in more straps a button keeping the holster closed. It was well crafted the design a little confusing, but nicely stitched.

"The knives are placed in this holster. It can at hold at least eight knives. That may not be enough when dealing with dragons, which is why the extra purse was added it can hold four more knives and smaller ones that you haven't thrown yet." She explained adjusting the belt some more.

"However your aunt doesn't think that this would still be enough so she is giving you thisâ€|take off your jacket." I did as I was told and Lain gave me another leather made object. "Think of it as armor." She said, giving me a small red leather midriff jacket. The back had these triangle type pockets that were cut in what looks like claw marks. It had three knives in each of the pockets. The front didn't close, but on the inside it had pockets on each side with two knives in each side.

"So know you can have a total of twenty two knives on you" said Lain straightening up the jacket, my old vest in her arm. "The toughest part of this training is going to be retrieving your knife and throwing with accuracy. Which is why you will be practicing in this. You will learn to be fluid and accurate. No more clumsinessâ€|understand" I nodded "I did not give you these for you to fail, so prove me that you deserve them." Her face was stern, but her voice wasn't harsh. If anything I could tell that she was trying to encourage me in an odd way.

"I won't," I said, fingering the leather on the jacket.

"We'll work on your stances." Lain said moving in front of me. Asad came over taking my fur vest from Lian and sat on my front steps.

Lain took one of the knives from the holster and with it started to show me the stances for knife throwing.

"Stay focused"

"Be light on your feet"

"Widen your stance"

"Follow through"

"Keep your arm straight."

Lian's voice wasn't harsh, but it wasn't soft either. If I messed up she corrected me. She never called me hopeless or useless. She didn't say I was a lost cause. It was reassuring. I made me think that I might actually be doing something right when it comes to fighting.

Lian first had me train in movement getting used to the weight of the belt and jacket. She was trying to teach me to move fluidly, and although my moves seemed more awkward and stiff, Lian moved swiftly almost like water. I tried to mimic her movements, but Lian still had to fix my form telling me to relax, but I was too focused on trying to do well I couldn't.

After while we moved on to having me actually throw knives. I was happy to say that the knife embedded itself into the wood and close to the bull eyes. Lian seemed happy with my result even though it was only a twitch of her lips. Asad actually clapped. By my tenth throw I had been able to get consecutive bulls eyes.

Finally Lian told me to practice taking out my knives and moving as I fired. I was horrible when I started moving. I fumbled getting the knives out and would pause when I threw. This time Lian shook her head. "Let me show you what I want you to achieve." Lian came over and took the jacket and the belt from me. I went over to Asad where he placed a hand on my shoulder smiling at me. I smiled back thinking that things were finally starting to get better.

Lian strapped the belt on and the jacket. Where the jacket fit to the middle of my torso it was even smaller on Lian. She started far away from the target before beginning. She was amazing; there were no other words to describe it. There was no fumbling when she went for the knives, no pausing in her footwork. She hit every target while spinning and turning. It was completely different than how Vikings fight. Where Vikings fight with pure strength, Lian used speed and accuracy. 'It was odd, but so was everything in my life right now.' I thought watching my new teacher.

Lian finished with each of the knives hitting a bull eyes. "That is what I want you to be able to do," she says, taking the jacket off and tossing it to me. I nodded my head still in awe at Lian skill.

"Come on Asad we have practiced enough we need to start heading out."

She says, handing me the belt as well.

Asad nodded giving me a pat on the head and started to walk away. "You are going to need to practice understand, " said Lian. I nodded my head "Good I'll be back in a few days to check your progress."

"A few days? Why so long" I asked, fiddling with the belts.

"Your aunt is planning a fishing trip our supplies are getting low and she doesn't want to burden your tribe"

"You mean she doesn't want their help?" when Lian just started at me I swallowed "or you mean that my tribe won't help her."

Lian didn't answer, but she didn't need to "we'll all be gone for a few days so practice. I expect fluidity." I bit my lip, but I had to ask.

"Is Gabriel going with you?" I asked, playing with my belts. Lian just raised an eyebrow at me, pausing before she answered. "I don't see why he wouldn't."

"Okay"

"Why do you ask?"

"Just asking," I said, standing up to retrieve the knives. Lian stared at me for a moment, but said nothing as she turned around and walked away.

I gathered all the knives placing them back in their sheaths. I practiced pulling the knives from the holster and leather jacket and trying to throw with accuracy. The holster was simple still a bit stiff, but better. However reaching over my head to retrieve the knife from my leather jacket aiming with accuracy was a lot more difficult. My throw was always nice, but I fumbled getting the knives out and paused before throwing. "It's not fluid" I mumbled pulling a knife out.

"You sure are practicing hard" the voice spooked me and threw off my aim. The knife hit the corner of the log. I turned to look at who was interrupting me and froze—it was Ash. I hadn't really spoken to Ash since the awkward conversation with him and Gabriel. To be honest I didn't even feel like talking to him after what he said in the forest.

"Uhh not really I'm just fooling around really," I said awkwardly retrieving another knife from the holster, thankful that it came out of the sheath without a problem.

"Training with an outsider," He said, walking over to me. It was his tone that caught my attention. He sounded like he disapproved.

"I'm lucky that Lian even thought to train me." I said, whatever past awkwardness now replaced with anger.

Ash scowled "What would your father say if he learned you were learning from an outsider."

"He'd probably just be happy that I'm learning."

"You're the heir of this tribe your suppose to uphold our tradition." He says taking a step closer "instead you're learning from outsiders, wearing these strange clothes." He says gripping my leather jacket. He said staring at me before looking around. I knew what he was looking for; he was looking for my fur vest, the fur vest that chief gives to their heir. The vest that Stoic gave to me to so that I was his daughter.

"Let go Ash" I said sternly clenching the knife tighter in my hand.

"They are outsider Halla you shouldn't trust them so easily."

"My aunt isn't an outsider," I shouted.

"No she's worse she's a traitor. She turned her back on us and only came back when it was convenient."

"You don't know anythingâ€|whether it's about my aunt or her crew."

"They are outsiders that's all that should matter to you."

"What is your problem?" I asked this time taking a step closer.

"My problem is that you're bonding with outsider over your own tribe. I mean were you even out there looking for the missing Nightmare. The whole village was."

"What are you more angry about the fact that I'm bonding with them over the tribe or the fact that I'm hanging out with Gabriel than with you."

I watched as his eyes narrowed, his face twisting into a snarl. This wasn't the Ash I was starting to become friends with, the one that found me in the forest, the one that grabbed my hand in comfort before the dragon raid. This was the Ash I saw in front of everyone, the one I saw in dragon training, the prodigy dragon fighter, and the son that my father would rather have than me.

"The only reason I care about who a nobody like you hangs out with is because you're the chiefs daughter. That's it, if you weren't I wouldn't care."

His words hurt, but I was too angry to let it show. "I am the chief daughter, but I'm more than that and whether or not you see that isn't important."

"So a member of your tribe doesn't matter, what a great leader you'll turn out to be."

"I'm useless, I'm a talking fishbone," suddenly Skulluim words came back to me "I know that people would rather have me die instead of my mother, but guess what your stuck with me. Whether you like it or not?" I shouted throwing the knife in my hand. The knife flew and embedded itself in the center of the log it having enough force that you could hear the spin and a hard thud when it made contact.

"What are you afraid of Ash? Afraid that I might just get better than

you at dragon training, afraid that someone like me could actually beat you."

His jaw clenched and his hands were shaking. "I'm trying to protect you here. You can't be trusted to make good decisions."

My decision couldn't be trusted. I saved a dragon hell I saved two. I befriended one; I'm helping it to fly instead of killing it. I'm healing another and I'm bonding with outsiders. My decisions weren't ethical to Viking standards, but for the first time in my life it actually feels like my life.

"Beside NO Viking would betray their village to save a dragon. If they did they are lower than scum and don't deserve to be part of this tribe."_

"Your right my decisions probably will get me killed one day, but I wouldn't haven't any other way. So thanks for your concern, but I don't need it._"

"You honestly think you would have survived in this tribe without your title."

I gave a bitter laugh "sad part is that I have actually thought about that question before."

"HALLA" shouted a voice in the distant. I looked past Ash's shoulder to see that Gobber was coming towards us. Ash turned away from me and I directed my vision towards Gobber.

"Oh good Ash you're here to. I wanted to let both of you know that dragon training will begin tomorrow. The cage was a temporary repair, but it should hold up." Ash and I didn't say anything. "Did I interrupt something?"

"No" I said, "Ash was just leaving."

"I guess I was. See you at dragon training." His voice was dangerous almost as if he was challenging me.

I grabbed one of my knives and threw it again. It had less power than the one before, but it hit its mark. "Yah you will" I said, staring him down to show that I accepted whatever challenge he was making.

Gobber hobbled over to me "That was impressive lass, you sure are learning a lot from your aunt and her crew."

I smiled at Gobber to try and hide my annoyance. "I'm still not fluid you should have seen Lain she's amazing at it."

Gobber chuckled "A little more practice and you'll just as good as she is." He placed a hand on my shoulder "but is everything alright."

"Yah Ash just came over to tell me to stop hanging around and training with auntie and her crew." I said grabbing another knife, my annoyance visible on my face.

"Ash and his father are very traditional, more traditional than your

father. They don't believe that outsiders should be given this much access to Berk. They are even harder on people they consider traitor." Gobber sighed, "I don't even think the elder follows the tradition as much as Ash and his father does" Gobber says trying to make the situation light.

"I see" which really I didn't. I was by blood Stoic daughter, but I didn't follow him to the extent Ash seems to follow his father. Than again maybe that's why Stoic and other fathers in village love Ash. They would rather have him be obedient than having a mind of his own.

"I'm going to need your help in the forger if we are to get dragon training started by tomorrow." Gobber said, looking over the different targets.

"Sure Gobber let me just pack up" I said, already retrieving my knives.

"Your going to be dangerous with those I just know it." I smiled and after I got all my knives I walked over to Gobber and hugged him.

"Thanks Gobber"

"No problem lass." Gobber patted my back "don't forget your vest."

I grabbed my vest that Lain placed on the staircase. I placed it over the leather jacket, my vest doing a good job at concealing my leather jacket.

"Why don't you tell me what you learned lass." I smiled at Gobber glad that not everyone in this tribe is traditional. Some actually welcomed new ideas and acts.

"Sure Gobber I'd love to." I said, as we walked back to the village.

47. Who let the dragon out?

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****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

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><p>Halla point of view:<p>

The rest of the day I worked with Gobber fixing the chains over the dome of the arena. Focusing more on my work than the anxiety and anger in the village. It seemed the whole village was wondering how Scarlet escaped. Some believed that she escaped using her own fire;

others believe she had help escaping from someone in the village and that is where the anger and anxiety came from. There were Vikings everywhere around the arena all worried that another dragon may escape.

Gobber and I finished the arena before sunset, even though we had to work through lunch to finish. So after we finished we got some food from the dining hall and headed back to the forger. Turns out that this little scare had caused many Vikings to want their weapons sharpened or fix.

"So lass what do you think about the missing dragons." Gobber asked eating his chicken.

It took every fiber in my being not to freeze. "What do you mean?" I asked, taking a sip of my water.

"How do you think it escaped?"

"Well it burned the chains didn't it. I mean no one thought it would survive, so maybe it just tricked us into lowering our guard."

"I wouldn't think a dragon could be that smart" he said, taking another bite of chicken.

"Well none of us really know dragons" when I say this Gobber gave me one of his looks so I started to freak out. "I mean none of us know like really know dragons. They could be smart for all we know." I was rambling and using hand gestures and it didn't take a genius to know I was lying.

"You alright there lass."

"Fine fine why would you ask?"

Gobber gave me a look "you know people think that someone let the dragon go. You wouldn't happen to know something."

"No its justâ€¦I felt bad for it."

"Bad" Gobber said, looking at me like I turned into a dragon myself.

"Yah bad, it was lying there wounded. It looked liked it was dyingâ€¦I just felt bad. But why do you ask?"

"Just curious lass." This time Gobber looked away.

"You know something," I shouted, panic in my voice. Gobber jumped at my exclamation, but wasted no time shushing me.

"I have a hunch, but that is all," said Gobber finishing his meal wiping his hand on a rag.

"And that hunch would be" I asked, abandoning my food to stand by Gobber.

Gobber hesitated, so I gave him my pleading pout. For a moment I thought it wasn't going to work, but when he sighed I knew I had him. "I believe that Gabriel is the one that let the Nightmare go."

I froze my eyes widening, but said nothing. "Your aunt said that he had been acting weird and was afraid that he was going to do something stupid. Not a day latter the Nightmare goes missing. Your aunt and I don't have any real evidence that he did it, but your aunt didn't want to take any chances if the lad did do it. She took her crew on a fishing trip till everything died down."

"But he didn't do it Gobber" I shouted.

"Do you know that for sure lass."

Before I could even think of the consequences I shouted,
"YES"

Gobber looked at me funny again "how would you know for sure lass?"

"Causeâ€| cause he wasâ€|he was with meâ€|when the Nightmare went missing. He was trying to give me tips for training. Stupid idiot was also trying to give me ideas for the sling shot." I said crossing my arms trying to make it seem like I was annoyed "So you see he couldn't have done it."

"Well I'm sure your aunt would have like to known that before she headed out."

"Wait you mean she already left. Lain said that they had to get ready to leave." There was an awkward silence. "So theyâ€|already left than."

"Lass I thought she told you."

"No she didn't." I said, averting my eyes before looking back at Gobber "but its fine I mean she was busy and I was training I'll see her when she gets back." I said, walking back to my food.

"Lass"

"No its fine Gobber really. Let me finish and than we can get back to work." That said, I began eating and Gobber started working.

It wasn't long till both of us were working, but still the awkward silence was still there. Soon all the weapons were sharpened or fixed and it was still light out. 'I should get back to Toothlessâ€|maybe there's enough time to try out his new wing. Or should I wait.' I thought polishing the last sword. 'Maybe since auntie and Gabriel are gone I can just sleep there. So maybe I should just wait, I shouldn't take any chances especially after last night.' I placed the sword down and began to clean up.

"Gobber I'm going to go work on something in my workshop, unless you need me for anything else." I said, already starting to walk down the hallway.

"No lass we're done here, but lass I'm sure your aunt had a good reason for leaving like she did."

"Gobber she left to protect Gabriel, that's a good enough reason." At

least that's what I kept telling myself.

I sat down in my chair and just slumped on my table. 'So people think that Gabriel let Scarlet go—is that why Ash came to see me or was it just because he's ignorant to outsiders? Auntie left, but she left for Gabriel so I can't be too mad. But it wouldn't have been that hard to tell me hey I'm leaving.' I lifted my head and sighed. "There's no point pouting over it." I muttered to myself.

I looked over at the slingshot that was on the table. "Auntie doesn't think I can make you a weapon, let's prove her wrong." I muttered going through my crates of goodies. I took the stones that Eagle gave me. 'Sharpened, reshaped and these could make some good ammo, but I'm going to need more than just stones to stop Scarface.' I began looking through the crate for a powder that Eagle had told me about, something about it being explosive.

48. One Promise Down

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

I was back at my house taking off my knife jacket and belt before heading over to Toothless. I placed the weapons up in my room, when I found a note on my bed. It was from auntie. It read

Halla I'm sorry that I'm leaving so suddenly, but I will be back in a few days so do not worry. I wanted to say good bye, but you must have been working with Gobber since you weren't training. Halla I'm sorry if you are upset with my sudden departure, but I promise I will make it up to you when I get back.

I placed the note on the bed and sighed 'I guess a note is better than nothing. Although walking to the forger wouldn't have been that difficult either' I thought. 'Well at least she didn't completely forget about me' I thought as I made my way downstairs and outside into the food shack. The sun had already set a while ago so it was going to get dark soon. I had left my workshop feeling quite accomplished at the progress I had made with my slingshots ammo. 'But that will be nothing compared to what I will feel if this wing works.' I thought, grabbing a basket of fish and the prosthetic.

I practically ran to Toothless cove with a goofy smile on my face, completely happy at what could possibly happen. 'I shouldn't get too excited though, after all there is a chance that it may not work.' I thought, not slowing down a bit. There didn't seem to be any one in the forest, but just to be sure I took the longer route to Toothless'

cove.

By the time I actually made it to Toothless cove I was surprised that there was still sun light out. 'Maybe I can try the prosthetic after all' I thought as I walked into the entrance of the cove and lowered the basket of fish with the prosthetic balanced on top of it. Suddenly Toothless popped out of his makeshift cave.

"Hey Toothless" I shouted, climbing down the wall.

"Cooo" said Toothless standing in front of me; I scratched him behind the ear. As I scratched Toothless I scanned the area for Scarlet. However as I looked around I couldn't find her. My stomach dropped and panic set in.

"Toothless where Scarlet?" I screeched still searching for Scarlet.

Toothless trotted over to me making his cooing noise again, but I was panicking. 'If she isn't here than she is either in the woods or left the island to who knows where. But that was only if she was strong enough to fly, but I mean that's unlikely. But what if its not, what if she runs into Scarface? Or another dragon' I thought starting to pace back and forth. As I was panicking Toothless was trying to calm me down.

After about ten minutes of panicking I finally calmed down. "She's a dragon she can take care of herself rightâ€|rightâ€|she's fine yup she's fineâ€|completely fine." I said taking a deep breathe trying to calm down.

Toothless cooed and I smiled "sorry Toothless I was just panicking a bit, but don't worry I brought you some food." I said, walking back to the fish trying not to panic and thinking about Toothless prosthetic.

I brought the basket father away from the wall and closer to the pond. "I hope your hungry," I said tipping the basket over. As the fish spilled out I muttered, "Okay that's disgusting." As Toothless got closer I explained what time of fish there was, but when I saw there was an eel I quickly reached in the pile of fish and pulled it out. 'Don't want him to freak him out more than possible.' I thought, slowly walking behind Toothless as he pushed around the pile of fish.

As Toothless started to eat I muttered "That's itâ€| just keep eatingâ€|don't mind meâ€|I'll just be back here...minding my own business" I slowly made my to his tail. As I reached his tail I kneeled down to strap the prosthetic tail. However as I tried to strap it on Toothless moved his tail. So I scouted closer, but Toothless moved again. "Its okay" I muttered trying to get the tail to hold still. "Uhhh" I said as I shifted around the tail, but it still kept moving. It raised itself up so I put my hands on it to keep it down, but it was still twitchy. Toothless moved forward sticking his head in the basket to find more fish, so I jumped on his tail trying to get it to hold still. Once I did I strapped it on tightening it as much as I could. Happy that is seemed to fit. I spread the wing out to see that it was for the most part identical to the other. "Doesn't look to badâ€|not to badâ€|it looks like it works." As I was muttering to myself, I could feel Toothless shift

underneath me, but what happened next I was not expecting.

Toothless had taken to the sky. He was trying to fly and I was SITTING ON HIS TAIL. 'Oh Odin I'm gonna die I'm gonna die' I thought, tightening my grip on Toothless tail as I let out a shriek. However in a second Toothless wasn't climbing in the sky any more, no he was falling. As Toothless let out his own screech I stopped thinking of my impending doom and looked at the prosthetic tail. It was closed shut as the real one was wide open. Fighting against the wind and my fear of falling I reached out and pulled the wing open. And just like that our nosedive became a climb. 'WE WERE FLYING.' I thought as I felt Toothless turn and the wing turn at an angle I mimicked the movement. We were above the trees, above Berk, the sun's last ray the only source of light. 'It was beautiful, better than my last flight' I thought with a shudder, holding on tighter with the tail.

As Toothless circled the cove I couldn't help, but shout "I did it! it works! it actually works." My shouts were drowned out by the wind, but I was too happy to care. That was until I saw another dragon coming at us. By its form I it looked like a Nightmare and for a moment I froze. Toothless started to climb though, but I was freaking out. 'What if it's Scarface?' I thought running different scenarios in my head that all ended with Toothless and I crashing. Toothless didn't seem to care, too focused on flying to notice. "Toothless" I shouted, but still he wasn't listening. As I was about to shout again, the Nightmare got closer and I breathed a sigh of relief when I noticed it was Scarlet. However Scarlet was screeching and roaring. Suddenly Toothless went into a spin his whole tail shifting so that Toothless was looking down at me. He gave his own screech his eyes wide and for a moment it had me panicking. 'What? What's wrong? What's going on?' I thought, looking around. We had been flying for some time I sort of forgot I was flying by his tail.

Scarlet came by his tail screeching at me, but I didn't know what she wanted me to do. I hugged Toothless' tail, but Scarlet screeched at Toothless who roared back. Suddenly he swung out his tail and I was flung in midair. The motion was so fast that I flashed back to my fall with Scarface and I let out a scream. I screamed until I felt something solid underneath me. I looked down to find that something red with scales was underneath me, carrying me. My breath was ragged my heart pounding, but as I heard the coo of Scarlet and the familiar skin of dragon I started to calm down. I was breathing heavy, but I looked up to see Toothless was still flying on his own. "I can't believe it works," I muttered.

However as Toothless turned the prosthetic closed and Toothless started to fall. "Oh no" I said, watching as Toothless struggled to stay in the air. Scarlet was circling him, but soon Toothless was falling and Scarlet went after him, but he was falling too fast.

"TOOTHLESS" I shouted, my heart suddenly dropping. Toothless turned slightly and skidded into the pond of the cove. Scarlet flew down to the cove and I wasted no time climbing off her back and running into the pond. "TOOTHLESS" I shouted, he still hadn't resurfaced. 'There're rocks and logs in the pond what if he hit his head? What if he's hurt?' I thought, trudging deeper into the pond.

Suddenly my legs were swept underneath me and I fell into the pond.

By the time I had resurfaced Toothless was standing in front of me. His face unreadable, but I didn't care I leaped onto him, wrapping my arms around his neck.

"Don't ever do that again," I shouted squeezing him before I let go just enough to face him "I mean it Toothless don't scare me like that again." I hugged him again, the last time I saw Toothless crash he lost his tail wing it scared me to think that the second time he won't be that luckyâ€|or unluckyâ€|well be able to walk away alive. "We either fly together or we don't," I muttered my heart still beating wildly. 'I don't think my body can handle this. To many panic attacks to day, to much worrying.' I thought, not letting go of Toothless.

Toothless started to coo opening up his wings and closing them around me as if to hug me. It wasn't until I heard heavy steps that I remembered we weren't alone. I slowly let go of Toothless, him expanding his wings. He looked down at me his eyes big and happy and he cooed before nuzzling me. I smiled and patted him.

Then I turned to Scarlet "And you" I shouted trying to sound furious. "Where were you? Do you have any idea how worried I was when I saw you weren't here?" I kept ranting as Toothless and I walked out of the pond. Scarlet gave me a little roar before moving to the side to show a dead deer. "You went hunting?" I exclaimed "In the forest where there are Vikings just waiting to catch you." I crossed my arms and started to tap my foot. Scarlet came over and nuzzled my face

"Do you two think that nuzzling is going to get you off the hook." I asked looking back and forth at both dragons. Scarlet gave a chuckle and with her head pushed me to the floor. "Hey that was unnecessary." I said, raising my arm, but staying on the ground.

Toothless soon came to stand over me, giving me a curious look. I smiled and scratched him underneath his neck. "Why is it that I'm with you I always end up wet?" I muttered finally sitting up.

But it seemed as Toothless and I were goofing off Scarlet was already working on that. She headed to some of the fallen twigs gathering them in her mouth and placing them in a pile close Toothless cave. "Thanks Scarlet glad one of you is responsible."

I got up and walked to the empty baskets that I had left and grabbed my ripped cloak. 'Maybe ripped, but at least its dry' I thought, walking over to one of the larger rocks and started to discard my wet clothes and boots. Than I wrapped the cloak around me and felt extremely warm.

By this time Scarlet was eating her deer, Toothless swiping a bite before walking back to his cave where he settled in. Before I followed Toothless in I walked over to Scarlet. She lifted her head up blood dripping from her mouth, but it didn't faze me. She brought her face close to me and I petted the top of her nose. "You need to be careful Scarlet. There were Vikings in the woods earlier and I don't want you to get in trouble. The whole village is on edge with your escape, so just be careful when you going hunting Kay." Scarlet nodded her head and I patted her one last time before walking to Toothless.

Toothless cave was roomy and as I shuffled around to sit in my normal spot I couldn't help, but think that this little cave was a homier than my room at home. Toothless shot a fireball at the stack of twigs near the entrance of the cave. It was close enough to warm us up, but not close enough to actually block the entrance.

As I snuggled into my normal spot Toothless' wing becoming my blanket, I couldn't help, but replay the events of today. 'I ran away from my tribe, got confronted by Gabriel, I started training, I challenged Ash, I worked with Gobber, freaked out with Gobber, I worked on weaponizing my slingshot, freaked out about Scarlet, but most important the prosthetic workedâ€¦it actually worked.' I thought, smiling about the craziness of it all.

"Toothless" I said, in a hush whisper all of today's event finally hitting me. "We did it Toothless. You were flyingâ€¦well sort of. With a few adjustment and some new equipment we can get you in the sky permanently."

Toothless cooed, nuzzling my face again. "One promise down Toothless." Toothless gave a small roar this time. "You were actually flying Toothless...I'm so happy for you." With that said, I snuggled deeper into Toothless side wrapping the cloak tighter around me and fell asleep.

49. Allies and Revenge

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><p>ToothlessAlastor's point of view:

Halla was fast asleep at my side, the fire helping to keep her warm. At time she would snuggle deeper, but for the most part she was asleep no nightmare in sight.

"You gave me a fright out there," Herradura said, lying down in front of the cave right on the fire. "At first I thought it was a miracle that you were flying and than to see Halla on your tail." She shook her head. "Gave me one of the biggest fright of my life."

I looked down suddenly feeling guilty. "I didn't know she was hanging on. When she first put this thing on," I said lifting my tail to show the contraption that Halla left on me. "I just went slacked jaw when I suddenly felt the weight of my old tail fin. I didn't even think of Halla. I just jumped at the chance to sky again. When I went into a nose dive I panicked wondering what was wrong, but when I was flying actually flying nothing matter to me, but staying in the sky."

"She was calm for the most partâ€¦well that was until you flung her into the sky and you crashed."

"It was her screaming that scared meâ€¦I had shifted direction to make sure she was alright after flinging her off. I didn't think about how she would suddenly feel going into free fall, I just wanted her safe on your back. But when this thing suddenly stopped working I just did my best to land in the pond rather than another tree." I admitted looking down at the top of Halla's head.

Herradura chuckled "I thought that girl was going to jump in after you. You really gave her a fright when you didn't resurface."

This time I smiled "She can't stay mad at me for very long, especially when I'm just playing with her."

"Just like you can't seem to stay mad at her." I looked down feeling embarrassed.

"Hey you nearly gave her a panic attack when she noticed that you weren't here. She worries over you just the same." I defended thinking back to earlier when she was pacing the cove, a worried expression on her face.

Herradura just chuckled "I'm a grown dragon I've lived longer than that girl could possibly imagine and she's worried about me."

"She's an odd girl," I said, tightening my wing over her "But part of what makes her great is that she cares."

"True, but what about that contraption."

"What about it?" I asked, suddenly feeling defensive.

"It seemed to only work when Halla was operating it." I looked at her as if asking her what exactly was the problem. "The invention she created for you although it helps you fly can only work with her help. Which means your bond to her? You won't be able to leave or fly without Halla."

"Your worried about me depending on her"

"No I'm worried that your being bond to her against your will."

I gave a chuckle "Herradura I was bonded to this girl far before the make of this contraption."

There was a pause before Herradura laughed "Who would have thought that Alastor the sole survivor of his clan would willingly allow himself to be bonded to a human hatchling the heir to our enemy." She laughed again "Oh the ancient ones have an odd sense of humor."

"I may be bond to Halla, but what about you?"

"What do you mean?" she asked tilting her head.

"You went out hunting, but that took you all day. Your wounds are still healing, so you can't make it very far flying and there is no way that you would survive going back to the Queen's lair. So what are you going to do when your all healed?"

Herradura stretched her head looking at the sky. She just stared for a moment before turning her head back to me. "I don't know. Staying so close to Vikings doesn't appeal to me, but staying here with you and Halla would be a nice life." She paused for a moment "I'm not sure Alastorâ€¦ knowing the Queen she'll send Vulfiend to scourer the earth for us until we're dead."

"Then we'll just have to fight" I said a snarl on my face claws extended.

"Alastor that battle would be disasters. I'm too old to weak to fight Vulfiend, and if you ever meet up with him he has experience, ruthlessness, and flight on his side."

I dug my claws in deeper into the ground "He may be a monster, but I want revenge that has to count for something."

Herradura shook her head at me "It may count, but not as much as you think. Revenge is a very dangerous game Alastor, one that you have to be careful with or it will consume you."

"Vulfiend killed my family, but he also killed Halla's mother. She wants revenge against him just like I do."

Now there was a sad smile on her face. "It would seem fate bonded you long before you actually meet." She was staring me straight in the eye, and it made me feel like a scolded hatchling.

"Fate can only take you so far. At some point we have to take our life into our own hands." I said, slowly easing my claws out of the ground.

"I suppose so, but if you are planning on taking on Vulfiend you're going to need an ally."

"Are you saying you'll stay?" I asked hopeful. Although I was used to being alone and fending for myself, Herradura tried to make the lair bearable tried to give me a life other than being the Queen's minion, but a hellhole could only be made so comfortable.

"I'm saying its time you grew up without the Queen or Vulfiend's poison in you. I'll stay just to make sure you two don't do anything stupid. Especially since Halla is going to help you fly, someone is going to have to try and save you if you decid to do another crash landing."

I laughed "Thanks Herradura what would I do without you?"

"Probably would have killed yourself trying to protect Halla from a crash landing."

"That's not funny," I said thinking of how possible that outcome could have been.

"Wasn't meant to be" was all she said as she got up "Goodnight Alastor."

"Goodnight Herradura." I said, waiting for a while until I curled myself around Halla.

50. Warnings

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><p>Halla point of view:<p>

I woke up nice and warm the norm when I slept underneath Toothless' wing. As I struggled to fully wake up I could hear the sound of leather opening and closing. The sound was kind of annoying and soon became enough of a nuisance for me to fully wake up. I squirmed under Toothless' wing and Toothless lifted his wing allow me to get up. I sluggishly crawled away from him, shifting so that I was sitting in front of him stretching my arms with a yawn.

Toothless kept on lifting his tail and than slamming it back on the ground causing the prosthetic to open and close making that annoying noise over and over again. Finally after the umpteenth time I snapped "alright enough." I shouted, Toothless slammed his tail on the ground once more and stared at me. That was until he made a dash for the entrance of the cave nearly running me over. Once he was out of the cave he started to slam his tail on the ground again this time with a more frequent pace.

"Toothless that's not funny" I said, getting out of the cave, but Toothless continued to make that ridiculous noise. I grounded my teeth together not completely sure why it was so annoying it just was. I chased after him, knowing that it was pointless, but at least the noise stopped.

I'm not sure how long we played chase the dragon, but finally after a while we were both laying on the ground me exhausted and Toothless giving me a sheepish grin. "You suck," I say taking a deep breath "who needs training, chasing after you is enough." I complained. Toothless gave a chuckle lifting his tail up again, but I had the prosthetic in my lap. "Not funny" I said before inspecting the prosthetic in my lap. "Hmm I'm gonna have to create some sort of control for this. Hmm maybe I couldâ€|no that wouldn't workâ€|what I would need is toâ€|but how could Iâ€|uhhh" I groaned leaning my head back against Toothless who kept on staring at me.

I looked at him and said, "We have the first part done, but there is still a lot we have to get done" He nuzzled my head giving me some type of encouragement. I sighed still thinking of how to make this prosthetic workable, my head swimming with different ideas.

I sighed again and looked around the cove "No Scarlet again, I hope she stays safe." I muttered standing up the prosthetic tucked safely

under my arm as I walked over to empty baskets. I placed the prosthetic in one of the empty basket before placing it on my back. 'If anything I can work on it after training' I thought as Toothless followed me. I left the cloak on the ground still worried about other Vikings finding the only solid piece of evidence that I helped Scarlet escape and started to rope the other basket on my pulley system.

"I'll be back later tonight with some more fish alright," I said, scratching his neck. He made a purring noise and gave a short nod. I climbed the wall and pulled up the other basket noticing that my shoulder and side only gave a dull throb. I waved goodbye to Toothless and made the walk home one basket on my back the other being dragged half the time.

By the time I made it back to the house I dumped the baskets in the food shed ran upstairs to change into my throwing knife belt and top. However as I tightened the belt closer to me I finally realized that I couldn't use them on a dragon. I mean the only dragon I want dead was the Scarface dragon, that's the only dragon I want to hurt even kill. I bit my lip wondering what I should do before an idea came into my head. I quickly found my pair of gloves and head to the food shack before running to the arena.

By the time I got to the arena Gobber was handing out buckets of water to all the teens. "Today" started Gobber "is all about teamwork." He said stepping back as the teens focused on Gobber.

Suddenly the door blasted open startling me to the point I nearly dropped my bucket. A cloud of greenish grey gas started to engulf the arena. "Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire. The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it. Your job is to know which is which." Soon the gas was covering at least half the arena. I took a quick look around notices that everyone had unintentional paired up as the gas started to close in. Ash was with Ruffnut. Snotlout with Tuffnut, and by default I got paired with Fishlegs.

Fishlegs and I were back to back so I could hear him muttering to himself or to me I wasn't sure. "Razor sharp, serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-digestion. Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims in its-"

"Will you please stop that?" I snapped I don't need to be reminded how dangerous a dragon can be when I'm not even sure I can defend myself against one properly. Sure I took one three dragons by myself, Sure I went toe to claw against my mother's killer, but I was angry and stupid, running on revenge and adrenaline. I could hear the sounds of shuffling and other voices so I knew that the other teens were close.

However it wasn't until I heard the panic shouts that I started to worry until I was being shoved by Tuffnut as he screamed "Oh I'm hurt I'm very much hurt." 'Yup because that doesn't freak me out at all.' I thought, looking around the gas filled arena for any sign of either one of the Zippleback's head.

Fishlegs tensed beside me as he said "Chances of survival are dwindling to the single digits." 'Encouraging words' I thought trying

to get into some type of fighting mode.

Suddenly an image emerged from the evaporating gas and I could see heads start to appear from the now thin green gas that was settling around our legs. One of the heads made its way over to us and came straight to Fishleg who with a squeal threw the water at its face. The Zippleback's jaw dropped gas pouring out of its mouth.

Fishleg gave a dry chuckle "Oh wrong head?" the dragon roared spraying gas in his face and Fishleg threw the bucket in the air as he ran away screaming. I could hear Gobber shouting his name as the dragon emerged completely from the gas to stand in front of me. "Now Halla" I heard him scream as the second head started to make sparks in its mouth.

I swung the bucket of water as hard as I could. On the plus side the water rose out of the bucket, but with my weak little arms it didn't even come close to reaching the dragon's head. "Aww come on," I said as the second head narrowed its eyes, mouth wide charging at me with a screech its wings shaking behind it. I dropped the bucket and scurried backwards, but somehow tripped over my own feet.

"Halla" I heard Gobber shout. 'I hope this works' I thought as I stuck out my gloved hand up in front of me. The Zippleback paused for a moment as the first head came in close as well. It wasn't long before its nostrils started flaring, each head shaking screeching as it started to retreat. I moved both my hands in front of me making sure that the Zippleback could smell the stench of eel. 'It works the gloves coated in eel slime actually works' I thought as I maneuvered the dragon back to its cage. "Back â€|Backâ€|now don't make me tell you again," I shout waving my hands as the Zippleback went further and further into its cage. "Now think about what you've done." I said lifting my vest to reveal a fish. As I closed the door I quietly whispered a "sorry." Knowing that for some off reason dragon's hated the scent of eel, 'but it's better to scare it than harm it' I thought as I closed the door all the way shut.

As I closed the door I turned around to see the astonished faces of the entire group of teens and Gobber's slack jaw. Fishleg was so shocked he dropped his weapon as everyone else was just wide eyed. "Uhh okay so are we doneâ€|cause I have some things that I have toâ€|uh yah okay see you tomorrow." With that I made a mad dash for the exit.

However just cause I made it out of the arena okay didn't mean I was free from stares. It seemed a few Vikings had stopped by the arena and were filled with the same shock as the teens and Gobber. I gave my sheepish smile as I made my way to the forger to start improving Toothless' prosthetic. 'I'll work a bit and then train more with my knives before going back with dinner.' I thought scurrying away from the Vikings stares.

I made it to the forger with out much problem and walked into my workroom. I took off the eel scented gloves and placed them on my corner of my desk before scavenging around my boxes again for something to help with Toothless tail. I figured I could use a piece of rope to attach to the prosthetic to make it move kind of like a string on a puppet. The real question was how was I going to stay on Toothless long enough to operate the tail. There was nothing in my workshop to help with that. "What if" I muttered aloud before

grabbing a key on one of my shelved scurrying out of my room.

'If I don't have anything maybe auntie will' I thought running towards the woods to her cabin. As I ran to my destination I was stopped by a rugged yet soft voice "Halla."

I stopped looking around to see who called me only to see the village elder Gothi walking towards me. Gothi was an old woman and elder, she was small, tinier than me her decorative staff was taller than her. Her skin was like leather, tight and cracked especially around her eyes. Her eyes seemed to be a little glazed over and when she walked it was with power even though the strides were short and limp. Her hair completely gray parted in two braids under her Viking helmet, showing that in her youth she was a valiant warrior.

"Elder Gothi" I said embarrassed my face growing warm. Gothi barely talks, she only really talks to other elders and my father, but even then she only speaks on rare occasion.

"Where are you running off to child" she asked leaning into her staff in front of me.

"Just in the woods is all" I muttered nervous. When elder Gothi acknowledges your presence she looks into your eyes and it's unnerving. It's like she can see everything about you past, present, and future; it made me nervous worried that she would be able to see Toothless and Scarlet.

"To your aunt's cabin" it wasn't a question. She said her eyes unwavering "That was quite impressive" I stared at her oddly, her face neutral giving no implication of what she meant.

"What was?" I asked staring down at the little woman.

"The way you handled the Zippleback. No weapons, no water. Quite impressive I can honestly say I have never seen anything like it" her words were meant to be a compliment, but with the tone she used they sounded off.

"Thank you," I said, unsure of what to say. She kept staring at me before finally she closed her eyes and looked down shifting her staff.

"You should be careful Halla." She finally said, her voice sending a chill down my spine causing me to stand a little straighter.

It was another moment before I asked "Of what exactly?" the way she said it made it sound like a threat more than a warning.

"You should be careful to remember what's important to you." She said raising her head again "It is easy for us to lose our self to the ambitions and dreams of others. It's easy for us to stray from tradition and lose just who we are meant to be" My eyes widened at her words. I opened my mouth to retaliate, but I couldn't speak. Did she know? Did she know about the dragons? Did she see me sneak the fish to the Zippleback? My heart clenched in panic. "Just be careful dear you never know how dangerous something truly is until it's too late." With that she walked or rather shuffled away. I could only stare at her retreating form before I turned back towards the forest.

At first it was a simple walk than it turned into a sprint until I found myself running. Her words running around in my head 'There is no way she knows about Toothless and Scarlet' I thought my head pounding from all the different possibilities 'she's probably talking about auntie and the knives. She's worried that the so-called outsiders will affect me and she has every right to worry cause they are. She just wants to remind me of my supposed Viking pride. That's all.' At least that's what I tried to convince myself as I made it to Aunties cabin.

51. Saddle

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****thought '... '****

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><p>Halla point of view:<p>

I had made it to Auntie's cabin with out much of a problem, but as I opened the door and peered inside the only light coming from the door I knew I was going to have to do some digging. There had to be something here that could help me with Toothless prosthetic 'if not I'm screwed' I thought shaking my head 'No I can't think like thatâ€|there will be something here I just didn't know where to start looking.' There were trunks and chest all over this room, but they were buried under material and books."Well" I muttered to myself as I stepped inside to start lighting the lanterns before closing the door behind me. "No one said this was going to be easy."

I walked over to the two trunks near the bookshelf, sat down and started rummaging. With no windows in the cabin I wasn't sure how much time I had spent digging around this room. 'Funny how a place you considered wonderland one minute become hell the next' I thought, placing the stuff I had taken out of a different chest back, only for some reason it wouldn't all fit. I strained to get it to close, but eventually I was able to latch it back up. "That's the third chest trunk I looked through" I mumbled leaning against the said item "and nothing, but amazing itemsâ€|just amazing items I don't need." I got up from the spot of the floor and shuffled my way to the bed. However my foot got caught on something and I ended up falling onto the bed.

As I landed with an ungraceful flop I laid there for a moment giving my back a rest from bending. It wasn't long until I flipped over on the bed so I was facing the ceiling. I sighed as I went back to

thinking of what I would need for Toothless to fly and the first thing that occurred to me was that somehow I would have to stay on top of Toothless in order to work the tail. 'Because I am not riding on the tail again' I thought, shuddering at the crash landing Toothless took.

"So I need something to make sitting on him easier." I muttered "Something like a saddle." For a moment I bit my lip trying to surpass the laughter until I couldn't help but let out a chuckle. It was just so funny trying to picture Toothless with a saddle. "Oh he's going to hate me," I said, between laughs. As I started to calm down I started to swing my feet that were hanging off the bed.

"I mean I guess I could make it out of dress material if I get desperate" I grimaced "very very desperate" I muttered to myself "but it can't be helped. I can't find anything that would help meâ€¦" I guess I could strip the back on every shield I can get a hold of, but that's just a little too suspicious." As my muttering got me nowhere my legs started to kick more violently in frustration.

"There has to be som-OWW," I shouted as my heel made contact with something sharp. I retracted my legs, clutching it to my chest.

"Son of aâ€¦ what the hell did I hit" I asked, messaging my heel. Cautiously I lowered myself to the floor and lifted the large blankets on the bed. There was a wooden box. I grabbed the box and began to drag it out from underneath the bed. 'I'm gonna guess I hit a corner' I thought as I inspected my new find.

It was a beautifully carved wooden box from my wood I could only guess mahogany. In the center it had a carving of three bears in a circle, with different symbols decorated through out the box in a nice trim. I ran my hand over the top of the face. 'Someone put a lot of effort in this.' I thought, lifting the lid up wondering what could be inside that required such an amazing case.

What I saw inside could have made me weep to Thor himself. Inside was an old worn out saddle. I carefully lifted the saddle, which was actually pretty heavy for it being so thin, but it was a good size. "I would probably only need to strip a shield or two to get this looking as good as new" I muttered, noticing the same bear crest on the saddle as on the box. 'Just where did she go to get this' I thought noticing that with extra leather belt this could possibly fit Toothless. I grinned hugging the saddle for dear life, until I thought about Auntie's return. 'She wouldn't mind if I used her saddle would she' I thought starring at the item in question 'I mean I don't even think she's been here since she left and I doubt she would come looking for it and it's not like I can ask her if I can use it.' I thought dropping the saddle back in the box. 'But that's the only thing I can actually useâ€¦ there isn't enough leather on the island to make one from scratch especially with winter coming.' I thought, petting the saddle. 'But it isn't mind to use.' With a final sigh I closed the lid and slid it back under the bed.

However as I stood up I thought about how happy Toothless was in the sky and how long it would take to get him back up there without the saddle. I bit my lip taking a step towards one of the lanterns turning it off. As I walked over to the other lantern I thought 'I'm not a thief.' I blew that one out 'but I also don't go back on my promises.' As I walked to the final lantern the room getting darker

and darker I stopped and sighed. Before turning off the final lantern I walked towards the box and pulled it out again. The saddle seemed to be calling my name begging for me to take it and actually use it. As I lifted the saddle I could only think 'For Toothless.'

For the billionth time I sighed trudging up the steps of my house. In the end I couldn't take saddle. 'I'm not a thief' I thought trying to convince myself that it was for the best. I got ten steps from the cabin before turning around and placing the saddle back where I found it. As I looked at the detail of the saddle and the box it obviously meant something important, a gift of some kind. 'An expensive gift' I thought mopping as I got up the stairs. 'Curse my stupid conscience' I thought as I trugged up the stairs. I had come home to place my knives away and grab a basket of food for Toothless.

As I walked to my bedroom I paused for a second. "There is one place I haven't looked," I muttered walking towards Stoick's room. That little attic had a bunch of old things maybe I could find something there. 'It wouldn't be the saddle, but it could be something, what do I have to loose.'

I walked to my bedroom left my knives on my bed and grabbed a candle and match before heading to Stoick's room. Even though I knew Stoick wasn't going to be home anytime soon, I was still just as cautious to enter his room. I went to his closet and after being stuck and lost for a moment I was able to find the secret door. I lit the candle and made my way up the staircase. 'I mean I found out about Auntie up here. Lets see what else I can find.' I thought, looking over different labels on different boxes. I was looking for any old weapon boxes, materials, hell I'd be happy if I could find some leather clothes.

I slumped on one of the boxes wiping the sweat on my brow as I took a break. The candle was resting on a box close to me giving off a dim light. After a moment I sighed and slumped onto the ground. I had found the boxes of mom's old clothes, but didn't dare look in there I even found a couple weapon boxes, but they were all knives and axes nothing worth stripping. I sighed kicking the boxes in front of me 'at least I'm still not a thief.' I thought, kicking the boxes harder.

I didn't notice that when I kicked the box the one stacked on top of it started to sway and that final kick was enough to tip the already badly stacked box over. I didn't even have enough time to dodge as the box came hurdling at me.

"Ahhh" I shouted, trying to shove the box off of me, but it was so heavy. "What" shove "The hell" breathe and shove "just hit me" I shouted giving one last final shove successfully removing the box off my stomach.

I wrapped one arm around my painful crushed stomach and looked at the box. It didn't have a label on it, which caught my attention seeing as how most boxes were labeled. As I opened the box my mouth dropped. Inside were leather bracelets and belts.

Some I guessed were Stoick's when he was younger because the spiked covered leather bands reminded me so much of Stoick's leather like gauntlets. There were couple of what I thought was Stoick's gauntlet like bracelets and even a couple of large wide belts. I smiled

looking at the all the leather. 'I could strip this and sew it back together to make a saddle. I could probably add some furs to make it comfortable for Toothless.' I thought, already dragging the box down the stairs. After I got the box downstairs I went back upstairs and dug through one of the many boxes labeled furs. Selecting a few of the smaller pelts, I grabbed my candle and went downstairs.

I dragged the box all the way to my room leaving it right next to my bed. "Alright I have a few tools around here I'm sure I could get started before heading out to meet Toothless." I muttered, grabbing my tools and sewing kit from inside my closet.

I grabbed one of my pliers and started to unwind as many bracelets as I could while pulling out the studs as best I could with out damaging the leather. By the time I was done actually unwinding and stripping the leather of all its studs it was already sunset.

I sighed leaning against my bed frame as I looked at the pile of usable leather beside me. I smiled to myself 'I can definitely make something out of this' I thought, getting out of bed stretching. 'As much as it sucks maybe I'll just spend some time with Toothless and head back to finish the saddleâ€¦uhh that means I have to sleep in my own bed.' I thought with a pout, but as I looked at the pile of leather on the floor I knew it would be worth it. So I ran down the stairs as quick as I could, heading towards the food shed before rushing into the forest with a smile on my face, different ideas and styles of saddles running through my head.

52. Broken Egos, and Broken Cycles

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><p>Toothless point of view:<p>

"Uhh I haven't felt this bad since I fell" I groaned shifting in my cave, trying to get comfortable. Which was hard to do with the scratches on my hind legs and bruises on my torso. 'Herradura wasn't kidding when she said she would train me' I thought, my tail wrapping around me 'she said she was old and couldn't fight that liar' I hissed as my tail slammed into the ground in frustration.

"Toothless" I inwardly groaned as I heard Halla's voice. "Toothless where are you buddy." The thought of moving to greet Halla did not

seem very appealing to me due to my current state.

"Toothless I brought you some food" even that wasn't an incentive to come out, besides I didn't want Halla to see me ruffed up it's embarrassing. I threw my wing over my head trying to blend in with the darkness of my cave.

As I heard Halla getting closer I wanted to curl into myself, but my ribs hurt too much from when Herradura stomped on me. Suddenly Halla stopped and I could hear the distinct sound of flapping of wings.

"Scarlet your back." Herradura dropped something on the ground and from the smell I could guess it was a deer of some kind. I hmped to myself knowing that if I could get out of this cove by myself I could hunt for myself.

"Scarlet do you know what's wrong with Toothless" I could hear her ask as Herradura seemed to chuckle at her responding with a "He is being a hatchling" which to Halla was only a roar.

I responded back with my own roar "I am not being a hatchling," even as my wing tightened around myself. I could here heavy steps coming my way.

"Come now Alastor you need to eat and Halla came all this way to see you so stop pouting and come here" she said her tail swing back and forth in irritation although her voice was calm. "Honestly," she shouts as she stands near the entrance of the cave. "Did you really think you could beat me so easily? I'm old not weak."

"I could beat you with ease if I could still fly" I muttered backing myself more into the cave.

"Yes well you don't" I cringed at her tone "I told you Alastor you are going to have to adapts now that yourâ€|grounded." She said, unsure of the exact word to use in a situation like this. "Fighting other dragons will take a whole new approach now that you're at a disadvantage." I growled in warning I could hear her sigh as she turns to back away. "This is going to take time Alastor, so get over your pride and come eat your worrying your human."

"Toothless" without noticing Halla had come closer her steps probably hidden by Herradura's nagging. She took a hesitant step into the cave and lowered my wing. "You all right" she asks, taking another step inside and another until she's sitting right in front of me.

I humphed lowering my head to the ground "Oh come on it can't be that bad." She says kneeling over to scratch one of my ears. I turn my head to give her better access and sighed. "Come on I have a basket of fish outside with your name on it." She seemed excited about something, so as she makes a move to stand up I follow.

It took me longer to exit the cave after I finally noticed just how sore I was. As I walked over to Halla who was knocking over the fish right next to Herradura's kill I also realized just how hungry I was. As I bent down to take a bite out of one of the fishes I heard a gasp. I looked up to see Halla was staring at the scratches on my leg. As she walked over to examine them I quickly fell to my side and assumed the position that I had in the cave. I could hear Herradura

chuckling.

"Toothless what happened" she asked rushing towards my side, but I refused to get up "Toothless" she said with more force. I lifted my wing to peek at her. "Let me see" she said, with authority I never realized she could possess. I grumbled, but refused to move.

"Toothless" she snapped again.

"Oh come now Alastor let the girl see maybe she can give you something to help heal your ego." I lowered my wing and growled at Herradura who took one of my fish. That's when I felt something shift on my side. Halla was standing up her back straight shoulders squares and she looked angry.

"You two got into a flight didn't you" she asked hands on her hips. "Didn't you."

Herradura stared down at the girl and nodded "Are you two stupid? You still recovering from your own fight" she says pointing to Herradura "and youâ€|you" she says turning back to me only to throw her hands in the air unable to finish her sentence she was so angry "I told you no fighting none. What if someone sees you? Or hears you?" She was starting to rant now walking back and forth only to stop and point fingers at us before returning to her rant.

Finally Herradura stood up and walked in front of Halla. "What?" Halla snapped crossing her arm over her chest. Herradura lowered her head to look into Halla's eyes. "You're suppose to be resting" is all Halla said as she kept looking at Herradura. I came up behind Halla and rested my head on her shoulder. "And your suppose to be safe." She says flicking my nose.

After a tense moment Halla took a deep breathe and her shoulders relax. "Let me see your wounds and I'll run home and grab some stuff." Herradura made a small hissing noise and shook her head.

"Part of training is to work through the pain," she said even though Halla wouldn't understand. However as Halla looked between Herradura and back at me, she seemed to understand.

"Fine but if it gets infected both of you are in trouble understand." She says huffing muttering something that sounded like "stubborn dragons." I nuzzled her neck, while Herradura did the same to her head. "Yah yah you both get what you want, but honestly I don't understand you to. You hate each other, you get along, you fight, you share meal, its so uhhh" We both chuckle at that because in all honesty there was no way Halla would ever understand our relationship even if she could understand us.

As we both went back to eating Halla went to sit on a rock doing something in that book of her's.

"What do you think she's doing?" asked Herradura as she took another bite from my pile of fish.

"I'm not sure, she carries that around with her all the time." I answered stealing a bite of her dead buck. Although I was happy to eat anything the Halla gave me red meat would always be better than fish.

"She seems happy today" I looked over to see that Halla was smiling as she scribbled something down in a hurry.

"She was until she noticed our wounds, no matter what you say come tomorrow she'll bring healing supplies."

"That's fine, you just need to suffer today"

"Why" I asked wondering if it was part of a secret training technique.

"Because you were acting like a hatchling that's why." I gave her a silent snarl as she looked at me with her smirk.

"I was not" I replied digging more into the buck. Herradura was still looking at me with her smirk.

"We'll start training early in the morning after Halla leaves so we wouldn't upset her, and so by the time she stops by you would have had most of the day to get over your broken ego." She states her head held high as she gobbled down another fish.

"Its not a broken egoâ€¦its just embarrassing" I muttered

"Why? You have seen Halla broken have you not"

"That's different," I growled, which from the corner of my eyes I could see we had caught Halla's attention. "I'm suppose to protect her," I shout, but quickly regret saying the words sounded better in my head, but out loud they sound desperate.

"Isn't that what she thinks about you?" Herradura asked as Halla started to walk over towards us. "She thinks she's suppose to protect you."

As Halla stood next to me looking between Herradura and I, I couldn't help but look down. "Everything okay over here" she asked noticing that the atmosphere just got a little tense.

I stood up and began to walk towards my cave. "Toothless" I heard Halla say as she tried to take a step towards me, but I stopped her with my damaged tail. She looked at me for a moment a frown on her face, before she petted my tail and took a step back.

"That's okay I wasn't planning on staying I have to get some work done in the village. So I guess I should leave now" she says taking another step back. "Good night Scarlet" she says taking a step towards Herradura who lowered her head so she could pat Herradura's cheek after she was done she looked back at me. "Goodnight Toothless." I watched as she quickly grabbed the empty basket of fish and left the cove before walking back to my cave to lick my wounds.

"Tell me Alastor" asked Herradura in a sober tone "why are you suppose to protect her? After all she was the one that broke you."

"Your wrong" I said, not bothering to turn around to face her "I have to protect her because she saved me."

"From what exactly" Her eyes shining with curiosity, but I knew she wouldn't understand.

I gave a dry chuckle at that "She saved me from the Queen, from becoming like Vulfiend, from suffering the same boring existence that seemed to just repeat itself." I turned around to face her "She broke the cycle for me." Herradura wouldn't understand because in her life it was the Queen that destroyed Herradura's happy life with war, death, and murder. She still remembers a time when the Queen wasn't in power and she fights to go back to that time. But for me its different, all I know the Queen's wrath, Vulfiend's violence, the dragons submission.

I wanted my cycle broken and "I have to get stronger so that way I have to protect her because in the end she didn't break me, no she saved me."

53. Frenemies?

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><p>Halla point of view:<p>

BANG BANG BANG "Halla are you in there." I groaned snuggling into my folded arms more "go away" I muttered, wanting nothing more than to go back to sleep.

"Halla you're going to be late for dragon training." I groaned again, but knew that if I didn't get up Gobber would just come in and drag me to the arena. I sat up, my back aching from my slouched position. I yawned stretching my arms over my head satisfied when I heard multiple pops.

"I'm coming Gobber, just give me a second." I yawned again, but stood off my chair and started to stretch my back by twisting from side to side. After I was sure that everything was working correctly, 'That's what I get when I fall asleep on my desk instead of in bed' I thought walking back over to my desk. As I started to clear my desk I couldn't help, but smile when I saw the reason I was so tired.

There on my desk was a stitched up not so perfect saddle. It had taken all night and although my sewing skills are horrible, it

actually came out all right. I had stripped some of my old clothes to make it a little more comfortable stuffing it inside to create a little padding and added some metal bolts, sealing it just to make sure that the saddle would not come apart so easily. As I ran my hand over the stitching I noticed that the seams were off, but they held well especially with the metal bolts I used every three inches.

I tucked the saddle into one of my bins being careful that from the top it couldn't be seen. My hands were aching from being pricked from the needle so many times, but it was all worth it. Besides it was a way to take my mind off the fact that Toothless practically pushed me aside. I sighed rearranging the bin. 'I mean its not like I was in the wrong they were fighting they aren't suppose to fightâ€|they are suppose to hide.' I paused snorting at the thought 'They are dragons not kicked puppies, they have almost as big as pride as Vikings. But why would Toothless and Scarlet fight each other there is no reason, Scarlet hunts for herself and I bring Toothless his foodâ€|could it be space.' The saddle was completely hidden now, but now I was pacing. 'Okay I just need to stop, Toothless does his dragons stuff and I do myâ€|stuff. He doesn't ask for an explanation â€|like he could always- but I need to trust that he knows what he is doing. He is a dragon after all.' That thought I took a deep breath and made my way to the door trying to fix my clothes and hair as I walked. As I made my way out of my workshop I closed the door wishing for the first time that I had installed a lock on the door. Sighing and telling myself not to be so paranoid I walked down the hallway to the main forge where Gobber was waiting.

"You ready lass" asked Gobber getting up from his seat as he saw me come out.

"I need to grab my knives," I said, walking over to the plate of food that was most likely my breakfast courtesy of Gobber.

"You won't be needing them for today, today the elders wish to talk to all of the trainees about what it means to be a Viking. "

I froze the cup of water just short of my lips "Why would the elders want to do that?" I have never heard of the elders taking part in dragon training, and to be honest I wanted to be far from elder Gothi as possible. I was afraid that if she stared at me long enough she would be able to see just exactly who I am...which would be a dragon helper/traitor. 'Great the one time I don't want someone to notice all of meâ€|' I gave an inward sigh as I start to take a sip of my water suddenly not feeling hungry at all.

"Not sure lass, maybe its because your Helga is here or a dragon escaped I'm not sure, but you are to meet in the elders hut. Now stop wasting time and gobble down your food lass." I ate a little bit of bread on my plate, but left the rest untouched to worried about the elders meeting to really taste anything. Gobber led the way to the elder's hut, which was close to my house, just on another hill across from mine.

The elders and chief always meet in the elder hut; it's a large house bigger than any on Berks, its where all the elders meet with the chief to discuss issues on Berk. There are usually a total of five elders with a hierarchy within themselves, however due to sickness and cold winters we are down to three. Elder Gothi is the most respected and powerful of the elders, it's the reason she decides the

winner of the dragon training.

The second elder is Gil Thorkal he used to be a great dragon killer said to have killed ten dragons on his own in one night, he has a missing arm with a prosthetic that Gobber made, he is built like a typical Viking and in his old age has not shrunk in the least. He can be a little intimidating with his scowl and size, but he is fair in judgment.

The final elder is Gris Grolend he is a smaller man, was also known for taking down his fair share of dragons, but he is most known for his temper which is like no other on Berk. It takes a lot to get him angry, but once he is almost nothing can calm him down, but chugging mugs and mugs of mead.

Although the chief does not need the approval of the elders and can create new laws and declaration without informing them or their permission. The elders are only there to give their advice and their opinion on matter, but in reality it's an unspoken rule that the chief take into consideration the elders advise and not act so rash as to make any big decision without conversing with them. Meeting can take days for all of them to agree, and I have never heard of Stoick going against the elders, but then again Stoick hardly ever goes to the elders for their opinion seeing as how he has never made any rash life changing decision.

As we got closer and closer to the house we could see the outline of the other teens. It wasn't long until we were in front of the hut, most of the teens seemed bored Snoutlout and the twins complaining that this was useless, as Fishleg seemed to be sweating more than usual, and Ash well Ash seemed emotionless.

"Alright you wait here," Gobber said, walking into the hut.

"This is boring," whined Ruffnut

"Tell me about it we come be out there killing things instead we're here." Complained her brother before looking over at Fishleg "Will you stop fidgeting?"

"I can't help it," muttered Fishlegs as he continued to fidget. "It's an honor to have them talk to us—how can I not be nervous." Well at least Fishleg seemed to understand the importance and unbelievableness of this situation.

Snoutlout snorted, "Please seeing the elders are no big deal. They should be requesting us more often." I sighed could my cousin be anymore arrogant. Then again he probably thinks that because I'm a failure as a Viking he will be chief one day. I blanched 'if that happens I don't care how, I am getting off this damn island' I thought.

"Something wrong" I looked over and noticed that Ash was staring down at me. I didn't even see him get up, hell I didn't even hear him come over. Ash wasn't smiling or teasing me like when we were talking in the forger all those days ago, but he wasn't scowling at me like he hated me on sight.

"Why do you care?" I snapped, remembering our conversation crossing my arms and turning away from him.

I could hear him give a loud sigh "Halla." I still won't turn around, "Halla please I'm not good at this." This caught my attention so I tilted my head showing that I was listening. He sighed again "I'm sorry okay I'm sorry." I looked at him for a moment and narrowed my eyes.

"No your not" I said he showed no remorse or regret if anything he seemed embarrassed.

He sighed "No I'm not sorry for what I said, I do think it's a bad idea for you to hang around those outsiders or to get to close to your aunt, but I'm sorry for what I said about you. Whether you believe me or not I don't think of you as just the chief's daughter."

"And my decision making abilities."

He gave a dry chuckle "still horrid."

My eyes narrow and my hands start to clench. "This doesn't sound like much of an apology."

"I'm trying to put this to rest." He said taking a step forward.

"Well maybe I'm not ready to put this to rest." I snapped "Maybe I don't want to accept a sloppy apology that's only has a limited amount of remorse to it. Even with your apology I have no intention of stopping my training or stopping my interaction with the 'outsider' nor am I going to stop to prove that I can be better than you."

His jaw tightened and you could tell that he was trying not to explode in anger; in all honesty I was probably the first one in the village to not give Ash what he wanted. "Your putting yourself in unneeded danger." He said giving a low growl.

"Well maybe you'll get lucky and I'll end up dead." I said, making my voice as low and dangerous as I could, but it didn't sound nearly as threatening as Ash.

He lowered his head his nose nearly touching mine "Do you really think I hate you that much that I would want you dead."

"When it comes to you I don't know what to think." For a moment he didn't move, but than he closed his eyes and took in a deep breathe before leaning into my forehead for a moment. I froze my eyes widening in his pause and I went rigid 'just what the hell is he doing' I thought trying to not freak out. Just as I was about to say something he opens his eyes and says, "just be carful Halla." I could feel his breath on my face and it took everything in my power not to turn beat red although I could practically feel my face burning.

I tried to shuffle away from him, but as I tried to back way I ended up tripping over my feet and falling to the ground. As I lay on the ground I knew my face was beet red. I squeezed my eyes shut as I heard the teens laugh not wanting to know Ash's expression. With my eyes still closed I began to sit up. I could hear a low chuckle and knew that it was Ash. As I opened my eyes I saw Ash kneeling down in front of me a smirk on his lips "Don't think I'll lose to someone

that can't even walk without tripping." My face got redder and I wanted to look away, but I was still trying to hold some dignity during this.

I looked him straight in the eye and said "really, well than I guess you should prepare your pride when you lose." He gave smirk ruffling my hair before standing up and walking away.

As I sat there fuming from embarrassment and a little bit anger until realized that I was the only one left outside. "Shit" I muttered scrambling to get into the hut before anyone noticed.

54. I Don't Care

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

****I want to warn anyone reading this story that due to school starting I may not be writing as much as I used to, but give me time and I will update I don't plan on ditching this story ever. I will update when I can.****

*** * ***

><p>Halla point of view:<p>

As I scrambled to get inside the hut, I noticed that the teens were already sitting on the ground the elder's walking in slowly taking their seats at a high table. I walked in as quietly as I could sitting behind the group, hoping that my tardiness wouldn't be noticed. However I knew that I had been caught when elder Gothi smiled my way. I ducked my head in apology, but she did nothing other than scan the room. Gothi sat in the middle chair that was silently higher than the rest while elder Gil was on her right and elder Gris was on her left.

"So these are the future dragon hunter of Berk," exclaimed Gris a smirk on his face. "Well it's not the worst bunch we've had." He says chuckling.

I could tell that the comment ruffled a few egos Ash's in particular, but no one said anything thing.

"We understand the unusualness of this meeting, however due to recent events we feel that we should speak with all of you." Elder Gil said, he voice monotone and even.

"And which event would that be" I heard myself ask in a snippy tone. As soon as the question left my lips my eyes widened my hand slamming against my mouth. I tried not to show my discomfort, but it was hard when every one in the room was staring at you. I slowly removed my

hand from my mouth and placed it in my lap trying desperately not to shrug my shoulders. Gris had his eyebrows arched a puzzled look on his face, while Gil remain neutral and I didn't dare look at Gothi.

After a moment of awkward silence Gil continued staring down at me "It isn't just one even, but rather numerous events " he wasn't glaring at me, but he was just staring at me like he was trying to find something. I watched as he stared at me before diverting his eyes to Gothi, but Gothi didn't look at him instead when I followed his line of sight I came eye to eye with Gothi. Her face was neutral, but her eyes showed that she was amused.

"We believe that it would be good for all of you to understand why dragon hunting is important to this village. To remind you what it truly means to be a Vikings." Gil kept explaining. "We have lived on Berk for seven generation, but before that we were forced from our homeland by invaders. At first we refused to leave our home fighting the invaders till the last man. We fought and fought until both sides had no choice, but to end the war in a draw. So many of us were lost. As the invaders limped back to their land, our home was to destroyed to repair and we set off to find a new home." As Gil spoke I couldn't help, but wonder where we could have come from before Berk. I mean was it warmer, was it more than just an island, was there dragons, were we happier there.

"The chief of the tribe" explained Gris is voice less soothing than Gil's, but just as loud "tried to rebuild his home, but the war was to much the land was infertile supplies to minimum and damaged to rebuild our homes. A bunch of savages those invaders were." He hissed venom dripping from his voice as if he was envisioning the war itself. "The chief placed everything that was still alive and undamaged in a boat and set sail to find a new home. It was said in three months of sailing with terrible storms and monsters at every turn they eventually found Berk. Here they settled and made a new home for ourselves. We remade our homes, families were happy and everything looked to be going well, until the dragon attacks."

"Our people feared the dragons," continued Gothi her voice soft, but a little scratchy. "But we refused to leave our home again, we refused to lose our home to another invader whether it be man or beast. The demons attacked and so did we. We grew stronger not only as an individual, but as a tribe we bonded together to protect our new home. We have lost so much in our fight with the dragons," Gothi said bowing her head the other elders mimicked her action, a moment of silent passing "But there deaths shall not be in vain" she exclaimed her voice raising slightly her eyes wide and intense "we train you young warriors not only to increase your strength, but in the hopes that one day this war can stop. We train you so that you will be able to protect your home your loved one. None of us can comprehend the misery of our ancestors when they had to leave there home, but none of us will ever feel what they felt. We shall not fail and we shall not lose to the dragons. This is our home and we shall protect it to our dying breaths." Gothi's volume had settled, but her tone was empowering and there was something about how she held herself when speaking that made her seem as tall as a Nightmare.

The atmosphere had shifted and I could tell that the teens were all riled up. The twins were practically jumping in there seat, Snoutlout grinning clenching and unclenching his fist as if ready for a fight,

even Ash who was sitting proper had a smirk on his face his shoulders twitching in anticipation, and then there was Fishleg who was just sitting there fidgeting with his hands. After a moment Gothi continued scanning at each of our faces, before she stopped on mine. "This is the vow you make to the tribe when you become a Viking. " My breath catches in my throat gripping the fabric in my lap to stop my hands from shaking. "When you become a Viking the only thing that matters is the protection of our home, our tribe." Gothi continued to stare at me as Gil continued with the speech.

"We look forward to seeing the great things each and everyone of you will accomplish. May Odin bring you strength and luck in your training." Gothi closed her eyes and bowed her head. The other elders said nothing and Gobber open the door outside. Everyone began to get up Ash and Fishleg bowed their head while the twins and Snoutlout seemed to just mimic them last minute before exiting. I sat there for a moment staring at the elders, before standing up. I bowed my head and turned towards the door Gobber still by the entrance.

"Halla" came the monotone voice of Gil, I turn around slowly noticing that all the elders attention were on me, even though Gothi's eyes were closed I knew she was aware of her surroundings I watched as her eyes seemed to twitch. "The tribe needs a strong chief" he says and I raise my head looking at him wondering just where this is going. "Even if you are not chief that does not mean that you are not needed here for something other purpose." I heart skips a beat and my fist clench. I could hear the gasp coming from Gobber and his uneven steps thumping as he gets closer.

"Elders ple-" but I cut him off with my hand turning my head to give him a small smile showing him that I had this even though my heart was pounding in my chest. Gobber's shoulders sagged and he stood still.

"Elders I understand your concern, but let me one thing clear. I will do what I can to protect my tribe. Even though at times I feel more like an outsider than anything I will do everything in my power to do what I feel is right. If that means that I be passed as chief than so be it. I'm not disillusion, I know how people feel about me," my hands clenched at my side their words ringing in my head _'uselessâ€|troublesomeâ€|weakâ€|fishboneâ€|a waste of a life' _for a moment I bowed my head before looking the elder in the eye "I accepted the fact I may not be chief." My voice was cold and even and without bowing my head I left the hut Gobber following behind me.

The teens were gone and I was grateful. "Lassâ€|lass wait" I hear Gobber shout as he tried his best to run to me. I stopped my heart pounding and my fists shaking, it not like I didn't know people didn't want me as chief, but for an elder toâ€|I ground my teethâ€|for an elder to think to say such things to believe that even without the title as chief or heir I would turn my back on my tribe. I let my fist so slack 'But isn't that what I'm doing, betraying them by helping dragons.' I thought feeling so confused. A hand on my shoulder startled me.

"Are you alright lass?" he asked giving my shoulder a squeeze.

I wanted to say yes I wanted to say yes and head back home, but I could hear myself say "Noâ€|no I'm not." I could feel my eyes get

watery and the sobs coming on.

Gobber pulled me into a hug, doing his best not to crush me. "It's alright lassâ€¦the elder...they don'tâ€¦" he was stuck on what to say, but that was okay I didn't go to Gobber for his words of comfort, but rather his support.

"Just because I don't become chief doesn't mean I will turn my back on them Gobber." I whisper trying to blink away the oncoming tears. "Just becauseâ€¦just because they think I'm weak and useless doesn't mean I will wish the tribe ill will." I shout a sob escaping me.

"I know lass, I know," he says patting my head. I look up at Gobber to see that he is almost just as sad as I am minus the tears of course Vikings don't cry. "You would never betray your tribe." That statement made something plunge into my heart. 'But I am' I thought looking down 'they aren't dangerous, they aren't the demons that people want them to be, but they don't care a dragon is a dragon and this tribe kills dragon. Even with the best intention I am betraying my tribe' I thought, another sob escaping my mouth.

I'm betraying Gobber, the teens, Gothi, even my own father by going to that cove, by saving Scarlet and helping the Nadder, by making that saddle, and the worse part of this betrayal is that I didn't care. I didn't care that if I was caught I would hurt Gobber maybe even my father I never even thought about what this could mean for them. I went slack in Gobbers arm. He pulls me apart to look at me.

"Are you alright lass" he looks at me and I can see the worry there the concern. I almost feel guilty and as I open my mouth I almost tell him everything, I almost tell him the truth, but the key word is almost. Using the last bit of control I have in my face muscle I smile and say, "I'm fine." I see something in Gobber face break, but before he can say anything I'm free of his hold shouting "I'll see you tomorrow" running towards my house.

Dragons weren't the real demons because a dragon hasn't betrayed the ones they loved, a dragon doesn't lie to someone that cares about them, a dragon doesn't betray tradition and not care about the consequence it will have on another. 'No dragons weren't demons at all.' I thought as I walked into my VIKING house, passing VIKING weapons, into my VIKING room. Although almost all of them are uncaring and mean have kept me alive for one reason or another and here I was betraying them without a single thought. As I looked back I can't remember ever thinking about what this could do to Gobber or even Stoick. I collapsed on the side of my bed curling next to it, the tears starting to trickle down my face as I thought of how selfish I was being, of the betrayal I was bring down on my tribe, but most of all I cried because even though I knew all of this I still didn't care, I still wasn't going to stop.

No the Vikings have it wrong dragons aren't the real demons.

55. Working

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enjoy**

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* * *

><p>Toothless point of view<p>

It was getting late and Halla still hadn't come to the cove.

"Relax Alastor Halla will be here soon" said Herradura as she tries to take in as much of the sunrays as she could before darkness falls.

"Something just doesn't feel right," I muttered starting to pace even though my legs were protesting. Training with Herradura was getting better, but I was still sore. The old dragon was a liar she was more than capable of taking care of herself.

Herradura snorts "We are on an island full of humans that wish to kill us running from the Queen and Vulfiend when did anything start feeling right."

"The only time Halla is late is if something went wrong," I hissed suddenly very agitated. 'First Vulfiend, than you showing up, and her being upset.' I thought, pacing again.

Herradura shakes her head "I'm glad that you have something you wish to protect, but you need to calm down. Halla has as much experience dealing with dragons than we do with humans. You are going to frighten her if you don't calm down."

"Halla won't run away from me," I roared, something unsettling moving around in my heart.

"You obviously didn't see her face the first night I came here than. You were so angry the human hatchling was shaking like a leaf." I tense trying to think back to that night, but only remembering the terror and anger running through me when I thought that Halla was with Vulfiend.

As I was about to retort I could hear the sound of footsteps. I sighed in relief as I recognized the scent. No more than a few minutes, Halla was at the entrance of the cove. Like usual she lowered the food down, but something else was strapped on top of the basket it was oddly shaped and brown however before Halla climbed down she brought down a smaller basket and I knew this one didn't have food in it. I watched; as Halla climbed down she seemed tired her eyes red and her posture slouched. She did not seem okay, my shoulder's tensed wondering what could have happened now.

I walked over to her ignoring the food. I nudged her face with my face and I could smell the salt on her face. She had been crying, my claws extended and I tried my best not to react, but I must have failed because Herradura was coming over no doubt noticing the changes in Halla's smell and appearance. We stood in front of her our faces close to hers.

"I'm alright you two," she said, petting both our faces. "I justâ€¦I just had some thinking to do is allâ€¦there is no need to worry." I could tell that she was hiding something, but Halla would tell me if it was urgent.

"Anyways I brought some food and I have something for you" she exclaimed suddenly the sadness in her face gone excitement making her eyes brighter. I tilted my head and watched as she scurried back to the basket picking up the brown object on top.

She came back towards me showing me a saddle. "This way I have something to hold on to when we go flying" she exclaimed proud of the saddle. I gave a grunt I was not a horse I was not wearing a saddle, but she seemed so happy when she showed it to me.

As she got closer I crouched down. She groaned "Come on Toothless don't be difficult." I smirked to myself I knew I was going to have to put on the saddle if I wanted Halla to be safe while we were flying, but that doesn't mean I have to make it easy for her.

As she got closer I started to run away her chasing after me the saddle above her head as she tried to catch me. Although my legs were sore I still had enough energy for this. Herradura looked at us with amusement chuckling to herself.

Halla stopped running "You could help me you know" she say turning towards Herradura who just chuckled shaking her head. As I stopped running walking behind Halla she turned and leaped at me. "Gotcha" she said, grabbing me from my neck dropping the saddle in her sudden launch. I was so startled I jumped back on my hind legs. Before I knew it Halla was scratching my neck and under my chin and just like before I dropped to the floor in a pile of purrs. She chuckled, as I lay limp on the ground content.

"Why do you always have to be so difficult" she murmured laughing to herself. She picked up the saddle again and I allowed her to put it on me. It left weird wearing the contraption even though it surprisingly fit. "Doesn't look to bad" I heard Halla walking behind me messing with the tail fin she had left on me to get used to the weight. As the scratching effect started to wear off I could hear Halla attaching something to the tail fin. "It could use a few more adjustments another latch here maybe a another band here." She mutters looking over the equipment. I try not to show how uncomfortable I am. I know that everything on me was necessary to let me fly and keep Halla safe, but it still felt unnatural.

"What do you say Toothless want to give it a shot before it's completely dark" she asks excitement in her voice her body shaking slightly.

I nod my head in agreement wondering if I could truly fly with all this on me. She hesitated when she was beside me just as uncomfortable saddling me than I was with the saddle actually on me.

She took a deep breath and cautiously mounted the saddle trying to position herself on it. I shifted my shoulder fiddling with my wings trying to get the weight right before flight. She extended the tail and I leaped into the air. We stayed nice in low not wanting a repeat our last time.

I could feel her shifting above me and was trying to adjust myself to her movements however with a sharp tug coming from my tail. I was suddenly shifted to the left as Halla was thrown ahead of me. We both landed in the water splashing. As I surfaced I could hear Halla muttering an apology. We both walked to shore me shaking off as Halla started to ring out her clothes. "Hmm I need something to strap me down" I could here her mutter. "Scarlet can you do me a favor please" she asked turning towards Herradura.

Herradura roared stepping closer to Halla. "Can you get some wood please I'm going to need some light." Halla asked. Herradura looked at Halla her head titled in confusion, but she did was she asked and disappeared form the cove. Halla smiled and started to walk towards the smaller basket she brought down. After placing the basket in the middle of the cove she came over to me inspecting the saddle I could hear her muttering to herself. After a moment of walking around me and tugging and pulling at different parts of the saddle she turned to face me and said "Sorry this is going to take some trail and error." I cooed nudging her hand trying to show my support.

She began to take my saddle off and my tail fin. The minute she took the saddle off I started to pur stretching out my back and shoulders. Halla laughed as she walked away. I watched as she laid out the objects on the ground and began to take things out of her basket. It looked like tools.

Before long Herradura was coming back with a larger dry log in her mouth. She landed in the cove softly dropping the log of the ground before she began to stomp on it making it easier to make a smaller fire. "Thanks Scarlet" said Halla walking away from her equipment to scratch Herradura's cheek showing her appreciation.

"Its always nice to be appreciated" mutter Herradura. I only rolled my eyes and Halla seemed to laugh. It was odd sometimes Halla seemed like she could actually understand what we said; it was comforting, but also a little strange.

Halla began to make small pile of fire around the saddle and tail fin. They were all little, but made a perfect circle. "Do you guys mind," she asks pointing towards the little pile of wood. With no hesitation we both lit all of the small pits. "Thank you" she said kneeling down by her tools and the equipment the area nicely light for her to work. "Toothless why don't you go eat now," She says not looking up from her work.

I did as she asked and pulled the basket of food closer to her sitting right outside the fire as I ate. It was odd to see Halla work, I mean I have always seen the final project, but it was something else to actually see Halla work. She looked so intently at the saddle and fin never actually grabbing any tools until she seemed to work everything out in her head. She was so focused on her work that it seemed like nothing else mattered. Her face scrunched up for a moment examining the tail fin. For a moment she sat down doing nothing, but staring at the equipment. She took a deep breath and for

a second she closed her eyes. Her hands moving as if she was actually working on the equipment, she paused for a moment her hands stilling a smile graced her lips and her eyes snapped open with determination. Without hesitation she began to grab her tools and work on the saddle and tail fin.

She just sat there focused solely on her equipment. Never lifting her head not even to grab another tool she just felt around never getting distracted. It was amusing to watch and I could tell that Herradura agreed. As it got darker and the fires started to die out, we both started to add more wood into the fire sometimes relighting them, but Halla never noticed. I watched as she added new things to the saddle not really sure what there purpose was for, but Halla seemed happy with it.

She worked well into the night Herradura and I watching Halla, as she seemed to get tired her eyes dropping a bit her hands suddenly dropping things. Herradura gave a small roar to wake her up. She started to rub her eyes, looking over the equipment before shaking her head.

"I'm pretty sure this won't work either, but what do you say we try it in the morning Toothless." She says smiling at me. I gave a roar and Halla smile placing all her tools away in the basket and placing the equipment on the ground carefully examining it once again.

She walked over to me and I curled myself extending my wing. She curled up next to me like she always does and I could still see her smiling. "We are so close Toothless I just know it." She muttered cuddling in further into my side. I closed my wings over her. It wasn't long until I noticed that she had fallen asleep.

"You better prepare yourself for some crash landing" said Herradura looking down at us.

"It won't be that bad" I muttered looking at the equipment one last time. "Besides it necessary."

"Lets just try not to land in the water anymore the seasons are growing colder and she may get sick staying out in the open in wet clothes. I'm surprised she hasn't already. Than again" says Herradura her voice getting playful "she's always had you to warm her up."

I gave a snort curling tighter to Halla. "Goodnight Herradura"

"Goodnight Toothless" she said with another playful grin. I gave her a bored look before ignoring it and getting some rest for tomorrow.

The day had just started, small rays of light entering the cove and I could feel something twitching at my side. "Open up" I heard Halla say from under my wing. I groaned not wanting to wake up; it was far too early to be up even for a dragon.

I lifted my wing and Halla jumped up noticing that it was first light she started to jump in place. "You ready Toothless" I groaned curling back into myself. "Aww come on Toothless one try and then we are done I just want to see what I would need to modify." I groan again and Halla is pulling on my wing. "Please" she begs tugging a little

harder. I groan, but start to stand up. She squeals muttering a thank you as she beings to grab the gear.

She starts to put it on me, and although it's still uncomfortable to wear I try not to fidget. "Almost done," she says attaching the tails she attached something to herself leg, but I was too tired to notice what it was. I lower myself to the ground waiting for her to get on. Halla barely weighed anything so as long as she was centered she didn't throw off my balance flying. She cautious getting on still, but extends the tail wing.

I take off slowly to not scare her as I head higher trying to get away from the pond remembering Herradura's words. As we get higher and out of the cove nothing seems wrong. However right as I went into a slightly higher climb the tail wing seemed to shut because I could feel myself start to fall. Halla was shifting her weight and then with a sudden jerking motion the wing over extended itself and I was crashing forward.

I put out my front paws trying to soften the fall, but just like last time she skidded forward and I was on the ground. I twitched my noise, something soft surrounding me. I smelled the tall grass that I was in and it smelled divine. Before I knew it I was rolling around in it purring. I was trying to envelope myself in this smell. I purred louder as I twisted and turned the saddle in the way. I could hear Halla muttering about her belt breaking and the saddle, but to be honest I wasn't listening. I could hear Halla laughing. I stopped or at least tried to, I watched as Halla started to grab some of the tall grass walking over to me and rubbing it in my face. I purred even louder getting to my feet as she rubbed it on my neck.

"Well now I know what to do to make you happy" she laughs rubbing the grass under my chin.

I wanted to stop I really did I wanted to appear like the dangerous dragon I was suppose to be, but the grass was just so nice. Halla stopped and I whined.

She chuckled before standing up "Come on we have to get back I have to get back to the village before anyone notices I'm gone and I gave to grab some new materials." I roar in disappointment, but stood up anyways. We weren't that far from the cove so Halla got on my back again and we ran back to the cove not wanting anyone to see us whether it was a human or dragon. Although I did notice Halla take some tall grass with her before we left.

56. I'm Only Human

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HAPPY THANKSGIVING

* * *

><p>Halla point of view<p>

After we found our way back to the cove I unhooked Toothless saddle, but again left the tail on so Toothless could get used to. Soon I was climbing out of the cove empty baskets on my back, I left some of my tools loving the idea of working in the cove. It was nice not having to worry about someone walking in on me working and questioning my work. I snorted to myself 'Like any one cares what I'm working on' I thought jumping over a fallen log.

As I started to wonder how I could modify Toothless' saddle I started to glance at the grass in my hand. It was long and fuzzy and had a faint smell of something smoky, it looked like a normal weed, but when I think back to how Toothless reacted to it, I couldn't help but smile. 'This patch of weed was all it took to make one of the fieriest dragons known to Viking kind act like a kiddy.' I chuckled to myself, placing the patches of grass in my pocket.

I quickly went home stashing the basket in the food shed and went to the house to change. I changed my clothed and placed my kife belt and jacket on. Just as I was about to leave I grabbed the grass from my old trousers and placed them in one of the pockets of the jacket.

I dashed out of the house, but just as I was about to run I paused and got out some of my knives and started to rub the grass over the blades. Taking a loose thread from my shirt I tied the grass together and wrapped it around my wrist like a small bracelet, I tucked it underneath my sleeve. 'Might come in handy today' I thought, before I started to run again. 'The faster I get this done the faster I can start working more on Toothless saddle.' I thought, running faster until I finally reached the arena. The gate was open, but as I looked around I could see that there was an audience circling the arena. 'Great now just what I need and audience to watch my failure' I thought taking a deep breathe before I walked into the arena

The teens were already standing in line Gobber going over something. He stopped when he saw me "Ah lassy nice of you to join us." I looked down out of embarrassment and quickly ran to stand beside Fishleg.

"Today you will have another chance at taking down the Gronckle." Gobber says walking towards the cage.

"Try not to get set on fire again Halla" snickered Tuffnut. This comment got a laugh from his sister and Snotlout. I just rolled my eyes one of hands coming to grip a knife on my waist.

"Readyâ€|GO" and Gobber pulled the lever the Gronckle zooming out of the cage. Everyone dodged to get out of the way, as the Gronckle flew around taking in its surrounding everyone ran to get a shield. Unlike last time we were actually somewhat trained, so it was harder for the

Gronckle to take us out. However just like last time the twins were so interested in arguing with each other that they didn't notice the Gronckle coming up behind him. It blasted at their feet tripping them up only to body slam them into the wall. Snolout was too busy trying to impress Ash with beating it that the Gronckle was able to blast him into the wall. Fishleg was doing relatively well, but he was more focused on observing the Gronckle rather than fighting it. I was actually in the fight one of my knives out, but I never thought to throw one. Ash was actually charging at the dragon with his axe.

The Gronckle was going after Fishleg a fireball forming in his mouth as Fishleg ran. Without thinking I threw the knife in my hand not aiming to hit it, just distract it. When it flew past the Gronckle's face it stopped it charged and looked at me. It took a moment before it started to charge at me. I took a deep breathe and muttered a "I hope this works." Taking out another knife I waited till the last possible second I moved to the right throwing the knife in my other hand while I untucked the grass and I started to scratch the Gronckle's cheek with it. Just like I hoped the Gronckle turned trying to get a better whiff of the grass. It turned its self over rolling on its back as it fell to the ground as I rubbed the grass on his nose the knife now in my left hand pointing at his neck.

I was hoping to the audience it looked like I subdued the dragon with just my knives and what was up my sleeve. 'Last thing I need is to have more people questioning me.' I thought, rubbing a little harder on the Gronckle's nose. "There you go bud," I muttered to the Gronckle tucking the grass back up my sleeve.

As I took a step back the Gronckle I could hear the whispers and murmurs coming from up above. As I looked up I could see the disbelieving faces, but as I looked over the crowd my heart stopped on one face. There in the crowd was elder Gothi. She looked at me her face expressionless and I gulped worrying if she caught my trick, but as I saw her narrow her eyes and tilt her head I relaxed somewhat. She was confused which meant that she might not have caught my trick. I tried to relax my shoulder completely, but as I placed my knife back into my belt and turned around to walk out of the arena I could feel everyone's eyes on my back.

As I speed walked out of the arena trying to get to my workshop I was stopped by the teens. Tuffnut and Ruffnut coming up first looks of astonishment on their face while Tuffnut looked a little smitten. I stepped back only to have Snotlout at my side exclaim, "I've never seen a Gronckle do that." I tried to back out again Fishleg looking like he had a question to ask. I quickly scurried away "Uhh I left one of my knives back in the arena you guys go on ahead" as I turned to run away I swerved to avoid Ash "I'll catch up with you." Ash did not look happy his eyebrows scrunched up and jaw tight.

I quickly entered the now abandoned arena and started to look for the knife I threw at the Gronckle. "Looking for this," asked a familiar voice. I jumped not realizing there was someone else in here with me. I turned around and found Gabriel leaning against the wall holding one of my knives.

"Gabriel" I muttered, trying to stand up straight.

"What has it been that long that you've already forgotten about me," He asked his voice low as if he was annoyed at something.

"Your to annoying to forget." I snapped taking a step back. _"I just wanted to let you know that your not alone Halla, you can trust me. I can help you if you let me." _

He raised his eyebrow at me "What's got you in a mood?" Oh I don't know the boy that won't stop poking his nose in my business is suddenly back right when I need to start sneaking off moreâ€¦just when I finally got Toothless in the air again. I sighed to myself before replying; "You tell me you're the one that looks like you ready to hit something" and he did his jaw was clenched his shoulders rigid didn't help that he was standing up straight making him look even more threatening.

"Guess you could say that" he says taking a step towards me. I take one step back, something didn't seem right with him. That's when he starts walking towards me giving off a dry chuckle. "You know I actually thought you were different."

"What are you talking about?" I asked taking another step back since he was only an arm length apart.

"I thought you were different, I thought you could actually see." His eyes were cold and to be honest seeing Gabriel this way was frightening. "I thought you knew better, but I guess I was wrong," he said after a long pause. For a moment I remember him asking me if having compassion for dragons was wrong.

"What are you talking about?" I snapped feeling my back hit the wall, but still he kept coming.

"You saved that dragon and now youâ€¦" he pauses and the next thing I know the knife in his hand is imbedded in the wall a centimeter from my head. "Now your ready to kill one."

My eyes widen looking at the knife and at him. He was angry, but he seemed hurt for some reason. I opened my mouth and the only thing I could think of was "you were watching." He nodded his eye downcast. I gulped based on his reaction I must have looked pretty convincing. "You said you weren't a killer, just what the hell are you protecting that would make you want to kill."

"Kill" I muttered, "I wasn't going to kill it."

"Really cause you were so focused on it Halla." His shoulders seem to shake now "The only time I have ever seen someone focused like that in a fight is when they go for the kill."

"I wasn't going to kill it." I shouted, "There is only one dragon I want to kill and it isn't that one."

"So you would still kill a dragon even though they haven't done anything to you?" He shouts back.

"Haven't done anythingâ€¦haven't done anything" I shouted my voice getting higher. "Are you saying killing my mother is no big deal?" I shout pushing off the wall lunging at him. He was surprised by my sudden attack and he fell without a struggle. The knife forgotten at the moment "You have no idea why I'm fighting. You stand there telling me to trust you, but you know nothing about me. You know I'm

different congratulation everyone knows that."

Before I knew it I was on my back, Gabriel pinning me to the ground. I tried to throw him off me, but he was too heavy. "You free a dragon only to want to kill another what a hypocrite." He shouts "You can't befriend a dragon and then want to kill another." His words made me pause, but only for a moment. He didn't know anything. Toothless was okay with my desire to kill Scarface, Toothless understood.

"You don't know anything," I shouted continuing in my struggle.

"You freed that dragon," he shouted getting closer to my face.

"NO I DIDN'T" I shouted yelling in his face. "I don't know who you saw, but it wasn't me. In fact everyone thinks it's you." I could feel his grip tighten his face covered in confusion.

"What do you mean," he asks, in a quieter voice.

"I mean the whole reason you guys left for a fishing trip was because Gobber, and YOUR captain all believed that you did it. I lied for you saying that you were with me. I covered for you, but you're—|you're just unbelievable." I shouted freeing one of my knees and hitting him where it counts. He knelt over and I quickly scrambled to get up.

"You say I should trust you why should I what reason should I have to trust you. You know nothing about me, although you're friendlier than the Viking because I'm all of this" I said gesturing to myself "I know what I am Gabriel, and whether you are able to see that is not my problem." Feeling trapped I ran towards the forgotten knife picking it up before running out of the arena. I ran and ran and as much as I wanted to go to the cove I knew I couldn't so I ran to the only other place that was safe, my workshop.

I didn't stop running until I reached my sanctuary. I slammed the door and slid down to the floor. I was trying to catch my breath without busting out into tears. I know I was wrong to want to save a dragon only to want to kill another. I know I was horrible for lying, I know that I should be used to people not understanding, but—|but—| "I'm only human" I muttered, "I'm only human."

57. Skriker

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story**

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

****I want to warn anyone reading this story that due to school I may not be writing as much as I used to, but give me time and I will update I don't plan on ditching this story ever. I will update when I can.****

* * *

><p>Halla point of view:<p>

I'm not sure how long I stayed in my workshop doing anything to keep my mind busy. I started with detailed sketches of Toothless' tail fin and a design for my own riding gear. When I was sure I could add all that I could to the saddle sketches and getting another bundle of equipment and the sketches ready for the cove. After I ran out of ideas for the saddle and tail fin I started to work on the ammo for my slingshot. Again I wasn't sure how long I had been in here, but there was a knock on my door. I didn't bother answering it, but I stopped moving hoping that who ever was at the other end of the door would think no one was here and go away.

However I was not that lucky because who ever it was kept knocking. "Halla." I stiffened; I knew that voice, I didn't want to talk to the keeper of that voice. "Halla I know you're in there Gobber told me you locked yourself in here." Another long moment of not moving not breathing "I brought you some dinner." 'It was that late already.' I thought, still not daring to move. I could hear a sigh coming from the door. "Halla will you let me explain." His voice was pleading and a little bit desperate. "Please." Pause another sigh "I'll leave your food right here." I could hear the scrapping on the floor another silent pause before he started to walk away.

I wanted to ignore him I really did, but I couldn't help but think that I would want Stoick to let me explain myself. Before I could stop myself I was opening the door a quiet "wait" escaping my now dry mouth. He just stood there in the hallway not even looking at me. I picked up my food and drink that was on the floor and turned back around in the room. When I didn't hear him following me, I went back to the hallway and asked "Are you coming?" I didn't wait for him to come inside I went to my table and placed the food and cup on the desk, and stiffly sat down in the chair facing the door.

It took a moment, but after a long pause I could hear his footsteps and a shadow creeping forward. Until finally he was standing in front of my doorway looking unsure of whether to come in or not.

"This was a lot easier when I was sure you weren't gonna open the door." He said, slowly walking into the room closing the door behind him. For a moment we just stared at each other in silence. Well I stared at him and he looked around my room looking at everything, but me.

"I almost wasn't" I heard my self-say. I almost didn't realize I had spoken until he looked at me. He looked ashamed, but his eyes showed just how sad he was. It was almost the same look I got when I remember that night. "What I mean is that I know what it feels like when your not allowed to explain yourself so"

"Doesn't make anything easier" he says with a sigh, he leans against the wall and slides down until he's sitting. "I don't like unnecessary killing if you don't eat it than don't kill it. " he says, his head bowed arms crossed. "My mother died when I was young nothing like getting killed by a dragon, but she died giving birth to my baby brother. His name was Gregory. My father was a merchant and when my mother died we started to travel with him because we had no

one to stay with. We would sometimes travel by ship sometimes by foot. It was a hard life, but we were happy. Gregory loved going to new places always complained about getting there, but he always loved new places and reading that boy loved books even if he couldn't read all of them. One day we meet a traveling circus and decided that it would be safer to all travel together." His voice started to quiver and his body began to shake. "That's when everything went wrong."

This time he didn't look away. He stared at me his eyes cold and unmoving, his voice guarded with unknown resentment. "There are things out there Halla things like dragons only much worse." This time he looked at me his expression one of pain "Have you ever heard of a Skriker." I shook my head not trusting my voice when he is staring at me so intently. "A skriker is a very large black dog it was glowing eyes and makes squelching sounds. It known to walk beside or behind travelers, when you meet one you are suppose to stop and pray for it to good travel even give it some food in hopes that it brings good luck and safe passage. However to beat or kill a skriker would lead to death or disaster even ignore it could bring bad luck."

He gives out a dry laugh and shakes his head "Those idiots didn't listen to my father, they didn't listen to his advise even though we have dealt with skrikers before. Two men started to beat the skriker and when it ran away they chased after it exclaiming that its coat would make a lovely blanket and head an even better trophy. It wasn't long until they came back with the Skriker dead. They brought it back during dinner and tossed to the ground proud of their kill. Just as they were about to skin it the blood ozzed out of its skin darkening the ground its fur and bone turning to dust its glowing eyes burning bright until they to turned to dust. My father tried to pray for forgiveness, but it was to late the damage was done. No one understood what had happened and had dismissed it as unimportant. That was until the moon was high and the fire died. Something came from the shadows a pack of large dogs. It was ghosts of skriker coming to exact their revenge. They killed everyone." His voice was lower and shaking, his eyes dropped to the ground and arms tightened around himself.

"The skrikers' spirit killed all of the circus people, they killed my father, but the most painful death was the lose of my seven year old brother." I could tell that he was trying not to sob based on his shoulder's shaking. Before I knew it I was kneeling in front of him my hands placed on his arm. He stiffened for a moment, but after a while he relaxed. "They left me alive as I held my baby brother bleeding from his throat in my arm. I cried and screamed. I tried to stop the bleeding, but it just kept coming out. He was scared and confused. He looked at me like I was suppose to save himâ€|butâ€|but Iâ€|I didn't." He was hyperventilating his breathing coming up short.

Without thinking I did the only thing I could, I hugged him. It was awkward and wired and I felt him stiffen again, but after a moment one of his arm wrapped itself around me and I said the only thing I could "It's not your fault."

He gave another bitter laugh "Yes it is I was his older brother I was suppose to protect him." I grabbed his face with both my hands making him look at me. For a moment I cringed his eyes were glassed over so

close to crying, his lip quivering with guilt filled words.

Taking a deep breath I told him, what I wished anyone would tell me over and over again until I believe it "It is not your fault." He was about to say something else, but I covered his mouth with one of my hands "Please just listen to me." I begged "He was your brother and you love him, it hurts because you lost him right in front of you, but you have to believe that it's not your fault." With one of his arms he moved my hand from his mouth. He held my hand focusing more on my hand than my face.

"But it is, I don't know why the skriker let me go, but I should have died and Gregory should be here right now living, traveling," he gave a sad chuckle "he should be here trying to be your friend maybe he wouldn't have attacked you."

"I think I can understand why you did?" He looked at me his eyes hopeful, but doubtful.

"Your brother and father died because of someone else violence, unnecessary violence for something as simple as prided pelt. You were left alone, having to watch everything you care about change because of someone else's ignorance." As Gabriel closes his eye I knew that I had understood at least somewhat correctly. I could see a stray tear slid down his cheek, using my free hand I wiped it away since he was still holding my other hand.

"My mother died because of my ignorance," I said looking towards the side 'Toothless got hurt because of my ignorance to, so has Gobber and even Stoick.' "There was a dragon raid and my mother told me to stay inside, but I got scared and went outside to look for her. I distracted her and a dragon killed her dropped her from the sky lighting her on fire as she came down." This time it was my voice that was shaking. "She landed right in front of my feet on fire unmoving. I just started screaming. My dad went crazy looking for that dragon, he never trusted me to go outside again. You see that's why I have to kill that dragon becauseâ€|becauseâ€|I have to believe that it was the dragon's fault that she's died and not mine." I bit my lip trying to keep from sobbing myself.

With one arm still around me and the other still holding my hand, his grip tightened and the hand that he had in his was tugged as he placed it over his heart. "I don't want to kill any other dragon, but that one. I'm not a saint, I'm not perfect, I make mistakes, I am ignorant, but most important I am human I'm me. Even if others don't understand me I'm done trying to be something I'm not. So you don't have to worry so much Gabriel I can dress like a Viking, live like a Viking, even be friends with Vikings, but I will never be a Viking. I've accepted that, just like you need to accept that you're here for a reason."

"It's not that easy" he says his eyes still glassed over.

"Nothing worth doing ever is." I say a small smile on my face.

"How are you so smart?"

I thought about it for a moment and for the first time in this conversation I gave a real smile "A friend taught me."

"A friendâ€¦do I get to meet this friend." He asked skeptical. I shake my head. "Ahh come on, " he whines.

"No" I say, "he's a special friend one that you will meet when I trust you."

"When not if" he says a small smile on his face, hope shining in his eyes.

I nod "whenâ€¦when I trust you."

We both smiled at each other and for a moment he brings me in closer and gives me a proper hug whispering a "thank you" before tightening his grip on me and saying "I'm sorry I was just afraid that you would turn as ignorant as those circus fools and I coul-"

"Its alright" I interrupt "really I think I get it, but like I said you don't have to worry about me."

"Really" he says his voice laced with sarcasm "cause if I don't recall we met when you were facing three dragons alone no weapon. I think I have reason to worry."

I sigh trying to escape his hug, but he just tightens his grip. "Let go you ruined the moment with your usual attitude." He gave a quiet laugh that I felt rather than heard. He loosened his grip enough for me to look at his face, but not to stand up.

He looked at me for a moment ready to say something until a loud bang startled us. Gabriel let go of me, and I leapt to my feet jumping to the other side of the room. Soon the noise level started to increase. Gabriel's eye narrowed and he stood up looking at me before opening the door and stepping outside. I followed after him only to find all hell breaking loose outside.

Beside me Gabriel sighed muttering "Dragon raid."

* * *

><p>I would like to know who the readers think should be the first person to find AlastorToothless and Scarlet. I have so many different ideas for each character that I can't decided which one to do, so I'd let to hear the readers choice.**

58. Scarface

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update I don't plan on ditching this story ever. I will update when I can.**

* * *

><p>Halla point of view:<p>

Gabriel looked at me for a moment "Guess I can't ask you to wait for me here while I get my bow."

I looked at him for a moment my knives still on me. "Nope" I see some worry pass through his eyes "Don't worry" I say taking one of the knives out "I was serious when I meant I only want to kill one dragon."

He shakes his head at me placing a hand on my shoulder "try to be safe"

I purse my lips "I'll try."

He smiles and runs off shouting "I'll find you." I shake my head at all the different mood swings that seem to be happening to me. 'It's the dragons' I thought running to the back room to grab my slingshot and some ammo. I had the ammon in a drawstring pouch and I tied it to my belt and tucked the sling shot in one of the blade pockets, it was sticking out awkwardly, but it stayed. I made sure everything was secure before running into the fray of fire and chaos trying to find Gobber.

I ran into village looking for Gobber hell even any of the teens, but this raid like the last raid was more chaotic than the others. 'Are they still looking for something?' I thought running dodging a fireball 'is it Scarlet, Scarface was very interested in her last time. No he was looking for something before Scarletâ€|but what?' I thought running behind a burning building.

The dragons seemed more intent to raid the village rather than the livestock. They were burning buildings and fighting on the ground more than staying in the sky. 'If I was Gobber where would I be?' I thought, stopping my run to look around. The pillars were already up and it seemed that the fighting wasn't going to stop anytime soon.

I scanned the area trying to find Gobber, but as I was looking I had to leap to my left because a Gronckle was charging at me. However as the Gronckle missed me in an attempt to redirect itself it hit one of the pillars. I watched at this pillar seemed to sway for a bit, until another dragon in the air a Nightmare maybe seemed to hit the pillar with its tail. In slow motion I watched, as this pillar seem to come unhinged and start to fall. Before I knew it I was shouting "LOOK OUT."

However over the noise of the fighting no one heard me. Especially the Viking that was underneath the falling pillar, I found myself running towards the oblivious Viking shouting "PILLAR FALLING." This time some Vikings heard me, but the man underneath the falling pillar was too busy fighting a Deadly Nadder to be paying any attention. It wasn't until the Deadly Nadder scurried away did the Viking finally started to look around. However he was still oblivious to the danger that was happening behind him.

"LOOK OUT" I shouted running even faster, however the Viking just stood there looking around for another dragon to fight. The pillar was getting closer and before I was fully aware of what my body was doing I lunged at the Viking tackling him right as the pillar fell to the ground.

The body that I tackled was hard and tall and I was surprised that I was even able to move him. We were both on the ground and I was panting hard. There was a grunt of pain next to me. I turned ready to ask if the Viking was okay when I finally noticed whom it was I saved. My breath hitched as I realized that it was Skulluim.

He turned to look at me his eyes wide his shock. "Halla" he asked before grunting in pain. I looked down to notice that his legs were trapped underneath the broken pillar.

"Hold on" I said, scurrying to get up. I tried to lift the pillar off of him, but I was too weak to lift it. 'Come on' I thought, straining every muscle I could to lift the stupid pillar, but it wasn't moving. 'Shit come on' I thought, trying to push the beam off, but a grunt from Skulluim told me that it was hurting more than it was helping.

Just as I was about to yell for help a Nightmare dropped from the sky in front of me. 'Just great' I thought running to stand in front of Skulluim. I took out one of my knives not really sure what to do.

"Run Halla" I heard Skulluim "you can't beat a Nightmare your just...you're not a Viking."

I grunted my teeth and without taking my eyes off the dragon shouted "SHUT UP. I know what you think of me Skulluim, but right now you have to deal with the fact that I'm going to help you. So just shut up and try not to bring to much attention to yourself."

I don't know if Skulluim said anything after that because the dragon lunged at me and I dodged as far from the log as I could, throwing one of my knives that scraped the Nightmares neck making sure that it's attention was on me. It roared its full attention on only me. It lit itself on fire and started to crawl towards me. I took out my slingshot and rolling away from the dragons fire grabbed a piece of polished jade.

I pulled the rubber band all the way back and as the dragon turned its head I released the rubber band. The jade hitting the dragon straight in the eye, it roared again lifting its head up at it shaking it back and forth. I got another piece of jade and readied the slingshot and when the dragon got over the pain in growled facing me head on. I waited until it was five feet from me and fired again this time hitting the other eye. The dragon hissed turning itself around and this time hitting me with its tail.

I landed with an oomph my ribs starting to sting. The Nightmare roared slamming itself on the ground as it turned itself facing me although its eyes were both closed it was still able to tell where I was. I could see its nostrils flaring and it started to advance on me until I heard a familiar battle cry.

Out of no where Gobber was jumping on the Nightmare hitting it with

his hammer, the Nightmare scurrying back, thrashing its head wildly to throw him off, but Gobber just kept hitting it until finally it was able to throw Gobber off.

"Gobber" I shouted, trying to run over to him, but the Nightmare turned its attention back to me hissing, but its not that easy to get rid of Gobber. Before the dragon was even aware of what was going on Gobber had jumped on its neck and again started to beat the dragon with a hammer.

"Halla" I turned and noticed Fishleg and the twins behind him.

"Fishleg, Ruffnut, Tuffnut I need your help" I shout when they reach me, placing the sling shot in an empty knife pocket.

"What about Gobber" asked Fishleg.

"He can take care of the Nightmare, right now we need to help Skulluim." I say running towards the fallen pillar, Fishleg and the twins behind me.

"I need you to help lift this off of him." I say already grabbing the log.

"What happened?" asked Ruffnut just standing there.

"Does it matter?" I snap, "We need to get him out before some dragon decided to make a snack out of him."

The twins looked at each other as Fishleg started to reach for the pillar. "NOW" the twins scurry to the pillar and with all of us we are able to lift the log up enough for Skulluim to scrawl his way out.

"Fishleg help him up and get him somewhere safe. Tuffnut Ruffnut make sure to watch Fishlegs back, in other words look out for dragons." I order Fishleg handing me his shield as he picks Skulluim stand.

Skulluim is scowling at me "I ain't leaving. I can still fight."

I scoffed taking a step towards him "You couldn't even stand by yourself a pillar just fell on both your legs and unless you want this to be your last raid you'll shut up swallow your damn pride and let them help you." He glared at me his lips pulled up in a snarl, but I didn't care. I didn't just save him so that he could die out here in stupidity.

"I don't take orders from you lass" he spat.

"Fine than do what you want if you want to die than go for it." I shout, bringing the shield up to block a stray fireball. It had enough force to make me slide a bit, but I was able to hold my ground.

Skulluim lowered his head grumbling to himself. I turned to Fishlegs "Get him out of here." Fishleg nodded and with one twin in the front and the other in the back they made there way through the village.

As I turned my attention back to where Gobber and the dragon was I noticed that they were gone. 'Shit' I thought running back into the fray. As I was running I ducked behind a house dodging a crashed dragon, cringing a little when I heard it fall, but I began to hear a conversation between Vikings.

"There's a Nightmare headed for the forest." One Viking said.

"Did it have any livestock?" another asked

"No, but-"

"Than it's none of our concern."

'A dragon headed for the forest' I thought, peeking over the wall to make sure the coast is clear. 'Why would a dragon head there?' I had an icky feeling about this, and before I knew it I was heading towards the forest. 'That Nightmare was able to smell where I wasâ€|what if this Nightmare is tracking something the same way. What if its looking for Scarlet?' Panic started to set in 'What if it's looking for Toothless?' I thought, running as fast as I could into the forest.

'Not good' I thought, 'Not good.' The forest was dead and that's what scared me the most. The forest was never dead; there was always some type of noise going on whether it was the wind or the insect. I looked down and noticed a large footprint, fresh. I kneeled down to get a better look at them because they seemed to disappear. When suddenly a branch fell and a rustling noise started to come from above. I looked up to notice the Nightmare above me its jaws opened and the light of fire deep in its throat.

I quickly dodged the attack falling to the floor, as the fire seemed to spread. 'Shit' I thought, getting up and the Nightmare dropped to the ground the trees catching fire from the previous attack. I backed away slowly, but the fire was spreading fast up the tree, and the ground. As I looked at the Nightmare my eyes caught the scared eye. "Scarface" I muttered, it seemed to grin at me as it recognized me, before shooting out another fire attack.

I brought the shield up to me blocking the attack as I began to take one of my knives out. I could hear the heavy steps of the Nightmare in front of me, and I dodged the charge by running deeper into the forest. But as I looked behind me I realized I had another problem. The forest was starting to catch fire and it was spreading fast. Not only that but my shield probably won't be able to last that many more direct attacks.

I ran dodging each of the Nightmares attack only to have the forest fire grow. I turned around and throw one of the knives it hit Scarface in the shoulder, but didn't seem to slow him down in the least. I ran grabbing another knife. I looked behind me and dropped to the floor as he jumped over me landing in front of me. I didn't waste any time getting up, but as I turned around I was blocked by a burning tree falling in front of me, I looked to my right only to see that the ground was already on fire, as I turned to my left I knew I didn't have any choice, but to go further in. 'if I can get to the cliffs I'll be safe.' I thought, running right as a tree branch fell behind me.

I heard a roar and running right next to me was Scarface. Leaping over a fallen log I threw the knife and hit him in his back. He hissed, but did nothing, but climb a tree. I tried to look up to see where he was, but I couldn't see much. The smoke was starting to grow and it was getting harder to breathe. I looked over my shoulder and the fire was out of control, it was right at my heel. I tried to keep, my eyes open for Scarface, but with this forest fire it didn't really matter where the dragon was if I couldn't breathe.

I kept running, but the fire was everywhere. I looked for an opening in it and found one to my right, but as I tried to run that way Scarface leapt out of the fire blocking my escape. It roared in my face showing its teeth. I backed away slowly pulling out another knife, but I couldn't keep from inhaling smoke. I started to cough and that was when Scarface lunged. I readied my shield widening my stance, but what I wasn't expecting was for another Nightmare to body slam into him. As I looked I smiled coughing out "Scarlet." Scarlet roared pushing Scarface into the fire allowing me to escape. I turned to try and find Scarlet and Scarface, but in the fire at night I couldn't tell them apart from the burning forest.

"HALLA" I turned my head and noticed my aunt and Gabriel at her side.

"Auntie" I shouted running towards her. We met half way and I knew she wanted to ask if I was okay, but before she could get a word out we heard a roar and a Nightmare was charging at us. Auntie had her axe and Gabriel his bow and arrow. I knew the Nightmare was Scarface and gripped my knife tighter. As it charged Gabriel notched an arrow and pulled back the string as far back as he could. He released, but Scarface dodged and attacked Auntie's left.

However Auntie seemed ready for the attack she dodged and with her axe was able to cut Scarface's underbelly. Scarface roared and with his tail was able to hit Auntie causing her to fall. "Captain" Gabriel shouted firing another arrow. This one hit Scarface's wing. Scarface reared its head up hissing before turning its attention to Gabriel and shooting another stream of fire. I jumped in front of Gabriel blocking the attack with the shield. Gabriel went around me and tried to fire another arrow this one hitting Scarface shoulder, Scarface roared smacking me with one of his wings as he faced Gabriel. I hit a tree the shield split from the tail attack. Using Gabriel as a distraction I discarded the damaged shield and jumped on Scarface's back. I shoved my knife as deep as I could into his neck. It roared thrashing violently trying hard to throw me off, but I held on for as long as I could twisting the knife. I could hear Auntie and Gabriel shouting something, but I couldn't tell what. Scarface reared back and with a sharp turn was able to throw me off.

"HALLA" I heard them shout as I landed in the middle of the burning forest. I cringed feeling the heat beside me, but I opened my eyes when I didn't feel any pain. Instead I felt something scaly and leathery. I opened my eyes to see Scarlet laying low on the ground her wing over me. "Your okay" I murmured, Scarlet nodded her head, but I could already see the cuts on her neck and wing. In a quick movement her tail swept passed the flamed extinguishing them. With a look at Scarlet I nodded and ran out from under her wing back into the fight.

I watched as Auntie and Gabriel were fighting Scarface and seemed to be winning. Since it was distracted I took one of my knives out and with as much power as I could I throw it hitting the middle of Scarface's wing. It roared turning its attention back to me. 'A downed dragon is a dead dragon' I thought, dodging Scarface's tail attack. Before any of us had another chance to attack Scarface started to climb a tree. Gabriel tried to hit him with another arrow, but the forest fire was too close.

"Come on" shouted Auntie, running away from the fire. Gabriel and I followed behind, however Gabriel was still looking up in the trees, I grabbed his hand steering him from hitting anything as he continued to look up.

"Look out" he shouts, pulling me to him. I stumble falling into his arms. Just as I was about to ask what a large branch that was on fire fell in front of us. Auntie looked behind her and noticed that we were cut off from each other. We tried to go around, but as we tried some where in the tree a blast of fire shot out in front of us.

Gabriel pulled me aside before shouting "Captain go on ahead we'll find another way out." We didn't wait for a reply before we started to running.

"Gabriel do you even know where you're going?" I shout, trying hard to keep up with him.

"Not a clue" he says running away, our hands still connected.

I turned us towards the left still thinking about the cliffs. "This way." I said, taking the lead. However as we were running Scarface jumped out of the trees. "Look out" I shouted, pushing Gabriel aside. However I wasn't able to push him fast enough because Scarface's wing collides with Gabriel's head sending him into a tree knocking him out.

"Gabriel" I shouted grabbing another knife, but Scarface was quick and jumped in front of Gabriel snapping its jaws at me. "You seem a little beat up there Scarface." I say starting to circle the dragon, trying to get closer to Gabriel.

Scarface hissed, but began to circle. 'I have to make this quick, that fire is slowing down, but another shot of fire and we're done. I can't fight a dragon and carry an unconscious Gabriel.' I thought, tightening the grip on the knife.

Scarface roared and began to make his way towards us. I stood my ground not moving from Gabriel. Suddenly something sleek and small lunged at the dragon. Scarface fell on the ground and that something was standing in front of me growling teeth exposed. "Toothless" I shouted in relief. Toothless turned to look at me his emerald cat like eyes staring at me for a moment before turning himself back to Scarface.

Scarface's eyes seem to widen his nostrils flaring, teeth clenched in a snarl. Toothless roared lunging at Scarface. The two started to wrestle with each other, each one biting and scratch the other every chance they got. Toothless was on the ground with Scarface on top. I clenched my teeth in anger and shouted "GET OFF OF HIM" before

throwing the knife at him; it embedded itself in Scarface's neck. Scarface turned looking at me growling, but before he could do anything Toothless kicked him off biting his neck. Scarface is somehow able to throw him off and out of nowhere Scarlet comes running out of the tree attacking Scarface.

I leaned down to Gabriel shaking his shoulder. "Come on wake up." I say shaking him a little harder "Wake up." But nothing he was knocked out cold.

As I turned back to the fighting dragons Toothless and Scarface going at it "Scarlet" I shout, "We have to get out of here." Scarlet turns to me and begins to crawl over next to me. I can tell the forest fire is getting closer from the smoke. I struggle to get Gabriel on Scarlet, putting his bow on my back and not carrying about the arrows that fall out of his quiver. I finally get him on Scarlet and place him in between Scarlet's neck and me. "Scarlet head to the cliffs we need to get away from the fire." I murmur trying to get a good hold of Gabriel.

"Toothless come on" I shout as Scarlet took off. It wasn't long until I could hear two different sets of heavy footprints. Tapping my foot on whichever side I wanted Scarlet to turn I was able to lead her to the cliffs. When we finally reached the cliffs I tried to get off of Scarlet, but before I knew it she started to climb the cliff and stopping at a ledge big enough to fit two people.

I got off of Scarlet and with as much difficulty getting Gabriel on Scarlet it was just as hard to get him off of her. Toothless tried to climb the cliff, but Scarface lunged at him dragging him down the side of the cliff by biting his shoulder. They started another wrestling match and just as I pulled Gabriel off of Scarlet she ran down the cliff jumping off and attacking Scarface.

Although it was two against one and Scarface was already injured he still refused to go down. He was holding his own against Toothless and Scarlet, and I could tell that Scarlet was getting tired. I looked around trying to figure out any way to help. I looked over and noticed a large set of boulders that looked unstable with the right push. Placing Gabriel bow next to him I began to climb to the ledge with unsteady boulders, it was probably a good fifteen feet away. 'I can do this' I thought, stepping off the ledge to get a good grip on the cliff.

I could hear the roaring and hissing coming from down below, but I didn't dare stop in fear of catching any of the dragon's attentions. Finally I reached the large boulders and I tried to give it a good push with my shoulder, but it was too heavy. 'No not now, I have to be strong. I have to help' I thought, trying to push harder.

After a while I placed my back on the cliff and then placed my legs on the largest boulder and began to push. I kept pushing the boulder, but it was being stubborn. "Come on" I gasped out pushing. Finally it started to move. "TOOTHLESS" I shouted, trying not to lose the power I have. I couldn't see anything that was going on down below because of the boulders, but I had to trust that Toothless knew what I was planning. I could hear roars and the sound of snapping jaws. 'Its now or never' I thought, pushing with all my might. I could hear some of the smaller rocks start to fall "almost" I muttered panting. Finally with one final push the boulders started to fall. I fell on the floor

as the boulders plummet off the cliff.

I could hear a roar from down below, and as I crawled to the edge of the ledge I took a sigh of relief when I noticed that Scarlet and Toothless were there. Before I could climb down the cliff Toothless was running up the cliff meeting me at the ledge.

"Your hurt" I said, looking at the fresh cuts and the bite marks on him. The trails of blood falling over his body, but Toothless didn't hesitate to crawl over to me nudging my cheek with his nose. "Your okay" I muttered patting his nose "Your really okay." I tried to take a deep breath, but it was shaky. Before I knew what was going on I found myself on the back of Toothless climbing down the cliff. I tried not to touch any of the cuts, but Toothless back was covered in them. 'I'm going to have to get some bandages and ointment for him.' I thought trying not to touch too much of Toothless.

When we got down I noticed that Scarlet wasn't there as I looked around I noticed that she was on the cliff getting Gabriel. I looked over at the pile of boulders Scarface was completely covered in boulders only part of his wings, tail, and part of its snout could be seen. For some reason I felt numb. I killed the dragon that killed my mom, I should be happy I should beâ€¦ I should feel something, but as I looked at the blood on my hands that came from Scarface's neck I realized that it changed nothing. Killing Scarface for revenge didn't bring my mom back if anything it made me just like the rest of the Vikings. I felt like I wanted to throw up, Toothless nudged me again.

I turned to look at him I gave him a small smile "I'm not sad that I killed him because he was hurting you and Scarlet, but I always thought that if I could kill my mother's killer I'd feel better about myself and everything in my life would get betterâ€¦ butâ€¦ nothing changedâ€¦ he's dead, mom's still dead, and now I'm." I gulped feeling tears in my eyes "now I'm just like the rest of the tribe."

The next thing I knew Scarlet was next to me burying her snout in my neck. I turned to her and noticed that she was almost as beat up as her first fight with Scarface. "I'm sorry Scarlet. I let him hurt you again." I cried gently grabbing her face. Scarlet cooed nuzzling my face. "You were just getting better to." I muttered a sob escaping me.

That's when I heard something shuffling; I turned around noticing that Gabriel was still unconscious. I got up and started to walk over to him. He was a little beat up some cuts on his cloths and arm, his clothes had some burned edges, but he himself looked alright. 'He's got a hard head he'll be alright' I thought taking a sigh of relief. That was until I heard a roar.

I quickly looked up to see Scarface leaping out of the pile of boulders. Its wing was bent wrong, but that didn't stop him from flinging himself at Toothless banging him against the cliff as his tail taking a swipe of Scarlet. "NOO" I shouted. Scarface turned his head towards me and before I knew it he was coming straight at me. I pulled out a knife, but I was too slow because he head butted me causing me to fly at least ten feet. Scarface didn't even pay any attention to Gabriel as he kept up his charge. His mouth was open and I could tell that he was ready for another fire attack. On instinct I grabbed my slingshot and digging into the pouch of ammo I pulled out

a small metal ball. I pulled the rubber band back and as Scarface opened his mouth a little wider. I released 'Please work'. His mouth snapped shut around the little metal ball and I could tell that he swallowed it. He snarled at me for a moment, but soon his face changed to that of pain.

I ran around Scarface, as he seemed to shake roaring in confusion. I slid next to Gabriel and covered his head with my body. Scarface gave a final deaf defying roar until I heard a sort of popping sound. I cringed as I felt some thing splatter on my back.

Cautiously I looked over my shoulder and Scarface was on the ground his stomach smoking. I slowly got up from Gabriel's side and inched myself closer to Scarface, from the footsteps behind me I could tell Toothless was behind me as well. We walked around Scarface his eye glassed over, but his stomach was completely gone. Some of his ribs were sticking out but his stomach was gone. I brought my hand to my nose the smell was horrible, smoke still rising from the remains of Scarface's underbelly. This time I couldn't help it I threw up. Toothless nudged me away and I found it hard to breath. 'I did that' I thought, 'He deserved to die, but not like that.'

That's when I felt something wet on my cheek, I looked up and noticed the dark clouds overhead. "Come on Toothless we have to find shelter." I say, running towards Gabriel as I felt another drop of rain on my head. 'We have to get away from the cliffs, if that's a thunderstorm we could get struck.' I thought helping putting Gabriel on Scarlet's back. "Scarlet we need to get out of here." I say carefully getting on Toothless back. Scarlet roars and takes off Toothless close behind.

It wasn't long until I found myself on the southern part of the island. We weren't that far from the village, but we were away from Scarface. Scarlet led the way to a small beach one that I didn't even know existed. She kept walking until we reached a giant cove. It smelled like salt, 'but anything was better than burnt flesh' I thought cringing.

I carefully took Gabriel off of Scarlet, making sure not to hit his head. When I got him on the ground Scarlet took off. "Scarlet" I shouted, but she was gone the sky already starting to rain, and with Gabriel's weight it made it harder to go after her. Toothless stood in front of us peering down at Gabriel confusion on his face.

"He's a friend Toothless." I say, moving some hair out of his face. "He won't hurt us." Toothless grunted and walked around us so that I could lean up against him. I sighed against him closing my eyes for a moment. 'This is not what I expected today.' I thought one of my hands supporting Gabriel's head the other clutching his shoulder. "Toothless we have to clean your wounds." I muttered my eyes still shut. Toothless grunted again closing himself around us.

I don't know how long it was until Scarlet came back, but it was raining harder. When she entered the cove I noticed that she was carrying baskets and I knew that she went to the cove to get my tools and Toothless saddle. Which was probably a good idea seeing as how Viking will be scouting the forest for a while. 'So much for the cove being safe' I thought as I watched her open one of the baskets with her tail and taking out my ripped cloak. She placed it over Gabriel and curled in front of us blocking the entrance of the cove.

I looked at Toothless and Scarlet examining them as much as I could in a dark cave, then looked down at Gabriel running my fingers through his hair. "I'm glad you're all safe."

59. My Rider, My Friend, My Family

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story******

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

****I want to warn anyone reading this story that due to school I may not be writing as much as I used to, but give me time and I will update I don't plan on ditching this story ever. I will update when I can.****

*** * ***

><p>Toothless point of view<p>

It was still early in the morning when I felt Halla shift again; she had been shifting all night, not sleeping most of it and if she did she woke up with a gasp. Although most nights I would be staying up with her doing my best to comfort her, I found myself to tired from fighting Vulfiend to stay up with her.

I knew what was troubling her; she was frightened not terrified about what she did to Scarface. She wanted to kill him, I mean we all did, but what Halla didâ€¦it was something no Viking has ever done before. I have no sympathy for Vulfiend lets make that clear none, yes it was a brutal way to die, but that monster deserved it. All the families he destroyed the dragons and humans he killed, he doesn't deserve Halla's sympathy or anyone's for that matter. But there was no way for me to tell Halla just how horrible Vulfiend was. I can't tell her that she did the world a favor, I can't tell her how she did nothing wrong.

I look down at the human in her lap, who has not moved all night and had it not been for his shallow breathing I would have thought him dead. Halla seemed to care for the boy, but I was still weary of him, he didn't look like a Viking, but than again looks are very unreliable now a days.

I could hear Herradura stretch her neck as she began to lick her wounds. "Damn" she hisses "and I was just getting better."

I give a low chuckle trying to disturb Halla seeing as she had just gotten to sleep. "How do you think I feel I was about to start flying again?"

We were quit for a moment the sound of rain echoing throughout the cove. "Did you know?" Herradura asks lowering her head a troubled

expression on her face.

"Know what?" I say tilting my head in confusion.

"About the weapon Halla used." I could feel myself tense at the line of questioning.

"Where are you going with this Herradura" I could feel my teeth coming out my gums my mouth in a snarl.

"Just that Halla created a very dangerous weapon that could put an end to dragons very quickly."

"Halla would never," I growl. "You saw how she looked when she saw Vulfiend, she didn't know the potential of the weapon, she was mortified."

"Alastor all I'm saying is that the world is changing and that Halla seems to be the deciding factor."

"What the hell are you talking about?" My eyes narrowed as I flexed my claws in agitation.

"It seems the girl is either our salvation or our destruction." She says with such an even tone so disconnected that I can feel my claws extending in anger.

"Halla would never hurt us," I hiss

"That right Alastorâ€|usâ€|she wouldn't hurt us, but what about the other dragons will she be as kind to them as she is us. We don't know-"

"No you don't know. Halla has done nothing, but take care of you, try to gain your trust and yet here you are still thinking the worst of her. Didn't we have a conversation similar to this when we did our first flight."

"You forget that she is human." Herradura says, her voice getting lower her own teeth being exposed.

"And its not like she forgets we are dragons. You are judging her the same way the Vikings judge us. If you don't trust Halla than leave Herradura, Vulfiend is gone now he won't come after you. Your free to leave, no one is forcing you to stay." I shout, feeling more shifting from Halla, until a gentle hand started to rub my back.

"What's wrong Toothless?" she asked, her voice exhausted. I do nothing to respond to her. She tries to follow my line of sight, but without night vision she only probably sees the outline of Herradura.

"Scarlet are you alright over there." She asks, squinting her eyes.

"This child should worry more about herself than us" she says, but to Halla it's probably all growls and roars.

Halla gives a sad smile "I'll be sure to grab some ointment for you two and bandages. I'll have you good as new again." I nudge her head

knowing that she feels responsible for our injuries. She mutters a list of what she needs before closing her eyes again.

"Herradura why is it that one minute you like Halla and the next you question her loyalty. She has never done anything to betray us." I ask, looking down at the human in question.

"She is a Viking, she is the heir to this tribe, there will be expectation and when the time comes for her to chose between her home and you, are you sure she will chose you. I don't want to see you get hurt Alastor," she says her eyes soft "you deserve better than the life you have been dealt."

"Herradura its only because of your guidance and protection that I survived the Queen and Vulfiend's so call training, but I trust Halla, maybe your right and I shouldn't. Maybe I should distance myself, maybe it would be better for everyone if I just left her beâ€but I can't. You say I deserve a better life, well Halla makes my life better and if she ever does betray me than may our ancestors strike me down where I stand because I don't think I could live knowing that the trust I put in her was betrayed." Herradura look at me and than at Halla and she lowered her head smiling to herself.

"If you have that much faith in this girl and I will do my best to not question it...again. I just you are all I have left Alastor. I don't want to lose you like I lost my hatchling."

"Thank you Herradura for every thing, you have no idea what it means to me for you to be here for me, but this is my choice."

"What are you two taking about" came the muffled voice of Halla "some people are trying to sleep without the chit chatting dragon talking." I laugh, but she only groans at the movement, until she sighs "you know what I can't sleep, I think I'm going to head to the village and try to get some food and medicine. With all this rain I should have enough cover to get in and out with out being seen." She starts to maneuver the boy on her lap awkwardly, but gently lifting herself up and placing his head back on the ground.

"I'll be right back," she says walking towards the entrance of the cave.

Herradura gives a roar standing up and walking over to her. "Its to dangerous you could be seen." Halla says putting her hands on her hips "besides your hurt." Herradura snorts at her showing Halla her back as an invitation to hop on. "No you're staying here." Halla says, but Herradura only rolls her eyes and with some maneuvers is able to throw Halla on her back. "Wait Scarlet no," but it was to late Herradura already took off outside.

I chuckled for a moment, which was until I realized that they left me behind with a human. 'Ahh great just what the hell do I do if he wakes up' I thought, poking it with my tail. The boys seemed to be well enough asleep, so I didn't worry about it, but as I saw his bow next to him with a set of arrows, I began to worry. Taking the bow carefully in my mouth I moved it to the back of the cove.

For a while everything was quite and I was starting to wonder what was taking so long with the supplies, it was already starting to get

light out and that when I heard, it a small groan coming from the human.

"Uhhh my head" the boy groaned again. Not knowing what else to do I leapt further into the cave, hoping that the darkness till present would conceal me. I watched as he tried to lift himself up only to have his body protest at the movement. He fell back onto the cold floor wrapping himself in Halla's cloak. He was looking around the cove, but I doubt he could see anything. He looked confused and out of sort.

"Halla" he muttered, looking around probably hoping to catch sight of movement. "HALLA" he shouted louder, the boy seemed to be starting to panic, sounding genuinely concerned for Halla.

He began to sit up, grunting in the process, I could tell that he was trying to figure out where exactly he was, sniffing the salt filled air. He looked towards the entrance of the cove where the early morning light was just peeking through the entrance. I watch as the boy tried his best to actually stand.

He was able to get up with the help of the wall, but as he made his way to the entrance I couldn't help, but move it closer. If he decided to run out of the cove it would be very bad for Halla and Herradura when they return. I watch, as he seems to still his movement scanning the area, probably trying to find me. Slowly I could see him reach for the small blade that was behind his back, I could hear him sigh in relief.

He pulls out the knife putting it in front of him "Hello" he ask sticking close to the wall. "I don't want any trouble" he says somewhat limping deeper into the cave. I move closer to him wondering if he actually meant that than why was he armed. As I moved closer though he swung the blade blindly. I ducked giving a warning roar when the tip of his blade nearly cut my face.

The boy was getting ready for another and I growled in warning. I pinned him against the wall having no interest in fighting this boy. I rested my claws on his chest not enough to hurt him, but enough for him to realize just how sharp they are. I growled at his face, surprising me when he showed not an ounce of fear. The knife was still in his hand, but its not like he could swing with his arm, what with it being pinned to the wall. I gave another low growl hearing Herradura's footsteps outside the cove.

I must have been distracted because suddenly the human was trying to shove me off. Not wanting Halla to see me pinning her so called friend I let him go. I watched as he moved towards the entrance still keeping close to the wall. That's when I heard Herradura's roar of surprise. I could tell that he was about to swing at Herradura so giving my own roar I charged at him.

I could tell that he was getting his knife ready, turning around ready to face me. Only to hear a "NO" coming from the entrance Halla was standing next to Herradura and when she noticed what her friend was about to do, she went behind him and gripped his arm. The boy not knowing who was attacking him tried to throw Halla off. Once he was able to pull his arm back from her, he swung at her, and that was when I saw red.

I leapt at the boy not at all caring if I hurt him. Pinning him to the floor my claws extended and ready to dig into his back and a moments noticed. I growled loudly leaning close to his head thinking how easy it would be to end him.

"Toothless no" I hear Halla say next to me, but as I look next to her I can see blood dripping down her chin and can only growl louder increasing the pressure on his back. "Toothless it was an accident please he doesn't know what's going on. He was just scared." I don't want to let this boy up, I want him underneath my claw, but as I hear the desperation in her voice I hiss in the boys ear, before letting up on some of the pressure so the boy could breath.

I was glaring at the back of the boy's head as he tried to remain calm underneath me. Herradura was carrying in baskets of supply a type of light in her mouth, a lantern of some kind. The boy started to struggle, so I growled again giving a fast stomp on his lower back.

"Toothless please let him up. He's a friend." I watched as he tried to turn his head to see who was talking next to him, but I start to press down again.

"Please" Halla pleaded "Its not completely his fault I got injured." I gave a roar of displeasure, but got off of the boy. Halla reaching for his shoulder and forearm. "Gabriel" she say, he lifts his head and with the help of the moving light I could tell that he recognized the person in front of him.

"Halla" he shouts in surprise, happy for some reason "Your okay." He shouts, bring her close hugging her. I stand beside Halla giving a loud growl. The boy jumps back in surprise, but to my annoyance he drags Halla with him, as if I was the one that was going to hurt her.

Halla untangles herself from the boy reaching to her left and takes the lantern from Herradura, who seems to be observing the boy. Halla turned the knob on the lantern and the cave was flooded with light. The boy closes his eyes at the sudden invasion of light, but eventually he stops blinking, his eyes adjusted.

Halla was still sitting in front of the boy Herradura on her left. Halla had her hand pressed to the left side of her lower chin. The blood still running down her chin "Halla" the boy says raising his hand, but as he did Herradura shifted closer to Halla as if protecting her, and so did I. Herradura may not trust Halla like I do, but she'll be damned if Halla gets hurt.

"Its alright" Halla says, moving her hand away looking at the blood. "Its just a cut." She says giving a strain smile. The boy seems to realize what he's done as he scans the cove floor for his knife.

He sighs, "I did that didn't I?" Halla doesn't answer, but she wasn't looking at him either. "Sorry" he say, not really sure what else to say. 'Sorry that's it, he cuts her and that its' I thought, growling.

"Its alright it was an accident," she says petting my side trying to get me to calm down.

"Toothless" the boy repeats looking at me. I hiss fake lunging at him; he leans back, but doesn't scream in fear like I hoped he would.

Halla sighs, clearly not amused by my action "Well you know about Scarlet" she says.

"Scarlet?" He repeats looking at Herradura.

Halla nods "You were right I was the one that freed Scarlet, but she was weak to fly away. So I took care of her and even though she got better she stayed with us, not sure why though." She looks curiously at Herradura who just nudges her shoulder.

"Who is us?" he asked, looking at me and then deeper in the cove as if more dragons would pop out.

"Well you seeâ€¦uhâ€¦well-before you-it wasâ€¦" Halla sighs not really sure where to start. She took a deep breath and started over again. "Before you came to the island I went out in a dragon raid with an invention of mine." She paused shaking her head "I was determined to take down a Night Fury" she says with disgust. "I made a one in a million shot and hit my target and things just got complicated from there." She says a small smile on her face.

"Uhh but I guess introduction are in order Toothless Gabriel, Gabriel Toothless" Halla says awkwardly. I lift my mouth in a snarl giving off a low hiss. The boy doesn't jump, but his eyes seem just a bit unnerved as he gives an awkward "hello."

I kept glaring at him choosing to sit in front of Halla instead of beside her. "Sorry" says Halla crawling over me being careful with my cuts and scratching my neck. "He's a little overprotective." She says using both hands to scratch me

I was just starting to relax, maybe even start to purr, but as I looked at Halla my eyes zooming in on the cut on her face I tense back up, using my tail to push Halla closer to me as Scarlet came closer to.

"Toothless" Halla whine, practically crawling over me again. "He's fine, he helped me." She says, after some maneuvering sitting in front of me again. "He saved me from Scarface." My ears perk up at this, but I still don't like the boy.

He gives a dry laugh "Got to say Halla you letting a dragon go I already knew, but man I did not see you keeping dragons as pets."

Halla seemed to frown at him "they aren't pets, their friends. They have saved me more times than I know. We laugh and have fun; they saved both of us from Scarface. We'reâ€¦" she bites her lip shaking her head before saying "Everything we think we know about dragons is wrong."

"Well I'm glad you see that, but don't you think making the dragons leave would be better for them," he says leaning against the wall. Halla stand up walking with the lantern to one of the baskets that Herradura brought in. She rummaged for a while coming back with bandages and a few jars of different colors. She sits back in front

of me opening a jar of something white.

"This is gonna hurt" she warns me, putting the ointment on. She works gently, but it still stings. She rubs it on the open cuts and as she works she starts to talk to Gabriel.

"Its not that easy?" she says, this time examining a cut as she opens a jar of red paste.

"Why not just let all the dragons go and have them leave the island. If they leave the island the Vikings won't have to go after them." He says as it's the most simple thing, I only roll my eyes at his ignorance.

"Vikings won't leave they have stubbornness issues and the dragons won't leave becauseâ€¦well I'm not sure why, they don't leave maybe there just as stubborn as Vikings." I give a snort at that reason, but Halla just gives a small laugh. "Besides it won't be that easy for all the dragons."

"Why not?" he ask, trying to get closer a roar from Herradura making him stay put.

"Because not all of them can fly off this island." Shy says not looking at me her hands in her lap. "I shot Toothless down and I ruined his tail, he can't fly Gabriel. He's tried, so I've been designing a tail for him. We tested it out and it actually worked." She says her voice becoming more alive as she turns to look at Gabriel. "We still have a way to go before he's up there on his own, but we are so close. The problem is Toothless wouldn't be able to leave the island alone, I have to control the tail."

"Halla" Gabriel asks eyebrow raised "what did you do?"

"I made a prosthetic for one of the most feared dragon's known to Viking kind." She says a smile on her face no sign of regret. "Not only that, but I became friends with two amazing dragons."

Gabriel goes emotionless for a second only sitting there for a moment. Halla goes back to work bandaging as much as she can and putting ointment on what she thinks needs it. She begins to work on Herradura when the boy finally speaks up again. "Alright than" he says as if he just found a solution to our problem.

"Alright than what" asks Halla not stopping her bandaging of Herradura's neck.

"I'm going to help you" he says with a grin, Halla's eye go wide, as Herradura and I give each other a look.

"What? Are you crazy" Halla screeched, turning to look at the boy as he struggled to get up to meet her eye to eye.

"Maybe a little" he says with a grin "But your going to need help Halla, you can't do thing all by yourself. I mean people are going to notice eventually."

"No one noticed until you came along," she says turning back to Herradura.

The boy shook his head "People are going to pay attention to you now Halla."

"And why is that?" she spat, taking a step closer to the boy.

"Because I'm going to guess that since we're alive that dragon in the woods isn't. The village is going to have to think that you killed it, to keep your dragons safe your going to have to lie and say you killed it and when that happens people are going to be watching you."

Halla swallows and I could tell she looks nervous. "Its not a lie" she says her voice weak.

"What" he asks leaning closer to Halla and as much as I want to create some space between them Herradura swatted me with her tail in a "No."

"I killed Scarface. It wasn't Toothless or Scarlet, I actually killed him," Halla looked down at her feet, her hands balled into a fist, and I could tell she was trembling.

"Halla what did you do" the boy asks, taking a step forward. Halla lowered her head and I could see her biting her lip before her hair started to cover her face.

She looked up at the boy a sob escaping her as she explained "One of my invention worked." That was all she was able to get out before she turned away silently sobbing to herself.

The boy walked over to Halla and hugged her from behind. Halla bit her lip harder doing her best not to cry. "You did what you had to do" the boy explained.

Halla shook her head. "No its not. Scarface burned my mother alive, and Iâ€¦" a cry escaped her as the tears started to fall. "I burned himâ€¦no I destroyed him from the inside out. I'm worse than any Viking or dragon," she says putting her hands to her face.

My claws start to dig into the ground because even in death Vulfiend is still able to hurt the people I care about and even in death their was nothing I could do about it.

The boy tries to turn Halla towards him, but she refuses so he walks in front of her grabbing her wrists trying to pull them away from her face. "If you didn't kill him he would have killed us all. I owe you my life." He says, but Halla only cries more, so he continues finally prying Halla's hands away from her face. He gently puts his hand on Halla's face. For a moment he traces the cut he has made cringing, but he pushes that away to wipe her tears. "You didn't know and if you did, you wouldn't have done it, unless it was absolutely necessary."

"How do you know?" she asks, her voice small cracking from the sobs she's hiding.

"Because your better than us." He says "Your better than any Viking, any dragon, because you do what you feel is right, not by what's expected or tradition. You said you wanted to kill your mother's

killer and yet here you are crying over his death when he nearly killed you not once, but twice, and nearly killed another member of your family. You saved two dragons when your tradition's specifically told you to put them to death. Your better than us Halla because you can see things for how they really are, not what they are made to be." He smiles at Halla and that was enough, Halla jumped in his arm wrapping them tight around his waist burying her head in his chest as she cried.

The boy seems startled for a moment, but relaxes as he puts his arms around Halla resting his head on hers. Murmuring more words of comfort as his arms tighten around her.

For a second I was jealous of the boy, because he could comfort Halla in ways I couldn't. He could actually give the words of comfort she needed and not just a nudge or a purr. I looked away from the pair, not really sure how to take Halla having a human friend, the way she made it sound in the past she had none.

After a moment they break away from each other still in each other's arm, but pulled back enough to look at each other's faces. Halla gives a small smile, and says "thank you." The boy gives his own small smile. Halla walks out of his arm back to Herradura finishing patching her up.

The boy looks at her for a moment going to sit down before asking, "Where's my bow?" Scanning the cove for his weapons.

"Uhhh" Halla looks at me and I nudge my head towards the back of the cove. "Back of the cove" Halla say handing the lantern to the boy. The boy nods, taking the light and slowly limps to the back of the cove to retrieve his weapons. Herradura looks at Halla for a moment nudging her cheek. Halla smiles patting the side of her face "Sorry about that you two I didn't mean to cry." She says laughing "but Toothless hates when I fake smile to." I stood up rubbing myself against Halla's shoulder. She turned to look at me a real smile on her face before she leapt up hugging me around the neck.

"I'm just glad you're all okay. I don't know what I would do if anything happened to either or you." I coo knowing that if I use any words on her she wouldn't understand, but as Halla smiled at us everything seemed all right. Gabriel came back to where we were bow and arrow in hand going back to sit in his previous seat. Halla after handing Gabriel some medicine came over and sat next to us leaning against me, my tail resting on her lap. It was at that moment that I was reminded of something very important.

That even though Halla is human and that even is she has human friends that can comfort her in a way that I can't, that can talk to her in a way she understands. We still have a bond that no one else can replace. Even though she may not know everything I say, she still understands me and I her. I don't have to worry about a boy, Viking or not, taking her away from me, because she will always be my friend, my rider, my family.

60. Conversation with the Elders

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the

movie, but have been modified for my story**

**Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks
enjoy**

thought '...'

**speaking "..."

I want to warn anyone reading this story that due to school I may not be writing as much as I used to, but give me time and I will update I don't plan on ditching this story ever. I will update when I can.

* * *

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

We spent the rest of the morning in the cove, pretty much in silence, but at least Toothless wasn't trying to kill Gabriel anymore, although I knew the two dragons were still keeping an eye on him. Every time Gabriel moved Toothless reacted whether it was wrapping his tail around me and scooting closer to me.

When the rain finally stopped and the sun was almost high in the sky I knew we had to return to the village, if we didn't Gobber or even Auntie and her crew would start to look for us and although I showed Gabriel Toothless and Scarlet I wasn't about to let everyone know about them.

I left what little healing supplies we had in the cove, saying goodbye to Toothless and Scarlet promising to be back as soon as I can. Gabriel and I on our way back to the village started to make a story up about what happened that night. We agreed that we ran further into the forest escaping the fire and cornered the dragon, and as Gabriel distracted him with his arrows I tried to kill him with boulders only for him to still be alive and leaving me to use my new weapon. I gulped thinking of the chaos that would ensue with this new weapon. I could already see Vikings overjoyed at having such an advantage over the dragons. Which is why before we left I tossed the five remaining ammo pieces into the ocean knowing that the metal ball would sink the powder inside ruined by the cork sealing.

We kept running over the story with each other making sure that everything was explained that there was no way no hole in our story and no way anyone could find Toothless and Scarlet.

We were careful climbing over the wet rocks that led away from the cave into a private beach climbing the hill to get to the village. As we walked I could see from the corner of my eye Gabriel looking at me.

"What" I asked feeling self-conscious under his looks.

He only shook his head "your pretty amazing you know" he sighs and for a moment I wasn't sure if his being amazing was a good thing or not. "The sad part is every one is going to realize that for the wrong reason."

"You mean because they are going to praise me for killing Scarface" I

asked confused. Gabriel nodded, his face emotionless again, I scrunched up my face and slapped him in the arm.

"What was that for?" he asks, not slowing his wake not even reacting to the fact I hit him.

"I don't like it when you go emotionless its weird" I say honestly, stepping in front of him stopping him from walking "besides they aren't going to believe me. They'll probably think you did everything and I was just lucky enough not to get in your way."

Gabriel shook his head "I don't think that will be the case this time." He says not looking at me.

"Well" I say sighing trying to prepare myself for whatever it is that comes next "there no turning back now."

Gabriel snorted "there was no turning back for you since you let the first dragon go. Me I can deny everything, and say it was all your fault" he says a sly grin on his face.

I gave him my unamused look and started to walk backwards "if you even try something like that I'll let Toothless eat you." He stared at me for a moment probably trying to figure out if I was serious or not. I only smiled not sure if I was even serious or not, but his face was priceless.

He races up to my side and nudges my shoulder "don't worry dragon girl I got your back."

I raised one of my eyebrows "not sure if that makes me feel better or not."

Gabriel places his hand over his heart faking hurt. "That stings Halla that really does."

I laugh trying my best not to trip as we climb the last hill to the village. After awhile we finally could see the village. We paused for a second Gabriel turning toward me "you ready?" I take a deep breath exhaling as slow as possible before saying

"As ready as I'll ever be."

We slowly made our way to the village. The fire was bad, homes destroyed, pillars snapped in half, the town hall half destroyed.

"It's worse than last time," I mutter trying to calculate all the wood that would need to be cut down to repair the village. As we kept waling through the village I couldn't help, but think of all the repairs we would have to do to be ready for winter. As I was worrying for the village I didn't noticed someone sneaking up on me, until I couldn't breathe. Some how with out me noticing Auntie was smothering me into a hug.

"Auntie...can't...breath" I gasp out feeling my rib cage starting to collapse.

"Oh sorry dear" she says loosening her grip, but still having me in her arms.

"Lass your okay" came a voice behind me, someone else picking me up from behind squeezing me.

"Gobber...can't... breath" I say his prosthetic hand pressing uncomfortably into my side. He puts me down giving a sorry, but a smile on his face as he ruffles my hair.

"Where have you two been?" asked Auntie her face in a scowl as she turned to Gabriel. He took a step back cringing at Aunties tone.

"We found shelter up in the northern part of the wood headed there to avoid the thunder storm." He says squaring his shoulder looking her straight in the eye. Even I couldn't tell he was lying.

"What happened out there lass Helga says you got separated and the dragon was still after you." Gobber asked, checking me over for wounds his eyes falling on my new cut on my chin.

"We...Gabriel and I...the dragon...it's" okay so my lying skills are rusty, but it wasn't helping that guilt started to wash over me when I thought back to the gruesome death of Scarface.

Gabriel stepped forward placing a hand on my shoulder. I bit my lip knowing that I could lie to everyone about what happened that night, but the guilt of what happened is still there and it makes it difficult to bring it up. "Halla killed the dragon, but itâ€|it wasn't what she expected." Gabriel says giving my shoulder a squeeze.

Both of the adults looked at each other their face expression blank.

"What do you mean Gabriel?" asked Auntie, one of her eyebrows raised, but her face somewhat pale.

"Halla" asked Gobber, taking a step forward; he gently gripped my wrist trying his best to comfort me.

I took a deep breath and said, "I killed my mother's murder." What happened next kind of happened in a blur. One minute it was just us talking about what happened and the next minute half the village was with us in the forest following us to where Scarface was. I think it started with Auntie claiming she wanted to see the body, but I can't be sure. All I knew is that the teens, the elders, and veteran dragon killers were following Gabriel and I.

Gabriel didn't seem to be worried about the audience if anything he had already expected this. Me on the other hand I was slightly worried. The rain had washed away the tracks of Toothless and Scarlet, the forest fire destroying any good tracking signs, but knowing my luck someone could possibly find something that will have others second guess our stories. Gabriel must have sensed my distress, but he didn't grab my hand, or say anything else to me, but he stayed close to my side his arms brushing mine. It was enough to calm me downâ€|somewhat.

Gabriel and I were silent all the way there, but murmurs and whispers kept the forest from being completely silent. I already knew what they were probably saying, how this was another fake 'I took down a

dragon' to get attention and when we get there, there won't be anything.

As we reached the rocky mountains, I released a shaky breath, as a giant red body came into view. Somewhere along the line I must have stopped, because this time Gabriel did take my hand lead me and the rest of the group to Scarface. He stopped before we could see his stomach.

Every one was circling the corpse loud gasps turning to harsh whispers until it turned into shouts of disbelief. But I just stood there not sure what to feel at the moment. It was until Gobber was hugging me that I came to.

"You did it lass. You killed the dragon." He was so happy, so proud, and as his smile grew his eyes got brighter. I couldn't help, but turn my head suddenly disgusted. The shouts of disbelief soon turned to howls of pride and laughter, some were still in awe, but the proof was in front of them so they cheered knowing that this was no trick. Although I'm pretty sure the cheers were for my mothers killer being dead, not for me, which in this case I was okay with.

Gobber put me down still smiling and Auntie quickly to her place giving me a simple hug "You did it" she says into my head and although I couldn't see her face I was pretty sure she was crying based on something wet hitting my head. "Your mom would be so proud." She says pulling back from her hug so I can see her face. Auntie had a smile on her face, with tears in her eyes, and I couldn't help, but wonder if my mom really would be proud of me, I wasn't.

It looked like everyone had questions to ask me, but before they could get close to me, the three elders approached me, Gothi in the front, each of them having their own type of expression. Elder Gil still had a scowl on his face, but this time he seemed more puzzled than angry. Elder Gris had a cheeky grin on his face. However Elder Gothi was the expression that scared me the most, it was blank, her mouth in a tight line, her eyes unblinking unwavering.

Auntie stood beside me her hand placed firmly on my shoulder as the elder stood in front of me.

Gothi spoke first "The dragon will be taken back to the village, it will be cleaned and placed in the center of the village. So when Stoick returns to the village he can see that his wife death is avenged." The village cheered some already pulling at the dragon ready to haul it to the village. "Halla" she says taking a step closer to me "you will be coming with us, there is something we need to discuss." She didn't wait for me to reply before walking away from me.

I looked at Gobber and than at Auntie before all of us started to follow, until Gothi stopped not turning around. "We only want to speak to you Halla." That said she kept walking,

I could feel shifting behind me and before I knew it elder Gil and Gris were behind me. Elder Gris giving me a light shove on my back, I stumbled a bit and began to start walking again, giving a quick look over my shoulder. Gobber and Auntie seem confused, but I just gave them a small smile and turned to follow the elders back to the village.

It was slightly unnerving to be in between all the elders, but I knew they would want to talk to me. I did suddenly go from talking fishbone to dragon killer. 'I just have to make them believe that Gabriel and I killed Scarface, I have to make sure I don't give them any reason to doubt my story.' I thought as we entered the elder hut.

The elders went to take their seat on the upper floor while I stood below them in the middle of the room. For a moment the elders just sat there staring down at me, rather than stare back at them I stared straight ahead, not sure if I could handle Gothi's stare.

"You killed that dragon" Elder Gris said, standing straight in his chair, the scowl gone from his face which made him seem emotionless.

"I did."

"How" asked Gris leaning forward a smirk on his face "I've seen my share of kills before, but never had I seen something like that." He had a wide grin on his face.

"I made a new invention" is all I said, still looking forward.

"A new invention?" asked Gothi raising one of her eyebrows.

"Yes I made it using material from Aunti- Aunt Helga's ship. I was unaware of the damage it could do." I was trying to keep my answers short and simple, make it easier to keep up with my lies.

"Why don't you tell us what happened?" Goth asked, her staff placed across her lap.

"The dragon had sent the forest on fire. Gabriel and I ran deeper into the forest the dragon separated us from Aunt Helga. We made it to the rocky mountain, when the dragon reappeared. Gabriel distracts it with his arrows while I climbed the mountain pushing boulders on top of him. The rockslide hit the dragon and Gabriel and I believed him to be dead. Gabriel started to collect his arrows when the dragon leapt from underneath the rock, he threw Gabriel against the rock and when he came my way I used my new weapon." I paused for a moment, swallowing the lump in my throat, finger brushing my side where the slingshot was. Gothi caught my movement, but I kept talking. "It was a metal ball filled with a type of explosive powder, I thought the dragon would use it if fire against it and activate the blastâ€|butâ€|but" I sighed pulling all the courage I had to look Gothi in the eye. "The dragon swallowed the metal ball the fire in his stomach causing the powder to activate. The explosion activating in his stomach killed him."

Gris started to laugh banging his hand on the table as he seem to howl in cheer. While Gil and Gothi just stared at me for moment, Gothi leaning back in her chair as if reeling from the information.

"The metal ball how many did you use."

"One"

"I'm guess that tool on your side was used." She asks, her eyes moving to my side.

"Yes"

"May I see it?" she orders extending her arm. I took out my slingshot and walked towards the table, handing her the sling shot, making sure I didn't make any skin contact. If Gothi can see a persons soul, future just by looking them in the eye, I don't want to know what information she could gain from touching me, there were some rumors that Gothi was blessed with sight by the gods.

"Do you have any more?" I raised my eyebrow, but still answered truthfully.

"I did, but I got rid of them." I say, keeping my voice even.

"Why would you do that" yelled Gris, "Do you have any idea how much a weapon like that could help us in the war?"

"You used a child's toy to take down a dragon" interrupted Gothi, examining the slingshot.

"It was just used to launch the ammo, it was the ammo that is dangerous."

"Ammo that you destroyed. Ammo that could have helped end-"

"I got rid of them, there is no more ammo" I shouted interrupting Gris' rant "They are in the bottom of the ocean." I say standing up straight, not for one moment regretting my decision.

Gris slammed his fist on the table again this time out of rage "How can you be so stupid? So selfish that weapon could have helped end this war. A dragon's fire could have been used against them. Did you for one moment think of how the rest of the village could use that weapon." He shouted.

"I did and that's exactly why I got rid of it," I stated as calmly as I could.

"Gris that enough" said Gil his hands clasped together on the table. "Halla I don't think you realized what you have done."

"I know exactly what I did." I say staring at the calculating eyes of elder Gil. "It was my invention, my weapon I can do what I please with it."

"Not when it could destroy any dragons at a single throw." Yells Gris, standing from his chair. "

I knew that Gris was getting angrier and if push a bit more it would not end well for me, but I refused to back down from this. "Well its to late now isn't it. The last of the powder was used in the few metal ammo pieces I made, and those are in the middle of the ocean right now. It doesn't matter how much you yell at me or tell me how wrong I was because I don't have any powder to recreate them and even if you somehow did find more powder I refuse to make anymore."

Gris growled at me "then we will find some more powder and have

someone else make this ammo, how hard can it be."

I gave a dry laugh crossing my arms. "Good luck with that according to auntie- Aunt Helga's crewmate that powder was found by mistake some place far far away, they aren't even sure if they can get back to the village where they found it. And if by some crazy way in a few years you do stumble upon that black powder, try to have someone recreate what I did with out blowing themselves up."

"Don't think yourself so highly girl just because you killed your first dragon" snapped Gris.

"I'm not thinking so highly of myself, I'm just a hundred percent sure that no one in this village can recreate what I did with out destroying half of the village."

I could see that Gris wanted to say anything, but Gothi lifted one of her dainty little hands up. Gris turned to look at Gothi a snarl on his face, but he sat down. "That's enough," she said her voice firm "it seems that this new weapon, new ammo is long gone, so it would be a waste to keep discussing it. Although I have to admit Halla what you did was selfish and deprived the village of a powerful weapon how-"

"Selfish, your calling me selfish because I got rid of five pieces of ammo, five pieces that could only be used to kill fire dragons maybe. No one knows the full potential of my weapon, not even me. I don't know the full properties of the black powder, but I know it's temperamental. So I kept the ammo pieces and Vikings in the village start fighting for them, claiming they have some sort of right to them, and one all its takes is one to make a mistake and half the village could be destroyed, Vikings killed for one mistake." My fists were clenched and my voice was getting high out of anger. "Had I kept them, they wouldn't have been mine anymore would they?"

The council was silent looking at me as if for the very first time but no one answered my question. Gothi took a deep breathe and as if I hadn't even interrupted her kept talking "Halla has made her decision a decision that is in her right as its creator, even if our opinions were not taken into account."

"With all due respect elders, but why would I consult you. I am not chief and you have no right to judge any of my actions." There was a moment of silence, as the elders seem to give each other a passing glance.

Again ignoring my words Gothi spoke. "We came here to not only congratulate you on your kill, but to also discuss your placement in dragon training." I stilled my arms falling limp at my side, out of all the things the elders could have talked to me about dragon training was not what I was expecting "Due to you killing a dragon it gives you an unfair advantage in the ring, although some could arguing that the kill was based on you new weapon, a kill is still a kill. So I propose to remove Halla from dragon training."

This time everyone was staring at Gothi, but she ignored the stares and questioning look. "Have the other candidates train with Gobber and when the time comes select a winner. Have that winner go against you in a one of one match, the winner selected by all the elders and the chief if he returns by then will earn their right to kill the

Nightmare in front of the village."

"Now hold on Gothi, the trainees are all fighting for the right to show the entire village there first kill, Halla has already made her kill." Reasoned Gil.

"Yes, but she was unable to show case her skills in front of the village a right that was taken away from surviving." Gothi countered her eyes shifting to Gil.

"The lass should be happy to have a kill under her belt, her mother's killer for odin's sake. You want to steal the honor of dragon training from someone, just because the lass couldn't kill it in front of the village. It's unfair." Gris shouted his face turning slightly red.

As the elders kept going back and forth on this I only had one question going on in my head. "What Nightmare?" I shouted, breaking the dispute between the elders "The last Nightmare escaped there isn't one to kill." The elders looked at me for a moment.

Gil cleared his throat "The Nightmare that you fought while saving Skulluim was captured. While you were busy removing the pillar from on top of Skulluim, Gobber contained the Nightmare that you were fighting." My heart stopped, the only thought running through my head was that there was another dragon ready to be killed because of me.

For a moment I spaced out, wondering how I was going to stop the Nightmare from being killed. It wasn't until I heard Gothi's voice calling me that I started to pay attention again "Halla do you agree with the councils."

"What" I asked lamely, earning a glare from Gris and a sigh from Gil.

"The council has decided to remove you from dragon training. If at the end of the training we feel that trainees have not proven themselves worthy you and the leading trainee will fight one on one for the chance to win the honor of killing the still wild Nightmare in front of the village. However if a trainee does prove worthy you will be eliminate from the running altogether. You will also no longer receive training from Gobber and not be allowed in the arena to train. Do you agree to these terms?"

"Yes" I say 'at least with dragon training out of the way I can work more on Toothless prosthetic.' I thought 'but there is no way I'm going into the arena for a one on one fight, Ash is going to prove worthy and Ash is going to kill that Nightmare' The Nightmare I put in harms way.'

"Halla once again I congratulate you on your kill and once your father comes home he shall know of your accomplishment however for now you are dismissed " Gothi said, raising her staff and slamming it on the ground. By the snarl on Gris face the elders still had something to discuss on their own, so I quickly bowed my head and exited the room.

As I walked outside I noticed Gobber, Gabriel, Auntie, and her whole crew was waiting outside for me. As they smiled all excited,

something heavy settled in my stomach, but I put a smile on my face, rushing over to them. 'Today can't end soon enough' I thought, as Gobber brought me into another hug.

61. Gears and Training

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****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

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*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

"Uhhh" I groan my back hitting the ground for the hundredth time today. Soon pale green eyes were hovering over me followed by a small smile. It was Claudia looking at me with her sympathetic smile.

"Your not that bad" she said snickering, her teeth biting into her lower lips to keep her laughter in.

I groaned again pushing myself deeper into the ground hoping that maybe just maybe it would swallow me whole. "I'm horrible, I haven't been able to block anything. Let alone hit you."

"Well you can't expect to be perfect your first time. I know I was horrible-"

"No you weren't" came the emotionless voice of her brother who was standing a few feet away. "You were top of your class, a prodigy." Claudia looked at her brother giving him a hard stare. He did nothing, but shrug.

"Excuse my brother he's-"

"He argues I'm horrible," I said, struggling to get up.

It had been a few days after the raid and slowly everything was going back to normal. Auntie and Gobber weren't exactly happy with the elder's decision, but I told them I was fine with it, where Auntie exclaimed that it just let her and her crew train me, which everyone in the village seemed to be bitter about. The village was also slowly being repaired, dragon training canceled until the village was repaired seeing as how we had to go deeper into the woods for lumber and with winter coming the trees were not falling easy.

Scarface's body was gutted and cleaned placed in the middle of the village on a large spike. Which is another reason I stay out of the village, his death although I know justified still gnawed at me. Ash was quiet upset with the events, his status as the best teen now threatened since I did actually kill a dragon, and Gabriel was right it did change a few of the Vikings opinion of me, some asking for details of the fights and talking strategy with me. It was odd and made me uncomfortable since some of them thought I was this great dragon killer thankful I usually get rescued by Gobber or Gabriel so I didn't have to listen to their dragon killing stories for very long.

I had started training with Claudia and Claudiusâ€¦well more like Claudia. She was the only one actually trying or even willing to teach me. First she had gone through what I should be looking for when fighting and the most effective parts on the body to hit. She had also been the one willing to spar with me. Claudius was just standing there critiquing me any chance he got. Although I couldn't tell if he was actually enjoying critiquing me or if he was just doing his job as my teacher, his face was always neutral. It kind of freaked me out more than when Stoick was scowling at me.

"It's not that your horrible your just not that experienced, but don't worry. By the time we're done with you you'll be able to take anyone even Claudius."

Claudius just snorted, but said nothing else. "But for now why don't we ease up on sparring and work on forms. Get back into your fighting stance." I widened my stance and got into the sloppy fighting stance that Claudia had to come over and correct again.

"You need to bend your kneesâ€¦keep your arms in front of youâ€¦keep them strongâ€¦remember your movementâ€¦your body has to flow" She started to find every flaw in my stance and I did my best to readjust them.

Soon she had me doing different types of fighting forms. She made sure that each punch and kick was perfect if not I had to restart the form. She made sure that each attack had enough force to actually be useful in a fight. If anything was imperfect she made me do the move over and over again until I got it right and then restart the form.

We must have done this for hours, only taking quick water breaks, her brother throwing a comment here or there. Finally after who knows how long Lian came ready for my throwing lesson. Asad was behind Lian with three long pieces of logs underneath his arms.

"We're almost done here Lian. I just want Halla to go through a few more forms," said Claudia, giving the older woman a smile. Lian nodded and soon started to tell Asad where to place the new targets.

"Actually Claudia it might be more beneficial if the girl gets a sparring match." said Claudius.

"The thing is that-"

"Fighting has different aspects, but one of the most important part is reflexes. She needs experience."

"Its to early-"

"Its never to early you were trained as a child." Claudius seemed to be passionate about this, but his face never showed it, only the slight rise in his voice. "If you don't do it I will." Claudia didn't move so Claudius stepped closer to me.

Claudius scared me and I befriended two dragons. He was just so odd and emotionless—it wasn't normal I mean Asad didn't talk but at least he showed emotion. Before I could even blink he was throwing punches at me. I hesitated to actually block with my arms so I just backed up. I had a sneaky suspicion that if I did raise my arms to block it wouldn't make a difference. He rose his leg kicking me, which I didn't even think about I blocked it my arm stinging from the impact, which still had me sliding a bit.

"Keep your stance strong," he said not stopping his assault.

'How am I suppose to keep strong when someone is wailing at me' I thought, as one of Claudius' punches barely grazed my shoulder.

"Stay focused," shouted Claudia. "Look for an opening, you can't keep dodging forever you have to attack."

'Yah I don't know how to do that yet.' I thought, panicking as I tried to figure out what exactly I'm supposed to do. As I thought about how I'm suppose to fight back Claudius was approaching.

"Watch him," shouted Lian "Not just the fist, but the whole body." As I shifted my eye to try and get a whole picture all I saw was his leg sweep mine from underneath me and before I knew it I landed on my back looking up at the sky. For a moment Claudius hovered above me he looked at me still emotionless and walked away. His sister came over to me helping me up. She looked between her brother and me, "Sorry about that he's just—well—odd like that," she says giving an odd smile.

"Its fine really" I say happy that I was no where near him, like I said before he was intimidating and I live with VIKINGS. Claudia fussed over me for a moment, giving me feedback on my short spar with her brother before waving goodbye telling me to practice for tomorrow.

Asad walked over to me ruffling my head like he usually did after training before walking back towards the village. He and Eagle usually went into the forest to help chop down trees and drag it back to the village.

"Alright Halla suit up" shouted Lian getting her own equipment ready. I have gotten better with my knife throwing, near perfect aim, but I still had to practice my fluidity, I still had a tendency of tripping over my own feet, but Lian thought I might be ready to throw needles. I nodded my head and went inside to grab my belt and my jacket. Training with Auntie's crews was getting pretty routine.

The rest of the day was spent training with Lian. Lian had stopped correcting me; so much, which based on her small nods told me I was doing something right. Eventually Lian left as well claiming she had

work to do around the same time Gabriel came in with some water and fish. I had a sneaky feeling that Auntie's crew was trying to play match maker the way they suddenly disappeared so that Gabriel and I were suddenly alone. I wasn't complaining I mean it gave me a chance to talk to him about Scarlet and Toothless, but I just found it odd.

We both sat on the steps enjoying our meals. "So" asked Gabriel taking a sip of his water "how's training?"

I roll my eyes at his questioning "did you really come for that? Are you sure you didn't come to ask me about Toothless and Scarlet and oh I don't know Toothless prosthetic."

"Wellâ€¦now that you mentioned it." He says leaning into me "how is that going?"

I nudge him shaking my head at his not so subtle question he was always like this. He almost always came with me to the forest, but only rarely did he actually go all the way to the cave, but he did help me sneak in tools to help work in Toothless prosthetic, but best part Gabriel was actually good at sewing, so he was able to help with my saddle and harness top.

"Its going good the saddle itself and the prosthetic work really well, it's just me trying to get the controls right." Which it was, Toothless already knew how to fly the problem was me trying to be in sync with him, however now that the cove isn't exactly safe what with the thinned out trees we stay pretty close to the cave. "But I made an anchor by one of the cliff sides so Toothless and I can fly tethered to a line while I try to manage the controls."

"So how's that going?"

"You know your more than welcome to come watch some time?" I say taking a bite of my fish.

"Wish I could, but your Aunt volunteered me for lumber duty besides some one has to keep the Vikings off your tail."

"What do you mean?" I asked, concerned.

He gave a dry chuckle "did you not know that Ash was following you." My mouth formed an O shape.

"Yah I remember he was practicing his axe throwing. I know he saw me, I heard him follow me for a while so I ducked out behind a log for a while."

"Well I may have ruffled his feathers a bit stopped him from going after you." I shake my head at him can only imagine what he said to ruffle Ash up.

"Thanks for that" I say sipping my water.

"So how's Scarlet?"

"Good she's recovering nicely sometimes she's not in the cave, but she almost always disappears, its nothing new."

We sat and chatted until Eagle came by telling Gabriel it was time to go cut down trees. Gabriel sighed and told me to be careful knowing that I usually leave to see Toothless the same time half the village leaves to cut and pull lumber.

As Gabriel left I went upstairs and took off my knife jacket and belt before rushing out the door stopping at the food shed for a basket, but as I looked around for a full basket I began to worry about just how low the food shed was getting because it's not like I could refill it during winter, I sighed saving that problem for another day before racing off to meet Toothless.

Carefully making my way over to the cave making sure I wasn't followed I couldn't help, but feel excited. Scarlet and Toothless wounds were healing well, I mean I actually wanted to hold off Toothless flying, but every time I came to see them he would drop his saddle or prosthetic in my lap and whine. So finding a broken off log I tethered us to it and began to experiment with his tail creating a cheat sheet on the shifting of the gears and which direction way it sent us something to stop him from whining.

As I reached the cliff side I began to scale down being careful not to slip the water higher than usual. I made it to the cave and ducked inside some light filtering in the cave.

"Toothless I'm back" I say dropping the basket on the ground. Based on the movement in the cave I could tell Toothless was coming. He walked towards the entrance of the cave his saddle in his mouth. "Alright alright I get it already we'll go flying we only have a few more gears to go before we're ready to try out for real." I say catching the saddle as Toothless dropped it in my arms. He began to eat the fish and grabbing the saddle and tether I began to climb up to the stump knowing that Toothless would join me when he was done.

Toothless came up a few minutes later prosthetic already on from yesterday "You ready bud" I ask, placing my own leather harness. I learned that a belt wasn't enough so with the help of Gabriel was able to make a leather top that at the bottom attached to Toothless saddle.

Toothless cooed and I began to place his saddle on him a task that was getting less and less strenuous now that Toothless couldn't run away from me. Now he just sat there and let me attach everything. After the saddle was on I connect the tether to it and made an anchor with the other end to the stump.

As I looked towards the ocean the breeze started to blow. "Right on time" I muttered to myself smiling as I tied my hair in a ponytail so it would stay out of my face. I quickly got on Toothless and going over my cheat sheet started to go through the gears.

After a few hours I couldn't help but shout in glee "We did it Toothless we got through all the gears" but Toothless didn't say anything so as I leaned over the saddle to try and get a look at Toothless. I frowned slightly noticing a far away look on his face.

I could only give a small smile 'he's probably thinking about what it really means to fly' I thought sighing. Just as I was about to land a

large gust of wind blew by and before I knew it the tether broke and we were flung backwards crashing into a tree, but some how I got flung side ways and was on the floor.

Toothless looked up in surprise shaking his head while I could feel my face heat up in embarrassment. Toothless began to sit up which dragged me closer to him "wooah" I say struggling to get to my feet as I did I tried to unclip myself from Toothless saddle, but the thing wouldn't budge. "No come on" I mutter fidgeting with the ring, but it wasn't coming out. "And I have nothing to undo the ring" I mutter Toothless standing up which caused me to lift up as well. "Toothless" I shouted surprised.

After some maneuvering I was able to stand next to Toothless without have to fear too much about being lifted up again. I sighed watching as it started to get darker. "We'll wait until its really dark and than head the village to fix this," I say tugging at the ring, dreading trying to sneak Toothless into the village, it was suicide. Toothless made a whine type of noise, but it was nice to sit outside of the cave even if it was getting colder. 'With how cold its getting Stoick and the rest of the Vikings will be here soon, they can't risk getting frozen out there.' I thought leaning against Toothless, he was the best type of blanket to have on a cold night. I closed my eyes for a moment enjoying the stillness of everything. The Vikings were bustling with rumors or work, each one just as exhausting to deal with than the other, so it was nice to be able to step away from it.

I could hear the distant sound of flapping and for a moment I thought about opening my eyes worried about another dragon raid, but as Toothless felt relaxed and the sound got closer I was able to tell that it was just Scarlet. Some times I wonder where Scarlet went, but I means she's a dragon that can fly the real question is where can't she go.

Toothless wing wrapped around me as Scarlet got closer blocking out the wind that she was creating. Once Scarlet landed I knew it was time to go, Scarlet only came back when the village was dead asleep. As Toothless retracted his wing I noticed Scarlet was next to us a deer at her feet. As Toothless and I stand up I couldn't help, but grin at Scarlet she really was a good hunter. Toothless stepped forward to take a bite out of the deer and I stepped forward to say hello, Scarlet lowered her nose so I can pet her.

"Wait Scarlet you can help us" I say looking at her sharp teeth. Scarlet turned her head confused. "Do you think you can bite off this ring? It's stuck." Scarlet looked at it for a moment nudging the ring with her nose before she tilted her head her jaw opened just a bit. Than I heard the crunch, followed by a snapping. The ring fell out of her mouth the strap landing on my thigh. "Oh thank Odin that worked I was worried I was going to have to take Toothless through the village." I said sighing before picking up the rings. "But now I have to go to the forge." I muttered remembering exactly what was in view of the forge. 'Yeah probably a good idea to avoid Toothless seeing that' I thought, playing with the broken ring. I trucked the ring into my pocket unclipping the strap from the leather top so I can fix it later.

"Thanks Scarlet" I say patting her nose again, she allows it for a moment before she turns to snap at Toothless who was enjoying her

deer. "Hey be nice you two." I say turning back towards the cave it was getting dark so I better grab my basket and start heading towards the village. As I climbed my way down and back up basket in hand Toothless and Scarlet were sharing the deer. "I'm heading out now I'll be back tomorrow." Scarlet roared her reply, but Toothless like always went came up to me and nudged my cheek goodbye. "Uhh Toothless your mouth's all bloody" I playfully scowl rubbing my now bloody cheek as Toothless grins showing all his teeth coated in deer blood. I playfully glare at him before finding the spot underneath his chin by his neck; I must have found it quick because before I knew it he dropped to the ground in a fit of purs. I giggles "be safe you to and Toothless get some sleep tomorrow is a big day for us." I say walking back towards the village.

It was a long walk back to my house dropping off the empty basket trying to take a quick inventory of just how many baskets I have left which was only about four. 'GREAT' I thought, slamming the door 'just how am I going to get more fish.' With a new problem in mind I set off to the forge trying to figure out just how I was going to solve this.

The village was pretty empty, a guard walked past me nodding a hello as he passed. I gave him a small wave and kept on walking to the forge, but it was to dark that I couldn't see that Gobber had blocked the front entrance with hammers and discarded axes. Tripping over said hammers and axe I fell to the floor a random bucket flying somewhere in the room. 'I'm never going to stop being clumsy am I' I thought still on the floor.

"Halla" a voice outside says. I freeze before quickly getting up trying to pick up the axes and the hammers. "Halla are you in there?" The voice was closer and I knew that he was just outside the forge by the window. For some reason I felt panicky like I wasn't suppose to be in the forger. With out thinking I opened the window and based on the grunt I got pretty sure I just hit Ash in the face.

"Uhh Ash ! hey! Hi Ash. Hi Ash. Uhh Hi Ash" still feeling panicky worse so when I saw Ash holding his nose. 'Yeah this conversation wasn't going to end well I can already tell.' I thought watching him scrunch and unscrunch his face.

62. Strength

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><p>Ash's point of view:<p>

'Odin that hurt' I thought trying to gain whatever composer I could muster after that unsuspecting hit. "I normally don't care what people do, but you're acting weird. Well weirder. You're never in the village any more which is odd seeing as how everyone wants to know about your dragon killing ability. Not only that, but your skittish, what don't like your trophy plastered everywhere." I nodded my head in the direction of Scarface's corpse, but for some reason Halla didn't make any move to look at her giant trophy.

"I don't like the attention" is all she say as she starts the bed of coals.

I give a dry chuckle "Really attention is all you really wanted before" I could tell that she was trying desperately not to look at me.

"And just would you know about what I wanted." She snapped her back still not facing me.

I leaned against the window ledge hearing it creek underneath me. Halla was tense, and based on the cold shoulder she was giving me I knew she didn't want to talk, but I need to know, I need to know how she beat me. "You know I never thought you would be a dragon killer never, but now that I know what you can do I wonder did you really shot down that Night Fury." I had said it as a joke, but I watched slightly surprised when her back tensed a harsh intake of breath that never exhaled.

"Why are you here Ash?"

"I just wanted to see if Gobber had sharpened my axe not all of us could be privilege and be dismissed from dragon training."

"Privileged is that what you think the elders did. Graduate me from dragon training." She turned around sharply meeting my eyes with a glare. I almost cracked a small smile at the nostalgic of it all. The last time I was leaning against this window Halla and I had just started some type of friendship, before the outsiders came, before everything seemed to change, now it felt like we were starting over. I start to pay attention again when Halla's tone getting louder as she finished her rant "Well no they didn't Ash they scolded me because even though I killed a dragon I still was somehow able to screw that up."

I didn't change my face expression, but instead I jumped over the window and came inside the forger. "How" I asked taking another step forward. I remembered when Halla couldn't even look me in the eye, when she couldn't even talk to me with out a stutter or a rambles, when she would trip over her own feet, her face going completely red,

but nowâ€|now there was a dragon killer in front of me.

"How what?" she snapped

"How did you beat me? How did you get so good at dealing with dragons? No one gets that good especially someone like you so how?" My voice was even, but I could feel my fists tightening. My father's words ringing in my ears 'You let a talking fishbone beat you congratulation lad, glad to know all that training, all that time I spent teaching you wasted if a walking disaster can get a kill before you'

"You want to know howâ€|" She say sighing as she crossed her arms over her chest "I stopped caring." I blinked a few times but sure that she was messing with me, I trained my whole life to be strong to be the best and all she did was stop caring. She took a deep breathe probably reading my confusion "I stopped caring about what people said, I stopped caring if people thought I was weak, I stopped caring about competing to someone expectation of me-"

"You stopped caringâ€|about the village," I say slowly, not really understanding her rant.

She glared at me taking a step forward "Never" she snaps her eyes a blaze "no matter how badly people thought of me no matter what they said to me I always want to protect this village, I just stopped caring about doing it the traditional way."

I could feel my eyes twitch in irritation. "Traditions aren't made to be broken so you can find yourself."

"Maybe not for you someone who is the living embodiment of them. Tell me Ash has anyone ever told you, you couldn't do something, has anyone ever denied you, has anyone ever doubt you." She starts to shake her head "The village loves you Ash, if you were the chief's son" She sighs giving a dry laugh "the village would be bursting with pride." I couldn't help but feel my jaw clench my fists shaking. 'Just what exactly did she know about my life.' I thought 'did she think it was easy to get this strong, to be this fast, that I for one moment in my life I had a chance to be anything, but the perfect Viking.'

"Don't make it sound so easy" I say my voice low trying very hard to keep from shouting. "'Don't make it sound like I was born this perfect Viking, I was trained Halla the same way you can be."

"Who would train me. I would see you and the other teens training with the parents, who was going to train me Ash my dad, Stoick, the man who would rather chain me to my bed to keep me safe-"

"At least he care" I shouted, feeling the need to punch something, so I step back not wanting to take my anger out on Halla. I don't look at her when I speak still trying my best to calm down. "Your dad wanted to keep you safe out of harms way do you remember what you were like after your mother died, you weren't you Halla" I could see her own jaw tightening.

"You don't know what you're talking about" she snapped taking another step towards me.

"No" I say, the image of little Halla in my head "you stared blankly at everyone, you didn't talk, you didn't eat, you looked half dead. Tell me Halla did you even cry when your mother died."

Halla wasn't looking at me any more, but based on her shoulders shaking I knew she was mad. Did Halla always have this much emotions, was she always this angry because it seems that every time I talk to her she's always mad.

"I did" she says her voice small, but still so full of rage almost as if she was a volcano just waiting for the right time to explode. "And you want to know what happened my dad the great and powerful Stoick the Vast would leave. He would stand there and then leave so I stopped crying, because crying only made people leave." She backed away from me her shoulders still tensed face still looking down.

"Just because he didn't know how to deal with you doesn't mean he doesn't love you." I say, taking a step back as well. The air was tense and it seemed that if we got too close to each other than something would be said or done that neither of us could take back.

"He still doesn't" I hear her mutter as she adds more coals to the bed.

"He's chief he has other things to worry about-"

"I know that" she says letting out a sigh as she rolls her eyes. She groans out of annoyance and walks back in front of me.

"Why are you here Ash?"

I pause for a moment "I heard a noise."

"And you now know it was me, why are you still here though, talking to me. We don't exactly have friendly conversations."

"We have our moments," I say remembering the first few not aggressive talks we had.

"That was a long time ago." She says her arms crossed again.

"Not that long" I say wondering why I didn't just walk away, why was I talking to her knowing that we were in a competition of some sort.

"Feels like it" she says grabbing her apron on the other side of the wall.

"A lot happens in a few weeks. Your trophy out there proves it." I say the last part coming out bitterly.

She sighs tying the apron strings behind her. "Does that really bug you that much? You'll win dragon training you'll kill" she pauses her hands stilling "you'll kill the Nightmare, what more could you want."

"There are rumors going around that say I won't be. That you'll take that from me so you father and the rest of the Vikings on the voyage

to the nest can see you for what you really are, the true heir to the village." She finished tying the knot, her shoulders tense. She slowly turns towards me her mouth in a straight line. "They say that you're coming into your heritage."

"You shouldn't bother with rumors," she says, turning back to the bed of coals.

"You really have changed," I say crossing my arms over my chest.

"You make that sound like a bad thingâ€¦people seem happier with the new me." She says a hint of bitterness in her voice.

I grunted because she was right, everyone was happier with this new Viking like Halla, everyone except for me. Halla turned her head so she was staring at me "Are you angry with the new me because I can actually keep up with you."

My eyes narrowed, fists clenching as I remembered that idiot outsider taunts_. 'Are you intimidated by Halla, afraid that with all her training she can pass you by, or maybe you're afraid that she won't need you to look after her? That no one will need you afterwards. After is why you train so hard isn't it, to be needed. '_ I grunt leaning against the windowsill. "No" I say, but even to me it sounded like a lie "I'm just trying to do what's best for the clan." I take a deep breath "and screwing with tradition is not for the best."

"Maybe, maybe not, but who are you to decide that" she says leaving the bed of coals to pick up my axe that was on the table with the other weapons. She struggled with the weight, but made it over to the spinning stone wheel to sharpen it. We stayed slight for a moment as she sharpened my axe, her focus on her work, while mine was on her.

Her hair was a bit longer passing her shoulder to almost reach her mid-back. There was a scar on her lower chin something I know the chief will notice and demand to know what happened, her hands were covered in gloves anymore, but you can still see the a faint line of scarring here and there. She looked stronger, her frame although still thin didn't seem as awkward. It was like she was finally coming into her skin. She pulled the axe away raising it to her face her fingers sliding down the blade. She smiles in satisfaction and walks to the table to clean it. After she's done she walks over to me holding out my axe.

"You shouldn't practice so hard, the blade was so dull it couldn't cut into a log." She says trying her best to be civil maybe even a bit friendly.

"I have to practice," I say taking my axe back, relief flooding me when its familiar weight is back in my hand.

"Why?" she asks, still in front of me her head titled in curiosity.

"Because I have to be the best." Is all I say as I leave the forger, leaving before we get into another fight, before we get to into my private life, before I start yelling, before I make her hate me all

over again. I toss my axe back and forth in my hand.

I can only imagine her asking why I had to be the best, but how can I tell her the real reason I want to be the best. It isn't because it's expected of me. Its because I want to kill as many dragons as I can because...because I never want to see her or anybody else look so lost, so empty, and broken after losing someone to those devils.

I went down to the docks and sat over the edge, my axe beside me. I sighed hunched over staring at the dark water, the moon only half full producing enough light to see a sliver of my reflection. Yes it was true people expect me to be the best, but I have more of a drive than just to keep up appearance, to be honest I didn't care if I was the best or not, but if I was the best if I was the strongest than I could protect everyone.

I sighed leaning back on my arms my legs dangling over the dock. I remember my dad training me when I was little he was so proud of me when I could throw a bull eyes with an axe, but a more important memory was the empty look in my mom's eyes when we thought my dad was dead. I remember Halla after she lost her mother. She wouldn't speak, any noise scared her, I remember how broken and small she was.

The whole village attended Halla's mother funeral and it was that day I decided I would be the best no matter what. Halla stood next to her father so small compared to the large form of her father Stoick spoke, his voice hard muffled at times from his grief, but you could tell by his eyes he was trying so hard to keep it together, his fists were clenched and you could tell that he was a man that wanted blood for his dead wife, but than you had Halla. She was so small as she stuck to Gobber's side the man placing a giant hand on her small shoulder, but she didn't cry, she didn't speak, tears ran down her face, but she made no sound almost like she was invisible. As her father started to speak I watched as her shoulder's shook how she buried her face into Gobber's leg. As others came to pay their respects Halla stayed no matter how much Gobber or her father pulled her, she stayed planted in front of her mothers grave.

It was later that night, when the horns rang. Halla was missing and her father and a group of men had gone hunting, my father included. I remember sneaking out of my bed to help the other look and I remember thinking the cemetery. So I ran there, wondering how grownups could be so stupid. She was there of course hunched over her mothers grave she was crying muttering something, but I didn't know what. As I got closer I could tell that she was crying out "sorry" "its my fault" "I did this." I remember I go so angry because it wasn't her fault it was the dragons, they did this, they were the ones at fault. I remember not knowing what to do so I ran back to the village to grab the adults. I remember showing Gobber the way, but by the time we got there Halla wasn't hunched over the grave crying she was standing wiping her tears with her arm. Gobber called out to her and I remember she turned to face us her face shocked at first that we found her, but than she smiled. She smiled that stupid smile like she wasn't hurting, like everything was all right. Gobber took her home and for a while no one saw Halla, after a few weeks we could find her in Gobber's shop, and everyday she had that stupid smile on her face.

My fists clenched. I want to be strong enough to kill every dragon to protect my village. I don't want anyone else to look so broken

because of a dragonâ€¦I don'tâ€¦I took a deep breatheâ€¦I don't want to see people suffering anymore. That idiot was right I don't want Halla to be stronger than me, because if she's stronger than me than she'll fight and if she fights she could get hurt and that's something I'm not willing to live with.

I grabbed my axe my hands curling around the slightly worn off handle. 'I'll get strong enough to kill all the dragons if it means keeping that broken look away.' I thought standing up my axe resting on my shoulder, as I walked away.

63. Flight

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><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

It had been about two weeks since Ash and I have talked in the forge, and it's been a long two weeks. Toothless and I still practice with a tether and a post, but I could tell he was getting restless. Scarlet was hunting for both herself and Toothless since the food shed is running extremely low something dangerous this close to winter. Gobber has been training the teens which according to him Ash has been getting quick ruthless, beating all the other teens. Auntie and her crew were slowly, getting accepted by the village, but there are still some that sneer and snarl at them. The village was getting fixed little by little, but the forest seemed to be getting thinner and thinner on the east side of the island.

Gabriel has been busy helping the rest of the crew with the village that I haven't seen him for a while, but he always finds time to tell me the cover story on my absent just in case someone asks, which is odd because Vikings are actually starting to care where I go, some actually joking with me asking if I'm off killing anymore dragons.

I sighed as I stood at the edge of the cliff with Toothless. It was early morning the sun just over the horizon, the early morning wind

blowing. I looked out at the horizon looking at all the jagged sea stacks and rock formation erupting from the sea. 'It's a perfect obstacle course' I thought, 'You know if you survive.' I couldn't help, but look down and think about how far of a drop it was. I took a quick breath before checking over Toothless saddle one last time. With another calming sigh I began to climb onto Toothless saddle.

"You ready bud" I asked, sinking into the saddle. Toothless roared and with no hesitation jumped off the cliff. With a quick shift of my foot and the spread wings of Toothless were soaring calming in the sky. "Dear Odin you could have given me a warning," but Toothless just snickered.

I could only let out a shaky breathe, happy that we weren't plummeting to the sea 'We just started' I thought, a moment of dread hitting me. Quickly I shake my head to banish that thought, 'this is no time to be a coward.' I thought closing my eyes for a moment before taking another deep breath.

"Okay there bud, we're gonna take this nice and slow" I say checking the cheat sheet clipped onto the harness my scribbles of the different tail position and their pedal position. Toothless seemed to give a small nod, but I could only think that he was rolling his eyes.

"Okay here were go. Here we goâ€¦position three, no four." I say pressing the right pedal down causing the tail to flare. We roll off into an arcing bank and I can't help, but smile that the harness and vest are actually working. 'The foot controls are making the tail prosthetic work quick and it seems to be responding well.' I thought, watching as much of Toothless movement as I could trying to match his natural fluctuations with the prosthetic.

I looked straight ahead finding a towering arch of stone. "Alright, it's go time." I mutter Toothless taking us into a dive lining up the pass through the arch. "Come on. Come on buddy!" and we zip through the arch, 'A perfect maneuver' I thought looking above the arch watching the birds fly higher than us. 'Not for long' I thought watching, as we existed the stone arch.

"It worked Toothless, it worked." However I got so excited with our first success I got distracted and Toothless smacked into one of the jagged sea stacks. "Sorry" I shout embarrassed trying to pull us away from the rock only to hurtle us into another rock pillar. Toothless grumbles.

"My fault, sorry" I say leaning into Toothless, who just kept grumbling, until he gently swatted me with one of his ears. "I said I was sorry sheesh, I won't get distracted again." I quickly look down into the cheat sheet "Position four, no three" I say second guessing myself.

Toothless doesn't care as he takes into a climb. He climbs higher and higher and I can't help, but hear the thumping of my heart over the passing wind. For a moment we pierce the clouds and for the first time in my whole life, I could see the entire island below me. 'This is amazing' I thought, the wind howling as we kept climbing. 'Its so high' I thought swallowing hard tightening my grip on the handle of the saddle, but as Toothless kept moving feeling comfortable in the

sky. I couldn't help, but enjoy it to.

"Go Toothless! Go! Yes! Oh this is amazing!" I shout loosening my grip a bit to try and enjoy this moment. I mean I am the first Viking to very ride a dragon; I should appreciate this for everything it is. "Its so cool Toothless! The wind in myâ€|" I was cut off as something dark crÃ"me flutter by my face. "CHEAT SHEET! STOP!" I shouted trying to grab the airborne sheet. "No" I shout, frantically reaching for the sheet, taking a sigh of relief as I nab it before it gets carried away.

However what I was not expecting was for Toothless to actually stop moving, so as I took a sigh of relief I found that we were falling, since Toothless had listened to my stop command and stopped beating his wings. We slow to a stop before Toothless body starts to drop since he was heavier than me as I go weightless. The rings of my vest float off of my harness hooks, and suddenly I find myself detached, free falling slightly above Toothless.

"Oh gods! Oh no" I shout, fear now replacing any sort of happiness I just felt; Toothless must hear my voice because he looks over his eyes widening in panic when he notices I am no longer on his back. He screeches as he beings to loose control of his tail. We start to spiral downward the wind hissing at us. Toothless was moving frantically, but all it did was put him in a spin.

"Alright, okay. You just gotta kind angle yourself. No, noâ€|come back towards me. Come back down-" As I extended my arms and legs out trying to stretch myself as far as I could to get towards Toothless, but Toothless wasn't listening and before I knew it the Toothless wing made contact with my face. The hit stung, and if I had to time to worry about it I probably would have had cry out, but I was falling who knows how many feet into a jagged rock ocean. I didn't have time to worry about a slap to the face.

I tried to realign myself towards Toothless who seemed to try and calm down. I was floating right above him stretching to reach Toothless saddle. 'Come on, come on' I thought, putting my cheat sheet in my mouth trying to stretching my finger a bit more. 'So close, so close' I thought, barely skimming the handle. With one big stretch I was able to grab onto the saddle 'Yes' I thought, hurrying to reattach myself. Toothless was trying to minimize his spinning trying his best to pull up, but without his tail he wasn't able to. 'Shit got to get out of this dive' I thought, switching the tail position and pulling Toothless as hard as I could out of his dive. Toothless spanned his wings letting out a screech at the same moment I thought 'we're gonna die.' Toothless screeched louder stretching his wings as far as he could as I pulled on the saddle. We were skimming the treetops 'Shit' I thought as the trees started to clear and the woods started to faded back into out treacherous course of jutting sea stacks.

'Shit shit shit' I thought, taking my cheat sheet out of my mouth trying to figure out what my next move would be, but the blowing wind was making it impossible to see the sheet. 'Damn it' I thought, looking down at the sheet and than at the sea stacks. 'We are not dying this wayâ€|not today' I thought throwing the sheet into the wind and focusing only on what was in front of me.

My blood was rushing in my ear, the wind whipping at my face, but it

was like there was nothing, but Toothless and I. I could feel every twitch and tension from Toothless. 'Shift downâ€¦.turn leftâ€¦shift leftâ€¦.both downâ€¦turn right.' It was like I knew exactly how to move, like I've done this a hundred times before. Before I knew it we made it past the sea stacks and know skimming over open waterâ€¦safe and unscathed.

My breath was ragged, but there was the biggest grin on my face that I was sure my face would hurt later. "We did it," I muttered trying to catch my breath looking behind us to see everything we just went through. Before I even knew what I was doing I was throwing my arms in the air, shouting at the top of my lungs "YYYYAAAAAYYY." I heard a little roar come from under me before watching Toothless shot out a small fireball in the distance. At first I was happy watching the blue and purple dance in the sky, until I noticed that we were going to fly through it. "Ah come on," but it was to late.

"Toothless" I shouted after the residue from his fireball disappeared my hair was signed. "Blah" I shouted, trying to wipe some of the soot off my face, but Toothless was just chuckling to himself.

I gave a short irritated sigh before leaning back on the saddle to reach into the small pouch I added. Digging into the bag I began to take out a fishing net. "Think you can try not to set me on fire, while we try to fish" I said, untangling some of the knots. Toothless chuckles but seemed willing to cooperate.

After a few failed attempts at fishing on dragon backs Toothless and I were actually able to make a successful system. "Come on Toothless, think you can fly with lunch." Toothless gave a little roar almost as if insulted that I would ask such things. The slack of the fish net was tied to Toothless' saddles handle, but it did nothing to stop the smooth flight.

It didn't take long for Toothless and I to find a deserted beach and begin landing. I untied the fish net some of the fish spilling onto the rocky shore. Toothless landed shortly after before disappearing. Not worried knowing he would be back soon I began to pour out the fish from the net. 'If we get another couple of loads like this I'll defiantly fill the food shed' I thought, shaking out any of the last remaining fish. Just as I finished untangling the net Toothless trotted back in with a log in his mouth.

"Good job Toothless" He gave me a wide smile before throwing the log against one of the rock nearby shattering everywhere. I sigh "You know your gonna have to start that for me right." Toothless just made a coo noise before trotting over to the fish. I just roll my eyes and begin to dig a fire pit.

Toothless had already devoured half the fish; by the time I was done setting up the fire. "Toothless you mind buddy?" Toothless swallows one of the fish whole, humming in appreciation before shooting a small fireball into the fire pit, "Thanks Toothless?" I say grabbing two of the shattered sticks to put fish on each of them and placing them over the fire.

"God I'm starving" I mutter leaning against Toothless, the smell of cook fish slowly making its way to my nose.

Suddenly Toothless started to twitch making a somewhat familiar

noise. When I looked over Toothless was starting to regurgitate one of fish. I looked over to see a fish head next to me.

"Uhhâ€|no thanks" I say trying to be nice, while suppressing the shiver that went through me when I remembered eating the last fish uncooked. 'Never doing that again.' I thought cringing. "I'm good."

Toothless tilted his head, but was distracted by a loud squeak. We both looked over to see a pack of Terrible Terrors flying towards us. Unconsciously I moved closer to Toothless so growled, teeth bared as he shifted over his food more. The Terrible Terror were all hissing and nipping at each other as they tried to get closer to Toothless' pile of fish. Toothless just snapped and growled at them. Neither of them seemed concerned with me at all.

I watch as one grabs the regurgitated fish head. Toothless makes a small growl and an attempted to grab the fish, but with the other two Terrible Terror still trying to nab fish from his pile he let the fish head go with a snarl.

As the Terrible Terror dragged the head away another one attempted to steal it from him. They start to fight each other nipping at hissing at one other. Until the one that stole it lashed out a stream of fire towards the other. I watched a little amused at how dragons and Vikings could both be territorial with their food. Toothless though looked unamused at the fight, huffing that such a dragon stole his present to me.

However Toothless' focus went back to his pile as he noticed one of his fish leaving. Without either one of us noticing to distracted by the previous fight a stealthy Terrible Terror had made its way into Toothless pile. Toothless waits until the Terror climbs out of the pile to snap onto the fish's head. The Terrible Terror tries desperately to tug the fish out of Toothless mouth, but with a quick jerk of his jaw Toothless steals the fish out of his mouth. Toothless throws the fish into the air swallowing it whole, laughing maybe even taunting the Terrible Terror that had landed on its butt clearly not expecting to loose the fish. Irritated the little dragon started to paw on the ground and hiss at Toothless.

Although I wasn't worried about Toothless getting hurt, I was worried that he would hurt the Terrible Terror. The Terrible Terror begins to open his mouth, hissing as a little bit of gas comes out clearly ready to shoot out a fireball. However Toothless seems unimpressed. As the little dragon steps closer its hissing getting louder raising itself to its hind legs, Toothless fires a tiny flame straight into the little dragons mouth, causing the gas that was escaping the Terrible Terror's mouth to backfire in his mouth. "Toothless" I screech grabbing onto his saddle cringing as I watch the Terrible Terror get lifted into the air, its stomach expanding, fire erupting from inside its mouth. I couldn't help, but think back to Scarface.

But none of the dragons pay attention to me. Toothless has this satisfied little smirk on his face as the Terrible Terror staggers away coughing up smoke, looking sick and lost. Toothless must have final felt my vice grip on his saddle because he turned to look at me his face shifted from smug to worried. He cooed at me nudging his head to my cheek. "Be nice Toothless." I say petting the side of his

face. He groaned clearly not liking the idea of being nice to the pack of Terrible Terrors. I giggled "I said be nice, I didn't say you had to give them all of your fish." Toothless still groaned going back to his fish pile watching the rest of the pack.

I turned to the Terrible Terror that was still walking a bit clumsily "Not so fireproof on the inside, are you?" I say already knowing the answer and without thinking I take one of the fishes on my stick off and toss it to the disoriented Terror. "There you go."

The Terrible Terror perks up gulping down the fish as fast as he could before taking a tentative step towards me. It stops to sniff the air before taking another step towards me another sniff and another step until it nudges itself underneath my arm, for a moment I was in awe. The spine spikes soft, its body warm. It started to wiggle its way to my side curling underneath my hand so that my hand was resting on its back.

Toothless looked over towards us rolling his eyes, grunting. "What" I asked leaning against his side, the Terror shifting due to my movement. Toothless just grunted again, turning back to his fish. I smiled, petting his side as the other Terrible Terror sat around Toothless piles. Toothless allowing one fish for one dragon, "Ah don't worry Toothless you're the only dragon for me." He huffed, but continues eating, the Terrible Terrors content with one fish.

After a while of just sitting there the Terrible Terrors full from their meal come next me and start to fall asleep all around me, one feeling so brave that he climbed into my lap and fell asleep. Toothless giving another small snarl at the bunch. I pat his side, Toothless budging the Terrible Terrors out of the way pushing off the Terrible Terror in my lap so he could put his head there. I laugh as the Terrible Terrors squeak and nip at being moved, but quickly finds a new spot around us to fall asleep.

"Its funny" I say out loud, not sure if any one was still awake to listen to me "everything we know about you guys is wrong." Just than a gust of cold wind blows by. I probably would have shivered if dragons didn't surround me, their body the perfect thing against the cold. The sun was sitting at full height now and the wind that blew was even colder than before. 'Winter is coming' I thought, snuggling into Toothless side 'Which mean Stoick and the rest of the Vikings will be home soon.' I didn't give my chance to stress about what would happen when my father did come home, or what that would mean for Toothless and Scarlet. Right now at this moment I relaxed and took a nap beside my best friend.

64. Returning Home

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie Hiccup and Astrid, but have been modified for my story.**

****Since it is my first FanFiction reviews would be nice, thanks enjoy****

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****speaking "...****

****I want to warn anyone reading this story that due to school starting I may not be writing as much as I used to, but give me time and I will update I don't plan on ditching this story ever. I will update when I can.****

****Also I am starting to revise, review, and correct the starting chapters because yes I did reread the chapter that I made almost two years ago and some of them have errors I can't ignore anymore, so I will be updating as I correct chapters****

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><p>Gobber's point of view:<p>

I watched as the teens ran around in the arena trying to escape the Deadly Nadder. 'Dragon Training has gotten boring ever since Halla left' I thought, leaning against the bar 'Than again with out her in dragon training I don't feel like I'm having a heart attack every five second.' I sighed, watching as Ash handled the dragon perfectly. 'That lad is a Viking through and through, he'll win the honor no doubt.' Just as I was about to hobble down into the arena, elder Gothi was suddenly next to me.

"Elder Gothi" I say standing a little straighter. "Are you checking out the trainees?"

She said nothing, still looking into the arena. "Well if you'll excuse me el-"

"Do you think removing Halla from dragon training was wise." She says tilting her head still looking into the arena.

"That's not really my call," I say hesitantly, nothing good ever comes from an elder questioning you.

"You're her guardian you must have an opinion." She says her eyes turning to face me.

"I don't think it matter, Halla killed her own dragon, and she's proven that she's strong enough to handle the Viking life. She doesn't need to be trained anymore." I say sternly.

"You didn't want her to kill dragons, did you?" She says turning her head, raising an eyebrow.

"I wanted people to see how strong she could be, and now she's like everybody else a dragon kill under her belt."

"She will be chief one day," she says turning back to the arena.

"That's debatable," I snorted remembering all the words people have said about Halla, one good kill doesn't change years of unviking like attitudes. They may have a small changed of opinion, but that doesn't mean the tribe will be ready to follow Halla's lead. Half will try to follow her out of respect for Stoick, but the other half will fight for a new leader.

"She can be if she sticks to the right path, she has the potential to be great, if she doesn't stray." The elder Gothi looked tired, gripping her staff with two hands in front of her almost leaning on it.

"Halla doesn't stick well with paths if she did she would have saved herself a lot of trouble."

Elder Gothi chuckled standing upright which made no difference seeing as how she was the shortest in the village beside the wee babies. "That's true, but a girl that can stand up to her elders is something to believe in. Her mother would have been proud, that look in her eye it was the same look her mother got when she tried to speak out against dragon killing." Elder Gothi shook her head. "Their father's attack effected those girls so much."

"Ayy Valka and her sister Helga always did have a different take on dragons. Valka always believed that dragons weren't the enemy, but she was a force to be reckon with on the battle field. Helga was always ferocious whether it was dealing with dragons or with people. After their father's attack Valka was even more outspoken with her feeling about dragons, while Helga turned her back on everything." I sighed remembering the day Helga boarded a merchant ship and sailed away vowing to come back someday. Valka crying on Stoick's shoulder as Helga's ship sailed away.

"Ayyee she left this village with nothing, but the clothes on her back. Left her family and traditions behind, but she came back why do you think that is?" The way she asked the question set me a little uneasy.

"She came back for Halla" I said, something settling in my gut 'after all what else would she have come back for?'

"Hmmm, but Halla hasn't decided where she belongs its possible that she will leav-"

"She belongs on Berk." I say turning to face the elder craning my head down to try and stare the elder in the eye.

She looks up at me her eyes glassed over, her fingers tapping on her chin. She makes a click noise with her tongue before turning away. "You should head to the dock a ship was spotted not to long ago." That said she shuffles along her merry way. I watch her leave and can't help, but think how odd elder Gothi is.

A lone, battered ship is pulled into a slip, overloaded with equally battered-looking men. They disembark to a crowd of onlookers, looking like a team of hometown heroes who just had their butts kicked. Gobber hobbles through the mumbling crowd most of them looking at the rebuilt parts in the village. 'Where the hell is Stoick' I thought, watching all the battered men haul their stuff home. Stoick and Spitelout "Snotlout father- were arguing with each other before Spitelout just huffed and walked past me giving me a snarl.

Walking next to Stoick I could tell that he was already agitated. 'And now I have to explain that his wife's sister is back in town, Halla got kicked out of dragon training and somehow killed the dragon that killed the love of his life. Lets start with something easy.' "Well, I trust you found the nest at least?"

Stoick says nothing as he takes a look around the newly built dock. "Not even close" he says his voice evenly calm.

"Ah. Excellent." I say already knowing that today was going to be an intense day.

I follow Stoick up the ramp and snag his duffle bag that was underneath his arm.

He sighs "I hope you had a little more success than me." He says voice still a little strained.

'Where to start' I thought, readjusting his bag. "Well, if by success, you mean that your parenting troubles are over with, then... yes."

Stoick stops. His eyes narrowed and his mouth in a straight line. He opened his mouth ready to ask question, only to have a group of merry villagers rushing to him.

"Congratulations Stoick! Everyone is so relieved." She says, excitedly as she rushes past us to meet her husband.

"Out with the old and in with the new, right?! Exclaims an older Viking, coming to help unload the boat.

"No one will miss that old nuisance!" At this comment I could see Stoicks eye widen a bit, his mouth turning into a slight frown.

"The village is throwing a party to celebrate!" Stock's mouth was completely open now his eyes, wide with panic, his irritation gone. I could tell that Stoick was stunned and overwhelmed by the insensitivity of his possible daughter's death.

"She's... gone?" He asks, choking over his words. I can tell he was somewhere in between devastation and anger.

"Yeah...most afternoons." I say, slowly, that way he knew could digest the information. "But who can blame her? I mean the life of a celebrity is very rough. She can barely walk through the village without being swarmed by her new fans." Stoick is doubly confused, but at least he doesn't look like he's about to kill me.

"Halla?" He asks, gripping my shoulder.

Part of me was happy that Stoick seemed so surprised; he was after all the one that thought Halla was too weak for this life. "Who would've thought, eh?" I say chuckling.

Stoick's eye's light up a smile creeping onto his face, he turned around probably ready to find his daughter. "Stoick" I say hobbling over to him. "There's more."

Stoick's eyes fall for a moment, the smile slipping off his face. "What else?" Before I could tell Stoick anything else a voice interrupted us.

"Hello Stoick" We both turned around and I couldn't help, but internally groan. 'So much for a warning' I thought, watching as

Stoick regains his anger.

"What are you doing here Helga" He seethes, as he watches Helga stand in the middle of the docks.

"Helga decided to pay us a visit while your were away" I say trying to stop an argument before it even starts. "Helga and Halla have been" I struggle to find the right word, but knew that it wouldn't matter. Stoick was still going to be furious. "Reconnecting while you were away."

"People who leave shouldn't come back." He says, he's voice deadly calm. Helga doesn't seem amused, but she doesn't say anything. "Gobber how long has she been here?"

I look between the two and know that an argument is going to happen. "A while" I say, "but before you two start fighting, let's talk about this somewhere else. " The whole village had started to look at us. Without hesitation I began to push Stoick off the dock. He snarled as we passed Helga, who did her best to remain neutral. "Come on, we can talk about this at Stoick's house."

"Where's Halla?" Stoick whispers, his shoulder tense. To deal with one issue at a time, I take Stoick and Helga the long way home, avoiding the center of the village. 'One problem at a time' I thought, trying to ignore the tension in the air. I will say this for the village, people understood the severity of this situation and knew to welcome the chief at a later time.

I wanted to answer, but to honest I had no idea where she was. Helga answered for me "She's out, my guess by the cliff sides, she's been going there since the forest caught on fire. So don't worry she won't be home." I scrunched my face feeling Stoick's anger increase. The fact that Helga sounded so sure about Halla where about, told Stoick such how close they were getting.

It was a long walk home tension just growing until I thought for sure one spark and the whole area would exploded in dragon fire. We walked into the house Helga taking a seat on Stoicks couch like she had done it a hundred times. Stoick stood next to the fire pit watching Helga as if waiting for a reason to throw her off the island.

"Now you two need to remember-."

"What are you doing here Helga" snapped Stoick. I sighed, taking a seat on an empty chair. 'Why do I even bother' I thought, watching as the two slowly went for each other's throats, there voices growing in shouts and wild hand gestures. 'Might as well let them duck it out for a bit' I thought, watching as Stoick's face became redder and Helga was now standing trying to glare Stoick down. 'This is going to be a long day.' I thought, making sure that the one doesn't kill the other.

65. The Helmet and The Drawing

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* * *

><p>Halla's point of view:<p>

After a nice nap on the rocks Toothless and I went fishing a bit more
only to have the pack of Terrible Terror following us. For a while I
thought they were trying to steal our fish, but it turns out they
were trying to help us. I could tell that Toothless was getting
annoyed at their attempts of helping, but I thought it was kind of
cute. It only cost Toothless and I two nets full of fish until I was
able to get the pack to understand my commands with whistling. It was
nothing to difficult to understand. Two whistles meant to back away
from Toothless, one whistle meant come and they would either drop the
stray fish in the next or do there best to try and lift the next.
Toothless and I brought all the fish back to the cliffs where Gabriel
was waiting with the empty baskets from my food shed. We were lucky
able to fill up most of the baskets, but then came the fun part
carrying all the baskets back to the shed, which involved two
trips.

Gabriel laughed at my struggle as he asked me questions about what
Toothless and I did today. I couldn't help the excitement in my voice
as I told him about how amazing riding was. It wasn't until we almost
reached my house that we noticed that we were being followedâ€|well
until Gabriel realized we were being followed. Turns out the pack of
Terrible Terrors had decided to follow me home. That had taken
another hour or so to get me to teach them stay. After leaving all
the food in the food shed, I took the Terrible Terrors back to the
cliff making wild gestures and a bit of intimidation from Toothless
to get them to stay at the cliffs.

Gabriel was just laughing at my struggles now nick naming me the
dragon whisperer. Both of us walked back to the village to grab
something to eat only to have the mess hall crowded with people. It
was there that we noticed Asad was standing outside the mess hall. He
was leaning right outside the door, arms crossed, a stern look on his
face. When he saw Gabriel and I he made his way over towards us
making a few hand motions. To me the hand motions seemed odd, but
Gabriel nodded his head as if it had all made sense. Gabriel turned
to me and said that we were needed back on the boat. They left and
not feeling up for a crowd I made my way to the forge. A thought of
where Gobber could be crossing my mind before I walked into my

workshop and flung myself exhausted over my desk, trying to stretch my aching muscles.

For a moment I just sighed enjoying the peace and quiet. 'When was the last time I had a moment to breathe?' I thought, my head resting against the grain of wood and papers covered in pictures of Toothless and his prosthetic. I slowly breathe in the scent of wood and I shut my eyes enjoying the silence of it all. 'Question is what do I do now?' and just like that my peace was shattered by my own mind. 'I can't keep the dragons here forever; someone is bound to find them? And when winter gets here things are just going to get more complicated.' I groaned, feeling far too drained to deal with anything. 'Sleep' my mind told me 'sleep is exactly what I need.' But I made no effort to stand, turning my head all I could hear was the sound of crinkling papers "Maybe I can just sleep here?" I muttered. My eyes fluttered closed for a moment before a large thump came from my door. Sitting up I turned to face the door.

"DAD" I shout, in surprise leaping from my seat, suddenly awake. "Your back?" I say doing my best to gather all of the pictures of Toothless and the prosthetic fin sketches. "Iâ€¦when did youâ€¦Gobber's not here." I shout, too panicked to think straight.

"I know. I came looking for you." He says, his voice calm. He looked exhausted, but otherwise he seemed to be in good health although there was something in his eyes. I wasn't sure what it was, but it scared me. Any time my dad came looking for me was a bad thing.

I tense at his statement "You did?" I ask, trying to swallow the lump in my throat, my hands starting to feel clammy.

He takes a step forward "You've been keeping secrets" he says, his voice distant.

My heart was beating too fast and before I know it my legs have given out. I drag some of the papers down with me a few scattering around at my feet. "Iâ€¦I have?" I ask, wondering how long I could pretend to know nothing.

"Just how long did you think you could hide it from me" he says, his face giving nothing away.

"I don'tâ€¦" I blink trying to figure out what exactly would happen now. "I don't know what you're talking about." I say trying to keep my voice even, but even to my ears it sounds too mousy.

"Nothing" he snaps harshly, "happens on this island without me hearing about it?"

My heart was beating wildly now "Oh?" I said, biting my lip "So you know Auntie Helga is here." I say, hoping to distract him.

"Yes" he says taking an irritated breath. "But that's not what we are talking about here" he states matter of fact. He takes a step forward "So" he says his voice calm "Let's talk about that dragon."

My heart has dropped to the pit of my stomach. I swallow hard trying to rid myself of the lump. "Iâ€¦" I want to deny it all. Say that it's all a lie, but what comes spilling out of my mouth is an apology. "Oh gods. Dad I'm so sorry. I was going to tell you. I just didn't know

how to-" I was interrupted by a big, booming laugh. I reel back in shock.

"You're notâ€¦upset?" I ask, wondering just how many falls to the head Stoick has taken.

"What?" He shouts a smile spread across his face. "I was hoping for this."

Now I was completely confused "Uhhâ€¦you were?"

"And believe me, it only gets better!" he exclaims "Just wait till you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time." I cringe feeling my stomach turn, but he doesn't seem to notice. "And mount your first Gronckle head on a spear. What a feeling!" He shouts, laughing. He walks over to me and smack me on the shoulder a move that sends me into the desk. "You really had me going there, Halla. All those years of the worst Viking Berk had ever seen! Odin, it was rough. I almost gave up on you." I can't help, but feel a rush of sadness overcoming me, trying my best not to wince at his words. "And all the while, you were holding out on me! Thor Almighty!" He exclaims, looking at me with a grin I had never seen before. That's when it hit me; this is what it looks like when Stoick the Vast was proud of you. It was a look I had never gotten before.

"You killed that demon Halla, you avenged your mother," He says placing both his hands on my shoulder. I look at his eyes, they were filling with pride, love and maybe even a little bit of envy. "You did something that I couldn't." He says in such a quiet voice, but his grip on my gets tighter. I want to squirm out of his grip; I wanted to tell him how I felt so guilt for what I did to Scraface. I wanted to tell him that killing that dragon was one of the worst experiences of my life.

"It wasn't -"

"Now don't you be modestâ€¦take credit when credit is due Halla. Your first kill was a Nightmare, and from the stories I heard you unleashed hell on that beast." My throat closed on me for a second, I looked at my dad for a moment he was smiling that biggest smile I had seen. He was so happy over something that I feel incredible guilty over.

I watch as he grabs a stool and sits. His massive frame nearly filling my tiny workspace "With you doing so well in the ring, we finally have something to talk about." I look at his face and want to say something anything, but I was still overwhelmed by the amount of pride of his face and the guilt that knowing it was all a lie. A long pause occurs and Stoick has moved his chair a little closer to me, while I advert my eyes, worried that if he stared at me to long he would find out I was a fraud.

"I got kicked out of the ring," I mutter wondering just how much he was aware of happened on the island.

"I heard. I will talk with the elders; you should still be allowed to compete Halla. Prove to all the Vikings on this island that it wasn't a fluke. That you are a Viking, that you are can honor the your ancestors." I grimaced hoping and silently praying that the elders will stay firm with their decision, but my mind couldn't help

counting all the things that would count as dishonor to my ancestors. "Although the detail about what you did to that dragon is a bit sketchy."

"I used one of my inventionâ€¦" I squeaked out hoping that he would notice I didn't want to talk about it. Instead I get another boom laughing one that is starting to startle me, rather than comfort me.

"Finally one of you invention did damage to a dragon rather than the village." He says, laughing. My mouth turns into a frown as I look at the floor, biting on my lip to keep the 'your wrong' from coming out. My mind flashing back to Toothless trapped, waiting for death. A shiver ran up my spine, as shame washed over me.

Stoick stopped laughing and a pause started to grow. Stoick eventually cleared his throat. "Oh Iâ€¦brought you something," He says pulling something out of his cape. It's a horned helmet, nothing as big as his, but I could tell from here that the craftsmanship was impeccable. "To keep you safe in the ring." I opened my mouth to protest, but he pushed the helmet towards me "You will get back in the ring."

I slowly reach for the helmet. The guilt turning violently in my stomach before settling. "Thank you" I say, hoping it sounded sincere.

"You mother would've wanted you to have it." My head snaps to look at Stoick, this being the first time I've heard him talk about my mother other than her death. His smile was a little less bright, his eyes clouded with sadness or maybe guilt. "It's half of her breast plate," he says tapping his own helmet before smiling. "Matching set. Keeps her close, y'know?" I look at his helmet than mine grimacing a bit. "Wearing it proudly. You deserve it." He says, standing from the stool to placing a hand on my shoulder. 'No I really don't' I thought, staring at the helmet for a moment longer before turning to look at my father.

There was that stupid look again, that pride filled look of his. I didn't even know he could smile this much. "You've held up your end of the deal." My eyes widen and I can feel it. The truth wanting to wrench itself from my mouth, the truth wanting to tell him its all a lie, a trick, that I don't deserve this. I can feel my hands tighten around the helmet.

As I opened my mouth, a yawn comes out. "I'm really tired, I should really get to bed." I say, shattering whatever father daughter moment we were having.

"Yes! Right! Good! Okay. Good talk. See you back at the house"

"We should do this again. I'm great. Thanks for stopping by and for the uhh helmet." We were both talking over each other as Stoick fumbled to the door.

"Wellâ€¦uhâ€¦good night" He says leaving the room, awkwardly.

I stood there for a moment. The helmet weighing so much more now, that I placed it on the table, right next to the pile of Toothless drawing. I looked between the two objects on my desk and before I

could stop it I let out a cry, feeling tears starting to build up. "Oh the gods truly hate me." I mutter the tears streaming down my face, tears landing on both the helmet and the drawings.

66. Disappointment

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon and do not own any of the character. Halla and Ash are based on character from the movie, but have been modified for my story******

****Since it is my first fanfiction reviews would be nice thanks enjoy****

****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>Halla's point of view<p>

There was a knock on the door and the surprise of it caused me to yelp as I fell off my stool, pictures of Toothless flying around. "Oww" I muttered as the knocking continued. "What" I snapped struggling to get up and shake off the kinks of sleeping on a stool.

"Halla" it was Gobber "You alright there?"

"Yah" I said, running a hand through my hair before picking up all my sketches. "Just didn't sleep well is all." There was a pause outside the door. "What did you need Gobber?"

"Your father wants you to meet him at the elder hut." I literally froze and dropped the papers all over the floor. I ignored the mess and rushed to the door, swinging it wildly. "Why?" I asked, breathless.

"Your father wants to discuss allowing you back into dragon training." My stomach literally dropped. 'WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY' My mind shouted. I must have looked as panicked as I felt because Gobber placed a hand on my shoulder. "You'll be fine lass. Your father will be there with you." He says, a smile on his face. 'That's what I'm afraid of.' I thought, trying to swallow the lump in my throat. Putting a smile on my face, I nodded exiting my room and locking the door behind me.

We were silent most of the way to the elder's hut. Until I had to ask "Do you really think they would put me back in dragon training. I mean the last time I talked to the elder's they weren't exactly happy with me." I was fiddling with the sleeve of my shirt trying very hard not to run away.

"I don't know," He says rubbing his chin "Your father is very adamant about this. He really wants to see you in the ring."

"I already killed a dragon though. I killed Scarface, what more does he want?" I didn't mean to, but I practically screamed it.

Gobber stopped walking for a moment. "What are you so afraid of Halla?" 'What was I afraid!?' Turning to look at Gobber, I couldn't help the anger I felt. 'My father wants me to be like him. He wants me to kill more dragons when I can't get over the first dragon I killed. He won't listen and he's making everything worse. Not to mention all the dragon hunters are back and I have two dragons on the island hiding, injured.' I snapped, screaming in my head.

Gobber was still waiting for an answer "I'm worried about Ash." Was the first thing to come out, Gobber's eyes widen clearly not expecting that. "Ash has worked so hard to be the best trainee. He deserves the right to" I gulped "kill the Nightmare." A roar and a burst of fire flashed through my mind, a punch to the gut following shortly after.

"Ash is a great Viking" Gobber says, nodding his head in agreement "But this is your chance Halla." He says slinging his arm over my shoulder, continuing our walk to the hut.

'I had my chance' I thought, seeing the hut in sight 'I've had many chance.' There was a group of people outside of the hut Auntie, Gabriel, the crew, Ash and the rest of the trainees standing out the most. I glanced at Ash's face; he didn't look mad if anything he looked detached and I couldn't help, but cringe. His sober face was worse than his angry face.

'And the one time I took it, I regretted it, I hated it. This isn't what I want.' I thought, as Gobber handed me to my father.

I looked up at my father, at Stoick the Vast, one of the best dragon hunters, and one of the best chiefs to ever lead. I felt him place a hand on my shoulder giving a reassuring squeeze. Looking up at his face I could see the smile on his face, the pride in his eyes. 'He wants this' I thought, biting my lip. Hoping that any emotions I was showing would pass off as nervousness. 'He wants to see me kill a dragon. He wants a daughter who can live up to his name and take his title.' I thought, as he gently guided me to the hut. Glancing back to the group of people forming outside the hut I caught Gabriel's eye; there was so much pity and sadness in them. He gave me a wistful smile and a nod. The message was clear; he would help me as much as he can. My father stopped at the door, giving my shoulder another squeeze.

"Don't worry Halla we'll make this right, then the whole village will see just who you are." He says opening the door to the hut as he held the door open for me. I looked at him and then in the hut. I knew the elders were already sitting there ready to judge me. I walked inside, every muscle in my body going numb trying to take a breathe without breaking.

His words started to echo in my mind. _The whole village will see just who you are._ 'I'm a liar, I'm a cheat, I'm not a Vikings, I shouldn't be your heir.' I wanted to say as I stood before the elders. 'I'm your biggest disgrace and eventually the whole village will see that.' As my father stood beside me ready to defend my rights, rights I didn't even want, I couldn't help, but wonder just how disappointed my father would be with me when the truth did come out.

67. Elder's Hut with Dad

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****thought '... '****

****speaking "... "****

*** * ***

><p>I'm sorry I haven't updated in a while. School left me no time for updates, but I hope that with winter break I can add a few more chapters before school starts up again.<p>

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><p>Halla's point of view<p>

I stood there numb, the elders all seated from their high table to look down at us. If I didn't feel judged before I do now. Stoick stood next to me so close that his arm was brushing mine and yet instead of comfort, all that I felt was dread.

"It is good to see you all in one piece Stoick" Elder Gothi says, tilting her head in a slight bow.

"It is good to be home" Stoick says, "However, it would have been nice to see Halla come into her roots."

"Yes your daughter has caused quite" Elder Gris waved his hand in the air "a stir I guess you can say. After all it wasn't that long ago that she was here. Was it lass?" He sneered down at me probably remembering how I didn't fold to their will on my weapon.

I could feel my fist clenching and for a moment my numbness was replaced with anger. "I thought that matter was put to rest Elder Gris." I hissed, glaring up at the elder.

"Your father should know about your choices," he says, stressing the word choices.

"You mean my mistakes." I snap, my eyes narrowing.

Stoick was looking at me and then at the elders, trying to figure out exactly where they and I stood. "Stoick you must have heard the story of your daughters first kill." Exclaimed Elder Gris.

"I have bits and pieces. " He replies, his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"Halla why do you not tell your father of your first kill. Surely he would be proud to hear it." I could feel my lips twitch, my face wanting to express a snarl.

"I don't think now is an appropriate time." I try to explain only to

be interrupted by Elder Gil.

"Nonsense Halla you were such a good storyteller the day you brought us to Scarface's body. It would be a shame to keep your father from hearing the story from your own mouth."

My anger switched to fear so quick I was a bit winded. 'Lie.' I thought 'you've done it before you can do it again.' As I took a deep breath I could feel my tongue swelling, remembering that Gabriel helped lie with me, that he was there to help me. As everything was racing in my mind, I got startled when my father put his hand on my shoulder.

"It's alright Halla take your time." He says with a smile, but I could tell he desperately wanted to hear me tell the story. Taking a deep breath I looked up squaring my shoulders and say "No."

"No" Elder Gothi repeated.

"Because you don't want to hear my story, you want to criticize my choices. Hanging out with my aunt, training with outsiders, destroying my weapon, and most of all not caring that each of my choices go against your orders." I say scanning the room. Elder Gil had an eyebrow raised. Elder Gris had his lip pulled back in a snarl. Elder Gothi and my father had a guarded expression. "So no I will not stand here and recount my story for you to pick it apart. I will tell my father my story in private. Right now we are here to discuss my possibility of reentering dragon training."

Elder Gris looked like he was about to shout something, but Elder Gothi beat him to it. "Do you truly feel we are here to pick you apart, Halla?"

"I don't know Elder Gothi, everything you do is for the best of this village that much I know. However, when it comes to me as an individual, I don't think you are out to get me, but you aren't here to help me." I was proud that my tone was steady and that I wasn't tripping over my own words, but I knew that I was getting a talking to when we got home.

"Rest assured Halla we are not here to attack you." Gothi explained.

"No just decided my future." I muttered, not really sure where this newfound courage was coming from.

"It seems while I was away, Halla learned to speak her mind." Stoick exclaims with a chuckle. I wanted nothing more than to roll my eyes, 'when haven't I spoken my mind' I thought. "But Halla is right we are getting away from the issue at hand. Halla should be allowed to reenter dragon training?"

"And why is that Stoick? Because she is your daughter?" questioned Elder Gil.

"Because as my daughter has pointed out the tribe has criticized all of her choice, they don't trust Halla's ability to be a Viking chief. Let them see her in the ring where her ancestors trained and killed their first dragon. Let them see her fight in the ring. Let them see her strength, and courage." He says stepping forward his words coming

out steady and strong. "Let them all know that Halla can follow in her ancestors footsteps. Let them truly see her." There was a pause in the hut. The Elders eyes focused on my father.

It was Gil that spoke first "And what of the trainees. Do they not deserve the chance to prove themselves as well? Their ancestors trained in that arena as well. Their ancestors were all given the chance to show off their skills. Why should your daughter, who has already killed a dragon, be allowed to take this honor for someone else?"

Elder Gothi nodded "Halla was honored enough to kill a dragon before any other trainee, she was also honored in killing her mother's killers, Halla's has been honored by the gods more than most."

'Honored' I thought, internally screaming 'you call guilt eating at me almost everyday called honored. You called hating what I've done, wishing I could take it back only to see the skin of my mistake everyday an honor.'

"Halla did what I could not and for that I will always be proud." Stoick stops talking to look at me, sending me a gentle smile that makes me feel like the worst human being on the planet. "While I was away she has grown so much. She avenged her mother, she killed a dragon, and she changed some of the tribe's opinion of her. You are right Elder Gothi, my daughter was truly blessed by the gods. What I ask, is that you let the warriors that are still blinded by their past judgments to see what the future could hold with her leadership." Stoick turns to me, extending a hand towards me. Hesitating I take it, feeling him gently bring me forward to his side to stand closer to the elders. "Allow Halla to rejoin dragon training so that our tribe can witness just how strong their future leader is."

The Elders looked towards one another "If all you want it your daughters skill seen, then let her show them in the dragon raids to come. As winter hits so will the dragons." Elder Gil says his eyes narrowed, as he looks me over.

"As your daughter as also mentioned she is being trained by the outsiders. The moves she uses in the ring are not those of our ancestors. The honor should go to a true Viking." Elder Gris says, his nose sticking fly in the air.

"Halla has the ability to be a true Viking. I'm sure we can all agree on that." Gothi says side glancing the two older men beside her who neither agreed nor disagreed. "It is also a shame that no one was around to witness her righteous killing. However, you stand before us Stoick afraid that the warriors that were traveling with you will be blinded by the village's past's opinions on Halla. You wish to show her strength. Then let her enter the ring." My eyes widened, as did the other two elders. Elder Gris looked like he was about to argue. "Let her show her strength, but she will not be in the running for the dragons death. Strength can be seen in many different ways, Stoick, but stealing an honor from another student is not one of them."

I could tell that my father was about to argue; the hand that was still clenching mine was starting to tighten his grip. "I agree," I

say, stepping in front of my father. "The trainees worked hard to show their skills and if allowed to do more then put out fires on raids I'm sure one of them would have killed their own dragon as well." I turned to face Stoick. "I understand what you want for me" and I really did "But I killed my dragon," hopefully the last dragon I will ever have to kill "I'm willing to let another grab the honor of the ring slaying." I would gladly let another take the honor. I looked back to the elders. "I agree with your decision. If I want to prove myself to the rest of the tribe, then I have to earn it outside of the ring."

"Well said Halla" Elder Gil added nodding his head.

"Stoick is there anything else you would like to discuss." Elder Gothi says. I could feel him let go of my hand. I watched as he straightened his stance.

"Yes there is, but Halla doesn't need to be present. I'm sure she has better things to do then to listen to us talk." I'm sure my father tried to make that sound as nice as he could, but it didn't stop me from feeling dismissed.

I nodded my head at the Elders trying to show my respect while scurrying out as quickly as I could. As I exited the hut my father never once made eye contact with me. As I stepped further away from the hut I could feel myself breath easy again. Gabriel was the only one still waiting outside the hut.

"How did it go?" He asked. I shrugged my shoulders. "Good, bad give me something?"

"I don't know. The elders got what they wanted, I won't be in dragon training, but I'm sure I disappointed my dad again."

"Why?"

"Cause I agreed with them." I said, looking at the sky. I should have time to swing by Toothless and Scarlet, if I'm lucky and with Gabriel's help I might even get some fish out to them. "I turned on my dad in there, but I won't go back into that ring."

It wasn't until Gabriel grabbed my hands that I realized how cold it was outside "Hey you stood up for yourself. That's more then you ever did before your dad left. You've grown Halla, that's not a bad thing."

"You sure about that?" I asked, the wind picking up my hair being whipped around my face, a chill running down my spine as goose bumps started to appear on my skin.

"Winter is coming" Gabriel says, dragging me away.

I looked up at the sky, the clouds were grey and with the wind blowing pretty hard. I couldn't help, but think that snow might fall by the end of the day. 'Early snow' I thought, 'could lead to a harsh winter.' Gothi's words started to ring in my ears. _'As winter hits so will the dragons.'_ More dragon raids increase the chances of capturing a Nightmare. Gabriel started to lead me to my house, which I was glad because I didn't want to deal with anyone right now. Gabriel stopped walking.

"What's wrong?" He asks.

"Nothing why?" I say my head tilted in confusion.

"Your shaking" I looked down at out hands and sure enough my hand was shaking not much, but enough for Gabriel to notice.

"Just cold." I heard myself say, as I try to stop my hands from shaking. Gabriel doesn't look convinced.

"Then lets get you warmed up." He says as he continues walking. I bite my lip as guilt starts ripping me apart my thoughts drifting to the fate of the next captured Nightmare. The only thing I could picture was Nightmare lying died in the arena blood staining the ground. The tribe cheering for the victor, my father sitting on his seat looking pleased, the Elders looking proud. In my mind there was only one person that could be in the ring. Only one person capable of killing a Nightmare out of all the trainees, my mind pictured Ash standing over the fallen dragon. Blood covering his clothes and splattered across his face, his axe painted red still dripping from his first kill as he raises it high above his head, the tribes shouts getting louder.

I jumped when I felt something being draped over my shoulder. I blinked a few times focuses on my surroundings. I was in my house, sitting on the couch in my living room. Gabriel was adjusting the blanket on me. "You must really be cold, you were shaking like a leaf." He says, sarcastically, his finger wiping something wet off my cheek. I realized I was crying.

"Yah I was." I said, biting my lip wrapping the blanket tighter around me.

Gabriel shook his head. "I'm going to make you some tea and then we can go see you know who, maybe they can make you feel better." He says standing up, and heading to the kitchen.

'That's right' I thought, letting out a shaky breath 'because out of everything that happens, the only thing that matters is Toothless safety.' I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. 'I just need to get stronger to protect what I value the most. Simple' I thought, getting up to try and help Gabriel with the tea. As I stood up my foot slipped on the blanket and I went crashing to the ground. 'Or not.'

End
file.